SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

June 1928

VOL. LXXXIII NO. 6

Our Industrialism and Idealism

BY MICHAEL PUPIN

Author of "From Immigrant to Inventor," etc.

European observers and visiting lecturers direct the shafts of their ridicule and scorn at America as the "land of machines," whose patron saint is Henry Ford, whose creed is mass production. Michael Pupin, distinguished scientist, declares that if these things were true he would be sorry he left his native Serbia —and he tells why he is not sorry.

NINE years ago I was invited by the Serbian Government to study the condition of the Serbian war orphans, and I accepted the invitation. A Ford car, a Serbian soldier as chauffeur, and a young priest as guide assisted me in the performance of my mission. One day as we speeded along a stretch of a narrow level road in the southwest corner of Serbia I saw in the distance a Serbian peasant with his oxen and cart standing by the side of the road and waiting for my machine to pass. When I got near him I stopped, got out, and shook his hand, thanking him for the courtesy. "Oh, don't thank me," said he; "this is the least that I can do for an American. You Americans have been most kind and generous to us Serbians during the recent war. You banished typhus from Serbia and we shall never forget it." "But how do you know that I am an American?" asked I, and he answered: "Your looks and your language suggest a Serbian, but your manner is different. No European of your class has your manner; it is the cordial and gentle manner of the Americans who came to aid us during the war. Besides, no Serbian can afford today the luxury of an automobile, nor is he in sufficient hurry to need its speedy service. This cart with its slowly moving oxen is speedy enough for me." "But you are not going very far," said I. "To Belgrade," said he; "I shall be there in a fortnight, whereas you probably left Belgrade yesterday morning. You, like all Americans, are in a hurry; I, like all Serbians, am not. After selling these ten bags of tar it will take me two weeks more to return to my farm on the slope of that mountain over there." "But how can you spare the time at this busy summer season?" asked I, and he answered: "I have just fin-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ished the hoeing of my corn-field, and by the time the harvest season is on I shall be home again. Time is not so very precious to us peasants until a week or so after Saint Peter's day." "But the travelling expenses of your four weeks' journey will eat up all the proceeds from the sale of your ten bags of tar," said I, and he answered: "I have no travelling expenses. This time of the year my oxen and I sleep out under the canopy of heaven; my friends and acquaintances along the route will feed me and my faithful oxen. Half a loaf of black bread and a raw onion or two are my daily diet on these journeys; there are juicy pastures on every side for my oxen. In exchange for their hospitality I shall give my friends several new tunes of my flute and recite several new ballads which I recently learned from the shepherds on my mountainside. My friends, on whom I expect to call, undoubtedly have similar treasures of new tunes and ballads, and they will not begrudge me a tiny share of them. While wandering slowly in daytime I shall have plenty of leisure to explore again the beauties of dear old Serbia; at night I shall rejoice in the glory of the blazing stars, which to me are like the eyes of God watching over the destiny of my beloved Serbia, just as they watched during this recent war. You see, then, that when I get home again I shall have all the dinars which Belgrade gave me for my ten bags of tar, and my dearly beloved oxen will be slicker than ever. Besides, my flute will be richer by several tunes and my heart will be fuller than ever with love for my beautiful Serbia."

One can imagine how these sentiments of the sturdy peasant thrilled me! His idealism recalled the days of my early youth among the peasants of my native village. I could not help making a confession to him, and said: "My father was a Serbian peasant just like you; he had a yoke of oxen just like yours; in my boyhood days I drove them, and I was just as fond of them as you are of yours. Then I deserted them and ran away to America." "Oh, how could you desert your lovely animals and run away to the land of machines? Are you not sorry to-day that you did it?" asked he, but I gave him no answer.

I had no ready answer which would have been intelligible to an idealist like that Serbian peasant. I was quite certain, however, that he did not refer to "the land of machines" in a disparaging sense. He obviously saw a halo around this land of machines, because his experience had told him that it produced men and women who had cordial and gentle manners and rendered voluntary service to suffering Serbia. I did not answer his question, but I have been thinking about it ever since, and I have been trying to answer it to myself.

Yes, there was a time when I was sorry that I had deserted those lovely animals and had run away to the land of machines, as that Serbian peasant called it. I missed the gentle spirit of my humble peasant home and of its patron saint. I missed the thrills of the Serbian flute, of the Serbian ballads, of the blazing stars in the Serbian heavens, and of the honey-hearted accents of my village chums. In short, I missed the very things which that peasant idealist prized so highly. But gradually I became reconciled; America gave me many, many thrills which I should never have experienced in my native village.

Just think of the thrills which I experienced during the earliest days after

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my landing at Castle Garden! There was the awe-inspiring elevated railroad and the embryo of the Brooklyn Bridge spinning out its span of slender wires like a spider's web high up in the air and across the East River.

Two years after my landing I saw the first telephone exhibited at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. It repeated speech with perfect articulation. This was a great thrill to everybody and particularly to an untutored immigrant like me, but it nearly persuaded me to go back to my native village. "No chance for me," said I, "in this country of magic, where men can make a simple steel disk speak the English language better than a Serbian greenhorn can speak it in spite of all the efforts of his clumsy vocal organs."

Two years later I experienced a similar thrill when I first listened to a phonograph. Edison's incandescent electrical lighting of 1882 mystified me and filled me with awe when I compared it with the tallow candles of my native village. I shall never forget my emotions when I first gazed at the blazing flames of the roaring furnaces in the Pittsburgh steel district where millions of tons of steel were preparing the foundation of a new civilization. These and many other apparently miraculous workings of science and invention, witnessed by my untutored and impressionable mind, consoled me for what I had lost when I deserted the lovely animals of my native village and ran away to the land of machines. But this was many years ago; do they still console me to-day?

Revolutionary changes have been created by science and inventions the beginnings of which thrilled me during my early American career. They certainly have transformed this land into a land of machines, and most of these transformations took place since I landed here fifty-four years ago. What can I say to-day about their influence upon our American civilization and upon our individual souls, in order to convince that Serbian peasant idealist that I made no mistake when I deserted my beloved Serbian oxen and ran away to the land of machines?

The European observer who comes here and, after looking around for a little while, writes elaborate essays about American materialism would not hesitate to say that I made a lamentable mistake. He will tell you that as far as this country is concerned the result of all the advancements in science and inventions is an American civilization of industrialism of which Henry Ford is the patron saint. Mass production in everything, says this superficial European observer, is the highest aim of our civilization: millions of tons of steel in Pittsburgh and Gary; millions of automobiles in Detroit; countless heaps of machine-made shoes in Lowell. Nay, mass production even in the educational field, where endless droves of crude bachelors of arts are let loose annually from our American colleges. It is one of these superficial European observers of America who credited Ford with the statement that he will take no interest in old masters until he can manufacture by the millions their finest pictures and distribute them free of charge among his customers. This alleged statement is, of course, a libel upon Mr. Ford. It is indirectly a libel upon all our American captains of industry. Yet there are some American pessimists who heartily indorse that view. If I accepted that view of the superficial European observer and of the American pessimists, I should be sorry indeed that fifty-four

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years ago I deserted my dearly beloved Serbian oxen and, as the Serbian peasant expressed it, ran away to the land of machines. But I do not accept it; my American experience of fifty-four years rebels against it.

That Serbian peasant had a much more cheerful picture of this land of machines; how could he help it when he remembered that this land of machines produces gentle folks, cordial and generous in their manner, ready to offer unselfish service to suffering humanity? Nothing in their conduct suggested to him that the land of machines is a land of materialism. He knew that back of these American machines, and back of our proverbial hustling and hurry, there is a gentle spirit which he had not observed among the great folks of Europe whom he had seen in Serbia during the war. Here, then, is a secret which the superficial European student of America will never fathom. My experience of fifty-four years in America and my knowledge of the simple idealism of the Serbian peasant entitle me to the privilege of saying a word or two concerning this secret.

The secret is not revealed to the European observer of American civilization by things which one sees on the surface of our metropolitan life, nor by what one sees and hears at the bridge-whist tables of the palaces at Newport; one must look for it in the American homes of smaller pretensions. Litchfield, Amherst, Pasadena, Oakland, and countless other real nurseries of American life in any part of these United States will reveal it to the vision of the carefully trained European eye. But how can the European get that training? Every intelligent and experienced immigrant will say: Let him live in the United States until he feels at home. The untutored and impressionable mind of a young immigrant such as I was when I landed here is thrilled at first by the miracles of science and inventions in this land of machines. This was all that I saw during my greenhorn days. My mental vision was not equipped for seeing anything else; many casual European visitors and superficial students of American civilization remind me forcibly of my greenhorn days.

The struggling immigrant greenhorn begins to expand his vision and to orient himself in this new world when some guardian angel puts into his hand a history of America, the same guardian angel who left at young Lincoln's log-cabin home a history of the United States and Weems's "Life of Washington." The immigrant guided by his experience in American homes discovers then that in this land of machines there are other things which thrill the soul of man even more than the apparently miraculous inventions do. American history of the period preceding the Civil War led me to this discovery as long as fifty years ago, and it gradually persuaded me that the most thrilling part of the story of this land of machines is not revealed by the miracles of science and inventions and the industries to which they lead; but that it is told by the achievements of the souls of men who shaped the soul of this nation. This was the result of the process called Americanization; no European student of American civilization and culture should write elaborate essays about them until he has gone through this process.

When the impressionable mind of the young immigrant begins to understand the idealism of the colonists and of Washington, their leader, he begins

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to feel the heart-beat of the new world. It gradually ceases to be to him a strange, puzzling, and machine-made world, and his hope grows strong that he and his ancestral virtues and the simple idealism of his native peasant village will find a congenial home in this land of machines. Washington's ideal of the American Union becomes then his ideal, and he follows with breathless interest Marshall's, Henry Clay's, and Webster's defense of that ideal. Lincoln to him means the crowning victory of that ideal. He recognizes in the idealism of these men the root of a new idealism, the American idealism.

"This American idealism," the superficial European observer will say, "belongs to the period which started with Washington and ended with Lincoln. The materialism of the present period, the period of American industrialism, has smothered it." What does history say?

The greatest enlightenment awaits the immigrant as well as the European student of this land of machines in the study of American history relating to the period following the Civil War. I call this period the period of the American Renaissance. I was fortunate to watch and to understand its development from its beginning. I saw the growth of the American industrialism during this period, but this industrialism never suggested to my mind the reign of materialism. There was a guiding spirit in this growth, the spirit of American idealism.

In the midst of the Civil War, in 1863, President Lincoln and his intimate friend Joseph Henry, the greatest American scientist of those days, founded the National Academy of Sciences. Its distinguished members, all idealists like Lincoln and Henry, soon started a movement for higher endeavor in all our intellectual pursuits. This movement is the American Renaissance. It succeeded beyond the rosiest expectations and gave us as its first contribution our American universities of to-day. Johns Hopkins, organized in 1876, was the earliest among them. Harvard, Columbia, Yale, Princeton, and others followed in rapid succession. They were American colleges only, and became American universities when their scientific research laboratories came into existence and began to cultivate the modern American spirit of scientific research. It is the spirit of the philosophy of scientific idealism, which has stood the test of many centuries. Call it the philosophy of the three "M's." Motive, mental attitude, and method of research are the three characteristics of this philosophy. The *motive* is unselfish search of the eternal truth; the *mental attitude* is open-minded and unprejudiced interpretation of the language of nature; the *method of research* is the method employing observation, experiment, and calculation. The idealism of this philosophy is simple, definite, and obvious. It is the idealism which guided Archimedes, Galileo, Newton, Franklin, Faraday, and all their disciples in their epoch-making scientific achievements for the benefit of mankind. The cultivation of this philosophy of scientific idealism was gradually transplanted during the last fifty years from the scientific research laboratories of our American universities to the research laboratories of our American industries. I witnessed this transplanting in every one of its phases. The philosophy of scientific idealism is to-day the bond of union between our industries and our universities. This is one of the greatest achievements of the American Renaissance

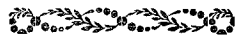
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which started sixty-five years ago, and contributed more to the reinforcement of Washington's and Lincoln's ideal of the American Union than all the other achievements of this period put together. It is our strongest arm of national defense. The miracles of science and of inventions of this period will long be forgotten when this welding of the American industries to the American universities will be still remembered as the greatest achievement of this age.

The great American industries, recognizing their obligation to pure science and to its guiding light, the philosophy of scientific idealism, are now creating a twenty-million-dollar fund to be expended in ten consecutive years in the cultivation of purely scientific research for the good of our American idealism in science.

Consider now the vast number of museums, picture-galleries, conservatories of music, philharmonic societies, institutions of higher learning, cathedrals, which, following in the path of advancing idealism in science, have come into existence during my American experience of fifty-four years; consider, moreover, that all these nurseries of the æsthetic and spiritual activities of the American soul were made possible by individual donations of private citizens, leaders of our American industrialism, and it will be obvious that the only materialism in this industrialism will be found in the material wealth which makes these nurseries of the idealism of American life possible. I cannot help seeing behind the American machines and American industrialism a spirit of that rare idealism which guided Washington, Lincoln, and other American leaders of men.

Every mediæval cathedral has a soul; it is a part of the soul of its designer and of the souls of the pious men who built it. So every modern machine has a soul; it is a part of the soul of its inventor and of the patient souls of the men who developed it. Who dare say that these souls are guided by a sordid spirit? Whenever you speak of this land as the land of machines, remember the machine and its pilot who with a honey-hearted smile carry our American message of good-will to the nations of the earth. The gentle soul of the pilot is so closely welded to the soul of his machine that the union cannot be better described than by the affectionate title "We." There is, indeed, a noble spirit which controls this indissoluble union of souls. It is this spirit which moulded the souls of the Americans whom the Serbian peasant admired so much. That Serbian peasant idealist believes, I am sure, that these souls are the spiritual leaders of the world. It is the communion with this spirit of idealism which makes me say to-day: I do not regret that fifty-four years ago I deserted my beloved Serbian oxen and ran away to the land of machines.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Knowing Our College Students

BY RAYMOND WALTERS
Author of "Getting Into College," etc.

The Dean of Swarthmore College, keen observer and student of American education, looks critically at the methods of personal contact and individual development used by our colleges.

When William Howard Taft sat on that famous fence at Yale in the late seventies he and his 132 classmates could know their teachers and their teachers could know them. It was so at the small, leisurely Harvard of Theodore Roosevelt's student days, with a total of 800 undergraduates; it was so at the remote, quiet Princeton of the same era when Woodrow Wilson, transferring from little Davidson in North Carolina, was graduated in the '79 class of 124 members.

Fifty years have brought an increase of 700 per cent in American college and university enrolment. The increase has been chiefly in the large institutions; to-day the 25 largest universities have approximately 40 per cent of the total enrolment of 780 institutions. It is accordingly the large universities which are bearing the major share of the burdens and problems which follow expansion.

To regain the old-time intimate touch —to know and to guide the young Roosevelts and Wilsons and Tafts of to-day—Harvard has developed tutorial instruction, Princeton a preceptorial system, Yale has established an endowed department for personnel study, and all three have separate freshman administration. Supplementing individual activity there is now a co-operative movement for personnel work under the auspices of the American Council on Education, in which fourteen universities are sharing: Chicago, Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, North Carolina, Northwestern, Princeton, Syracuse, Stanford, and Yale. Other and smaller colleges are keeping touch with developments in personnel study through a commission of the Association of American Colleges.

Just what is meant by "personnel procedure in education"? What are the scope and aims of American tutorial systems and honors courses? Do these new methods of knowing our college students really work? To all three questions the best answers for general readers—particularly for parents of college students now or to be—will probably develop from an account of experiences of a typical student.

Let us see what happens to your son Thomas, matriculating in the liberal-arts college of one of the large universities having personnel administration. Three to five days before the opening of the fall term he reports for the programme of freshman week. It is a programme planned, as one announcement explains, "to introduce the new students to the university, to help them in adjusting themselves to their work and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their new surroundings, to make them acquainted with some of their instructors and with some of the administrative officials."

Tom and his classmates—of whom, at the State universities, there may be from 600 to 2,000 — are promptly grouped in small sections, each section under a professor and an assistant. What follows in the next four or five days may be illustrated by this typical daily schedule at the University of Maine:

8. to 8.50.	Lecture on university history, traditions, and problems.
8.55 to 9.45.	Lecture on the use of the library.
9.50 to 11.35.	English - composition test.
11.40 to 12.	Assembly.
1.30 to 2.20.	Practice in English.
2.25 to 3.15.	Taking of photographs.
3.20 to 4.20.	Recreation.
7.30.	College receptions in charge of the deans.

At Maine there are forty-five periods in the week's programme, including lectures, departmental tests, conferences, physical examinations, the taking of individual photographs for personnel cards, athletics, and social activities.

A different reception is this from the poster scrap and hazing which were formerly the student's introduction to college. The freshman-week idea, commonly credited to President Little, of the University of Michigan, who popularized it when he was president of the University of Maine, in fact originated at Wellesley College in 1913. Now, at more than a hundred institutions throughout the country, the faculties greet the freshmen before the sophomores do. It is a tribute to the reasonableness of the plan that even the sophomores pretty generally concede that it isn't so bad. Which means that at most places the programme avoids the saccharine quality, the evangelistic tone. That is seen to by the deans and professors, who arrange the programmes, tucking in those placement tests advocated by Doctor Seashore which furnished Tom something to write about in his first letter home.

Later he finds that the tests were designed for a purpose other than vexation of spirit. The pace in the mathematics test shows up his limp in algebra, and he is placed in a section with classmates who also knocked down the hurdles. In chemistry—his beloved chemistry—he does well and is placed in a section where he has a chance to step along with the best of them. By the time of the formal opening, when the upper-classmen pour back, Tom realizes that his university is interested in him not as a unit but as a son.

THE FRESHMAN KALEIDOSCOPE

Then follows the kaleidoscope of freshman life: class scraps; fraternity rushing; early rising for mathematics first hours; hurrying through laboratory exercises to go out for football practice; a modicum of study and a great deal of talk in the dormitories or fraternity houses at night. Shot through all this, the sensations of burning leaves on frosty mornings . . . afternoon sunlight on the green and russet of the ivy-covered library . . . the wet thud of boot on ball at a rain-drenched game in the stadium . . . flurries of snow across the frozen campus . . . Christmas vacation. No great basis here for the fears of parents who take seriously the verse, the jokes, the sketches of the comic papers portraying undergraduates as devotees of silver flasks and petting-par-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ties. One would be inclined to suggest that the danger of moral dissipation is mild compared with the danger of intellectual stagnation in the whirligig of perfectly regular and "nice" extracurricular activities.

For Tom, aged seventeen to nineteen and sturdy in physique and temperament, all the action and excitement make the campus an earthly paradise. The normal, well-prepared student takes college life with "lively cheer of vigor born," the lively cheer of Gray's poetic phrase being typified by sounds from a saxophone. Within this category of those whom William James termed the tough-minded fall the majority of college students. It is well to stress this so as not to lose our sense of proportion in discussing the problem of those who, by the time Tom's class receives the name sophomore, are marked dropped or withdrawn in the dean's office.

How many are there of these? Here are the most recent figures: Of 10,251 freshmen in seventeen colleges and universities the loss at the close of their first college year (1925-26) was 2,110. Why did one freshman out of every five starting at these institutions with high hopes in September fall by the wayside by the following June? Among the major reasons reported to Registrar Sage, of Iowa State College, who conducted this study for the American Association of Collegiate Registrars, were these:

Dropped for poor scholarship, 31.6 per cent.
Withdrawing for financial reasons, 20.7 per cent.
Leaving because of ill health, 14.8 per cent.

To meet these three major causes of freshman mortality is a part of the problem of the universities which seek to know their students. They are attempting to improve scholarship by selective admission, by sectioning classes according to ability, by better methods of teaching, by guidance of faculty and personnel advisers. They are aiding financially needy students by scholarships, loan funds, and spare-time work. They are attending to health conditions, with programmes for general hygiene, for individual hygiene, for group hygiene.

As to mental hygiene it may be said that the vogue of Freud and newspaper attention to a relatively small number of student suicides have probably given exaggerated emphasis to psychopathic cases in college. Such cases occur in any large group. This fact is recognized by universities and colleges in their increasing provision for the service of psychiatrists.

Your son Tom will probably not be in need of an expert in mental hygiene, although he may, during the difficult years of his college period, flounder in coming into a healthy-minded adjustment with life. It is a bit doubtful whether much more can be done for him than is now being done by fraternity, college, and church forces—when these are alert. In this, as in all the deeper issues of life, the best help afforded is that of example. Less by what he says than by what he is, a certain young chemistry instructor influences Tom, who admires him for his height and shoulders, his understanding humor, his contempt for bluffing, his capacity for hard work.

Supplementing the personnel system in the large universities is the appointment bureau. Tom hears from classmates who were placed in part-time jobs that "the bureau crowd is *real*." When

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his senior year comes round Tom drops in to list his name for a job after graduation, and he finds that the bureau has available for him leaflets and books on vocations and chart-books of "open highways and blind alleys in employment," to use the phrase of Mr. A. D. Wilt, of Harvard.

THE CASE OF BETTY

The story of your daughter Betty, if she is attending a State or municipal university or a small coeducational college, is substantially the same as Tom's story, so far as personnel matters are concerned. That a girl in some of the large institutions may be like a friendless worker in a large city is maintained by Doctor Iva L. Peters, dean and director of personnel for women at Syracuse University and former vocational adviser at Goucher College:

"I know first-hand that it is possible for a student to be lost for four years on a big campus; to go through college without knowing a professor to speak to; to sit in class for a semester and hardly know the name of the instructor nor be known by him; to come to the verge of suicide, hopeless of untying the red tape of administration. The supreme function of personnel is to reinstate the individual student on the college campus."

Doctor Peters has inaugurated at Syracuse a programme of educational guidance for women students "in accordance with the vocational-guidance traditions of the pioneers Frank Parsons, G. Stanley Hall, Charles W. Eliot, and Frank Leavitt."

In guidance work "the women's colleges were a long way ahead of the men's," according to Professor W. Carson Ryan, Jr. To-day personnel work equal to the best may fairly be claimed for certain large women's colleges of the East.

At Smith the personnel staff has interviews with all freshmen, as well as numerous upper-class girls, helping them in adjustments to college life and study and in choosing their later occupations. Smith has a part-time psychiatrist. A student advisory committee joins effectively in the programme of personnel work.

In addition to scholastic guidance, the personnel system of Vassar provides four full-time physicians, a consultant in mental hygiene, an expert in psychological tests, and a director of euthenics who "advises students on such studies as will assist in the problem of right living relations."

At Wellesley the former bureau of occupations has become the personnel bureau. "To make their vocations the outcome of choice rather than of chance" has been one aim of the bureau for the girls of Wellesley.

In varying degree personnel help is afforded at Mount Holyoke, Radcliffe, Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Goucher, and Sweet Briar.

PHASES OF PERSONNEL ACTIVITY

It would be impracticable to describe personnel procedure at all of the leading institutions engaged in it, but certain phases may be cited.

When a freshman at Dartmouth, stepping on the scales at his physical examination, spins the indicator to a point seriously under or over what he should weigh, he is directed to the medical clinic and is invited to join a malnutrition class under the direction of an expert. Consultations with a psychiatrist are available to Dartmouth students at any time.

How home and other distractions

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may interfere with the scholastic progress of a day student is illustrated in this report of a personnel staff worker at Northwestern University:

"Mr. G—— is carrying 17 hours of work and isn't any too well prepared for it. At the present time the boy's mother is away, so he is buying and cooking for his two brothers. He is a scout-master, has a Sunday-school class, and, to top it all, has been 'trying to make love to an Alpha Phi sorority girl.' "

As to meeting these and various other difficulties of students the personnel policy of Northwestern is: "What we can do by common-sense methods we gladly do; what can be done only by more sophisticated methods of psychology and the social sciences we accomplish by such methods."

Columbia has contributed its famous orientation course, "Contemporary Civilization"; and the college, in the midst of a large university and a large city, has done wonders in maintaining a human touch with its men, as has Barnard with its girls. In aiming to know its students the University of Chicago has a freshman programme and a plan for placing every undergraduate "in the hands of his own department as soon as possible."

The State universities are endeavoring to put into effect the University of Minnesota doctrine that "the university sees the students in quite as important a light as do their mothers and fathers." Minnesota provides eight divisions for "the general supervision of studentship and student life," ranging from supervision of classroom accomplishment to a watchful but kindly eye on the way Minnesota men and maidens run their fraternities and sororities. President Little's freshman programme at the University of Michigan was cri
ized by the undergraduate weekly *M*
igan Chimes as starting with "an encouraging lack of platitudes and buncombe." At the University of Illinois the office door of the dean of men has, for a score of years, swung open for thousands of undergraduates bringing their jubilations as well as their tribulations. At the University of California, which leads the country numerically with more than 17,000 full-time students, an effort is announced by the office of the dean of men "to humanize the relationships of students, faculty, and university administration." The University of North Carolina has a personnel programme which includes research; Virginia and Vanderbilt are keeping up less formally the old-time Southern touch of student and teacher.

Personal contact and pedagogical values are combined in the new college started this year at the University of Wisconsin under the direction of Alexander Meikeljohn; the enrolment is limited to 250 freshmen and sophomores, who will take their last two years in regular university courses. Special guidance of able students is now provided at the University of Iowa, where professors volunteer as counsellors for the freshmen who rank in the highest 10 per cent of the class in the placement examination.

That personnel procedure is no mere fad or fancy is attested by its introduction, in varying forms, at such ancient and critical institutions as Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Brown, and Cornell. The department of personnel at Princeton appears to represent the general attitude of these universities in its declaration that "card indexes, information blanks, job analysis, and all the rest of the procedure

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...ul exactly in proportion as you ... personal contact with the student."

Attention in this field is just now centred upon Yale University. Yale has recently received, from the late Charles H. Ludington, $300,000 for a department of personnel study. In addition to the usual personnel functions the department proposes to gather occupational data, to examine "interest analyses of students as of possible significance in their choice of courses and careers," and to investigate the records of graduates in various occupations.

All of these activities are only a beginning. The comment of President Farrand, of Cornell, "We are groping at this personnel problem," is echoed by university administrators everywhere. They grant the inadequacy of past methods to handle the problems which large numbers present. They agree that for the future there must be scientific, co-ordinated planning.

A CO-OPERATIVE COMMITTEE ON PERSONNEL METHODS

It is this realization which led to a pooling of effort of the fourteen universities named at the outset of this article. Representatives of these universities first met in Washington on January 1, 1925, upon call of the National Research Council, Division of Anthropology. Now, with the American Council on Education as sponsor, the movement is making definitely charted advances in personnel study. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., recently granted to the council $20,000 a year for three years to carry out the following plan:

(1) To inform the colleges and universities concerning the best methods of personnel.

(2) To prepare a personal-record card which should afford personal information to teachers and administrators at the college level.

(3) To prepare achievement tests and make available all the facts concerning them in an effort to stimulate such testing.

(4) To develop objective and useful measurements of character.

(5) To prepare vocational monographs.

The chairman of the central committee on personnel methods is Dean Herbert E. Hawkes, of Columbia College, who has presided from the start of the movement. The other members are Dean H. W. Holmes, of the Harvard Graduate School of Education; President L. B. Hopkins, of Wabash College; Director C. R. Mann, of the American Council on Education; President Walter Dill Scott, of Northwestern University; and, as secretary, Assistant Director David A. Robertson, of the American Council.

Historically, college personnel work had its *fons et origo* in the operations during the war of the Commissioned Personnel Branch of the General Staff, headed by Doctor Scott, who was assisted by Doctor Walter V. Bingham, now president of the Psychological Corporation and director of the Personnel Research Federation. In the war years were tried out in an extensive way the psychological tests developed by Cattell, Thorndike, Terman, Colvin, Yerkes, Otis, and others, the Scott rating scale for officers, and tests for vocational aptitudes. To-day, along these and similar lines, service is extended to placement officers of colleges and universities and to personnel managers in business and industry by the Psychological Corporation, the Personnel Research Federation, the National Asso-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ciation of Appointment Secretaries, and the National Committee of Bureaus of Occupations.

THE SMALL COLLEGE

In comparison with the large institutions, the smaller American colleges are doing little in formal placement work. Some of them utilize a freshman-placement programme and seek to give vocational advice in various ways. The criticism has been made that "most small colleges are sporting laurels which withered long ago," and that they need to share the concern of the large institutions about the personnel problem. It is the contention of its supporters that the small college does not need elaborate personnel methods; that the small college may, by virtue of its smallness, be the ideal alma mater, knowing her students not as names on lists, photographs on cards, and "case histories" but as individuals—her children; that the small college best supplies Newman's prescription of "the personal presence of a teacher."

EDUCATIONAL AND INTELLECTUAL METHODS

The devices described thus far have in general related to the administrative handling of large student bodies. What about devices which are distinctly educational and intellectual?

The lead in this direction in the United States seems clearly that taken by Woodrow Wilson in 1904. Princeton, in the following year, began President Wilson's preceptorial system, which aimed "to give undergraduates their proper release from being schoolboys . . . by putting them in the way of doing their own reading instead of getting up lectures or lessons." This system provided, somewhat after the Oxford tutorial method, for preceptors who should meet small groups and thus come to know the undergraduate and to direct his intellectual advance in a degree impossible with large classes.

During the past half-dozen years there has developed in American education a movement akin to the idea of President Wilson in some ways but distinctly different in other ways. This movement recognizes the value of what has been done and is being done, but stresses the need for freedom and higher standards for abler minds. "We are educating more students up to a fair average than any country in the world," says President Aydelotte, "but we are wastefully allowing the capacity of the average to prevent us from bringing the best up to the standards they could reach."

In a recent report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, Doctor William S. Learned cites "three American institutions that illustrate different forms of approach to the problem of selecting the able mind and guiding its intellectual development." The institutions named by Doctor Learned are Toronto, Swarthmore, and Harvard.

Honors courses at the University of Toronto are a growth of forty years, a transplant from England and Scotland. To surmount the honors matriculation examinations at Toronto, the Toms and Bettys of Ontario and other Canadian provinces find an additional year in high school practically a necessity. Despite this the honors students average considerably younger at matriculation than the pass students—which means, as President Falconer interprets it, that "talent begins to differentiate itself early." In the university honors students attend lectures very regularly in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their first year and somewhat less regularly thereafter when lectures are supplemented by frequent conferences. At these conferences there are approximately ten honors students in the group under a professor. Three papers a term are required in English, for example, and these are graded by the professor and count along with the results of the university examinations at the end of the year. To the Toronto honors courses the stream of scholars which Toronto has supplied the faculties of colleges and universities in the United States is a striking tribute.

The Swarthmore honors courses, started in 1922, follow President Aydelotte's doctrine of "giving better students greater independence in their work, avoiding the spoon-feeding which makes much of our college instruction of the present day of secondary-school character." If Tom and Betty, in their freshman and sophomore years at Swarthmore, show ability, initiative, and industry, they are admitted to read for honors in any of ten definitely outlined fields of knowledge. It is open to them to attend as many or as few regular classes of the college as they choose. A large part of their work is done by independent reading, guided by instructors. Groups of five or six students meet with one or two instructors several times a week in sessions of two hours each or longer. At these meetings the honors students read papers and discuss the reading of the week, with critical comment from instructors and students. The test of the whole process comes at the end of two years in a series of comprehensive examinations, including an oral examination, upon the basis of which students are graduated with honors, high honors, and highest honors. The unique thing at Swarthmore is that the examinations are given by professors of other institutions. One consequence of external examining has been to bring student and instructor into partnership in an intellectual and human adventure.

At Harvard, under the general-examination system, the student selects his field of concentration at the end of his freshman year and is then assigned to a tutor in that field who is thereafter his adviser in all his work. As a sophomore he meets the tutor once a week or a fortnight; as a junior and a senior he sees him weekly for conference of a half-hour to an hour. These conferences are "not in the nature of private lectures. Their object is to help the student to work out for himself the subjects that he is studying; . . . the process is Socratic and not didactic." One finds at Harvard abundant testimony from students and tutors as to the success of this relationship during the past few years in which the plan has been operating on the present basis. Valuable, however, as are "the tutoring, the frequent contacts with students which it involves, and the personal influence of the tutors, the essential element that gives the meaning to the system is more remote," as President Lowell emphasizes. The aim is "the mastery of some subject as a whole, to be acquired as far as possible by the student's own work," and the foundation of the whole system is in "a general final examination to measure his attainment and still more to set a standard of achievement."

It is this final comprehensive examining of the student under the Harvard, the Swarthmore, and similar plans which constitutes the first equivalent in the United States of the European

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

examinations described by Doctor Learned as "tests of intelligence operating over a broad perspective of co-ordinated knowledge."

CRITICISM OF PERSONNEL AND OTHER SYSTEMS

The question arises, what do the beneficiaries of the personnel and other new systems think of them? As representative of student opinion, the editors of undergraduate newspapers in various universities were asked as to the sentiment in their institutions. The replies indicate student approval of the personnel movement as a whole. Student committees have recently investigated curriculum problems and faculty-student relationships, notably at Dartmouth, Harvard, Bowdoin, and Connecticut Wesleyan. Reports show strong student support of the tutorial, preceptorial, and honors plans in institutions where they are in effect.

If, after describing current conditions as fairly and sympathetically as he can, the present writer may be allowed a few critical comments, he would venture these:

There would seem to be two main risks in the personnel movement. One is the risk of coddling students—of tolerating softness, self-pity, priggishness. The other is the risk of so emphasizing the vocational aspect that the liberal-culture aspect of college finishes a poor second.

The problem, where the purpose of a system is human service, lies in the human worth of the individual agents of the system. The personnel of personnel administration is the problem. Whether the personnel ideal will attract and hold able workers in sufficient measure remains to be seen. A tremendous impulse would be furnished by faculty rank for personnel directors, such as Harvard grants to tutors under the general-examination plan.

In the effort to restore individual touch in our large universities, personnel procedure has become an important agency. There should, however, be experiments with other plans, such as the proposal President Wilson made at Princeton a quarter of a century ago and as the student-council committee made at Harvard recently, *viz.*, to subdivide the large college into small colleges, each with its own dormitories, common room, and dining-hall. Professor Meikeljohn's freshman-sophomore college at Wisconsin is the first definite trial of such subdivision. The Pomona-Scripps colleges in California furnish an American example of how a small college may grow, not by enlargement of the main unit, but by adding other units after the English college-university form of organization.

As to honors courses and tutorial systems, it is undeniable that the expense is heavier than with lecture and classroom instruction, and it is doubtful also whether the freedom of these methods is suitable for students who do not possess keen intellectual or scientific interests. But a great and prosperous democracy can hardly afford not to provide, in its varied educational programme, for what Doctor Abraham Flexner terms "exceptional care and opportunity for the unusual—the unusual in respect to ability, industry, or both . . . in politics, art, science, and literature."

To sum up, then, it may be said that these new methods of knowing our college students show that American educators are thoughtfully attacking

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the problems of large enrolments and present-day conditions, and that, to their friendly advances, the undergraduates are making a friendly response.

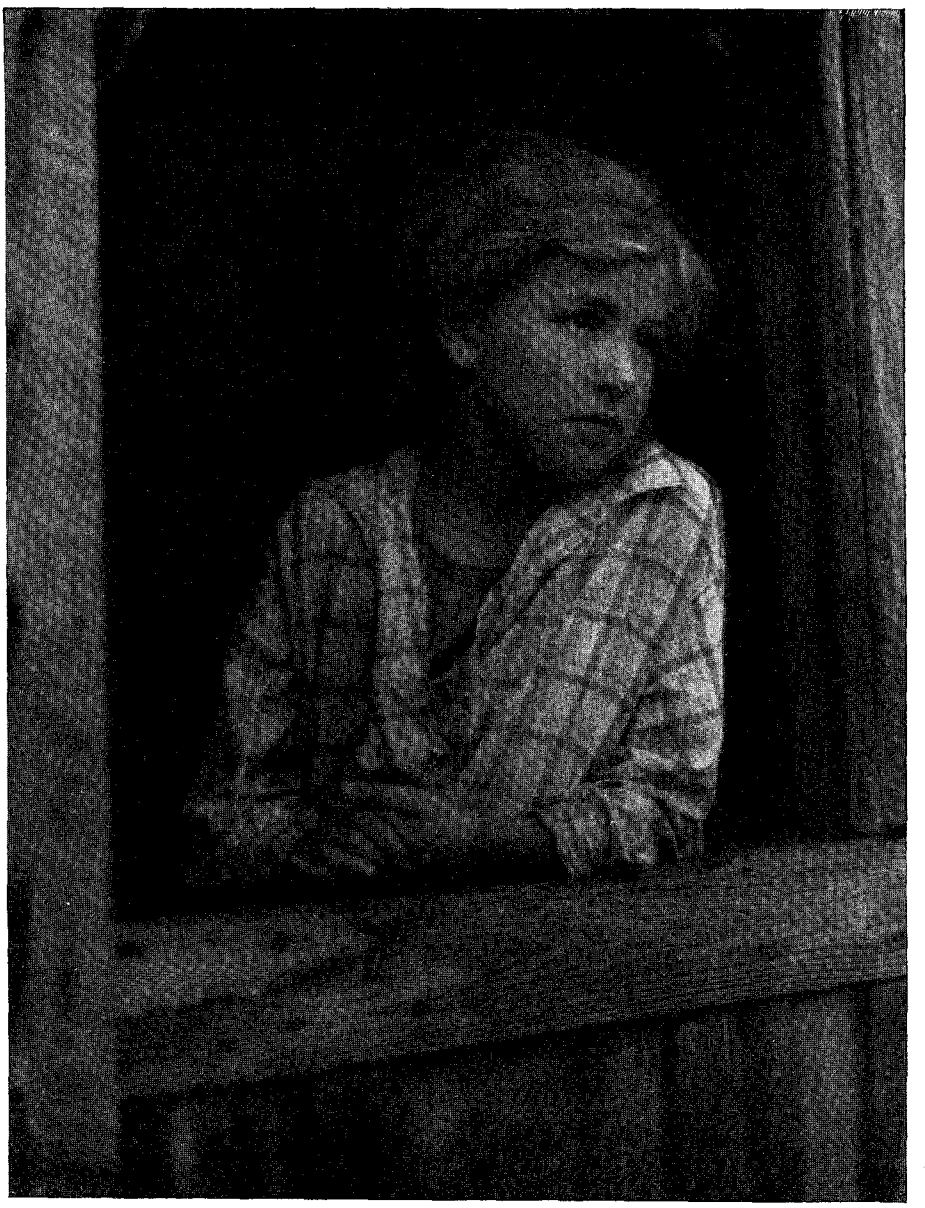
These procedures of personnel administration, of tutorial and honors plans, constitute, because of the spirit behind them, an augury of social and intellectual progress for America in the decades to come.

The Poet Finds a Theme

By Helene Mullins

Now while the common things of day are fading
Into the darkness, now while sleepily
The world turns from its bargaining and trading,
And few remain awake to bend the knee,
To worship or destroy, to weep or laugh,
The solitary poet leans to read
The life of man from birth to epitaph,
His triumph and his sorrow and his greed.
Over the dark books, terrified and pale,
The poet gathers sweet and bitter things
From history and myth and fairy-tale,
The dooms of slaves, the destinies of kings;
Until from one dim legend rises up
A youth with brooding eyes and dusty hair,
Quenching his thirst against a broken cup,
Having a sombre, sullen name to bear.
And now the poet, marvelling to behold
An image in his likeness, lifts his pen,
And writes three verses passionate and bold,
Telling the life of Ishmael again,
Putting new words upon an ancient sorrow,
And new defiance on a vanquished heart,
Draining his spirit and his flesh to borrow
Breath and blood for the creature of his art.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



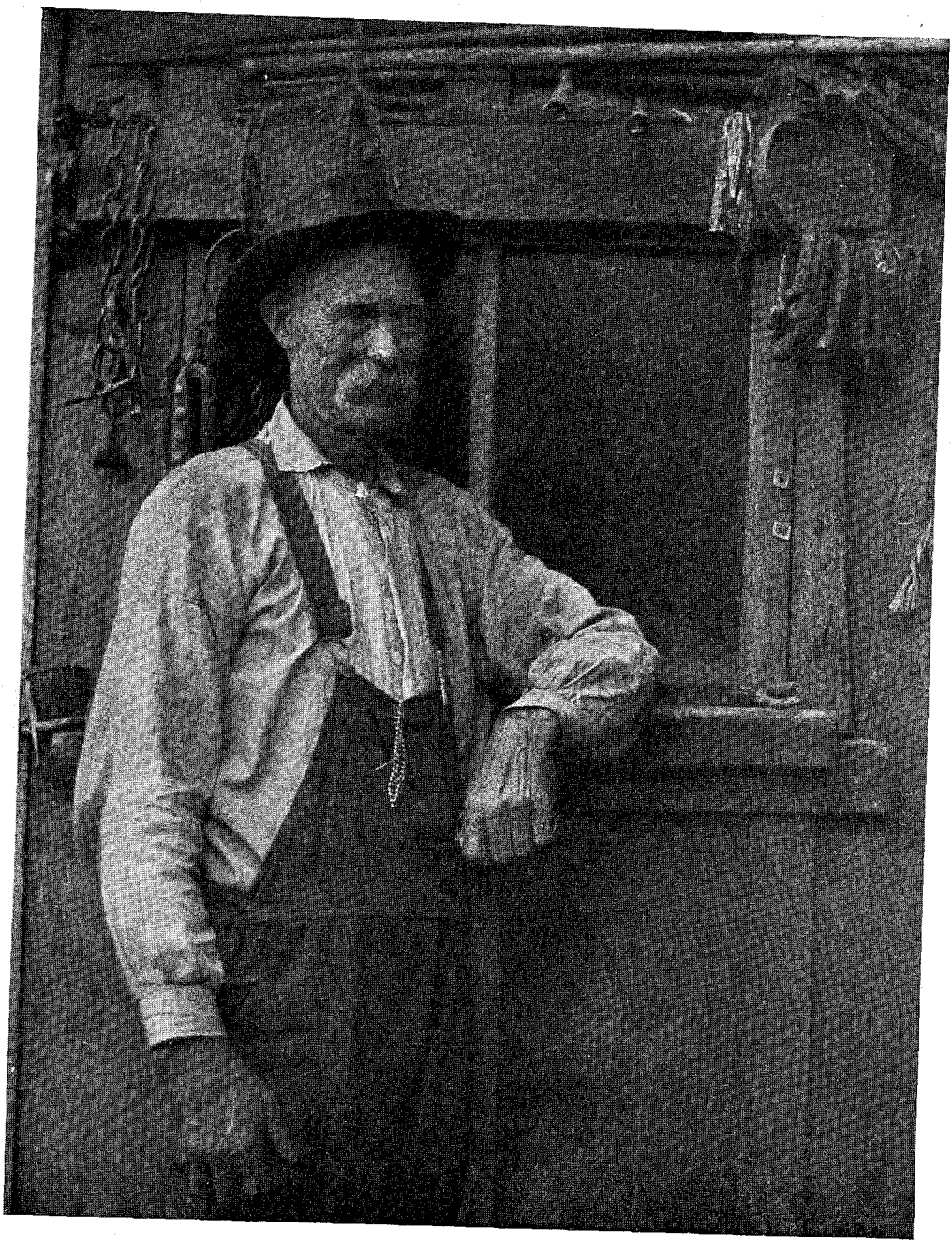
The Younger Generation of Mountaineer.

THE MOUNTAINEERS OF KENTUCKY

A SERIES OF PORTRAIT STUDIES

BY DORIS ULMANN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

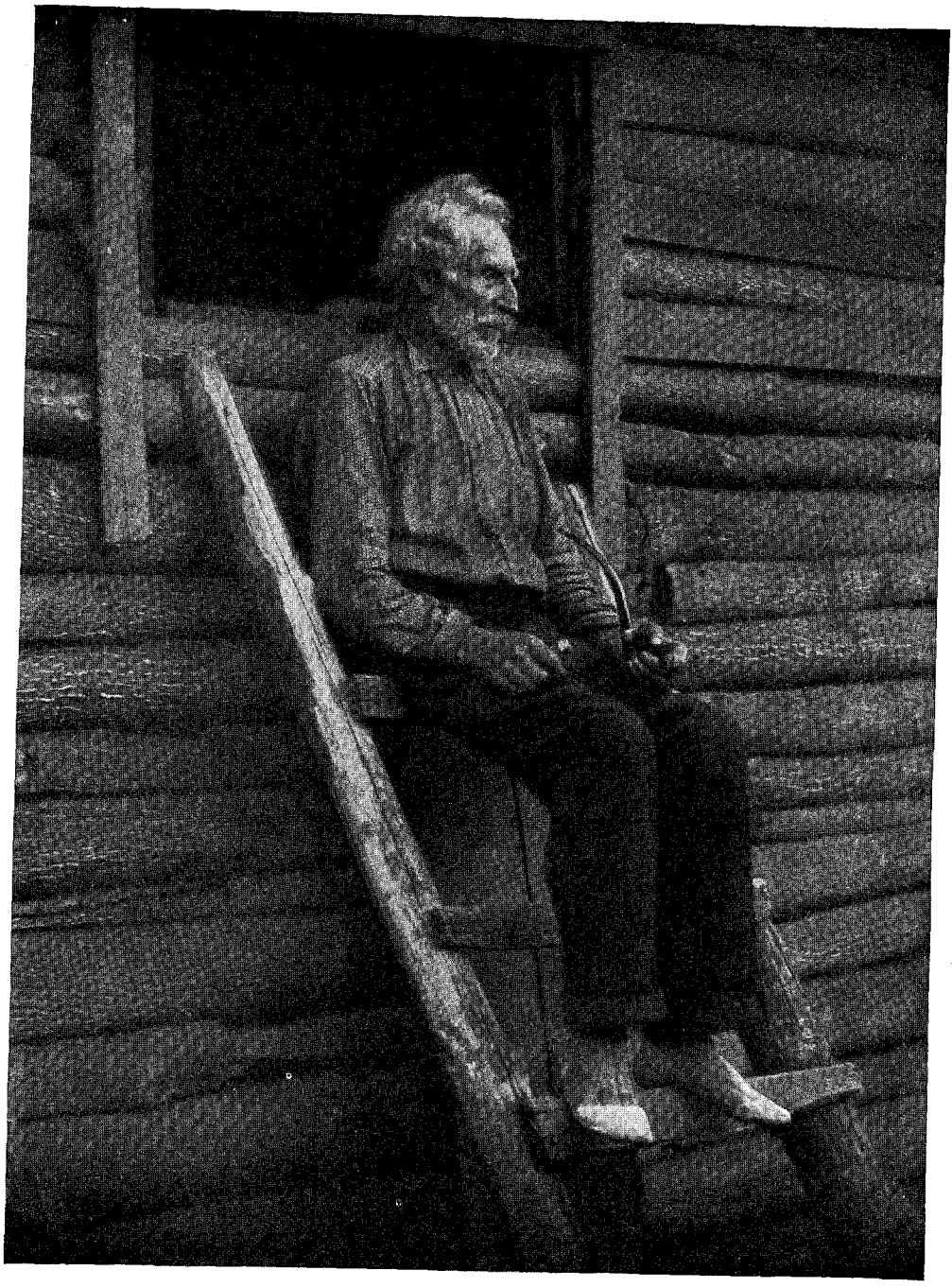


"I was a blacksmith until I was almost blind—I want you to see my baby." (*Opposite*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

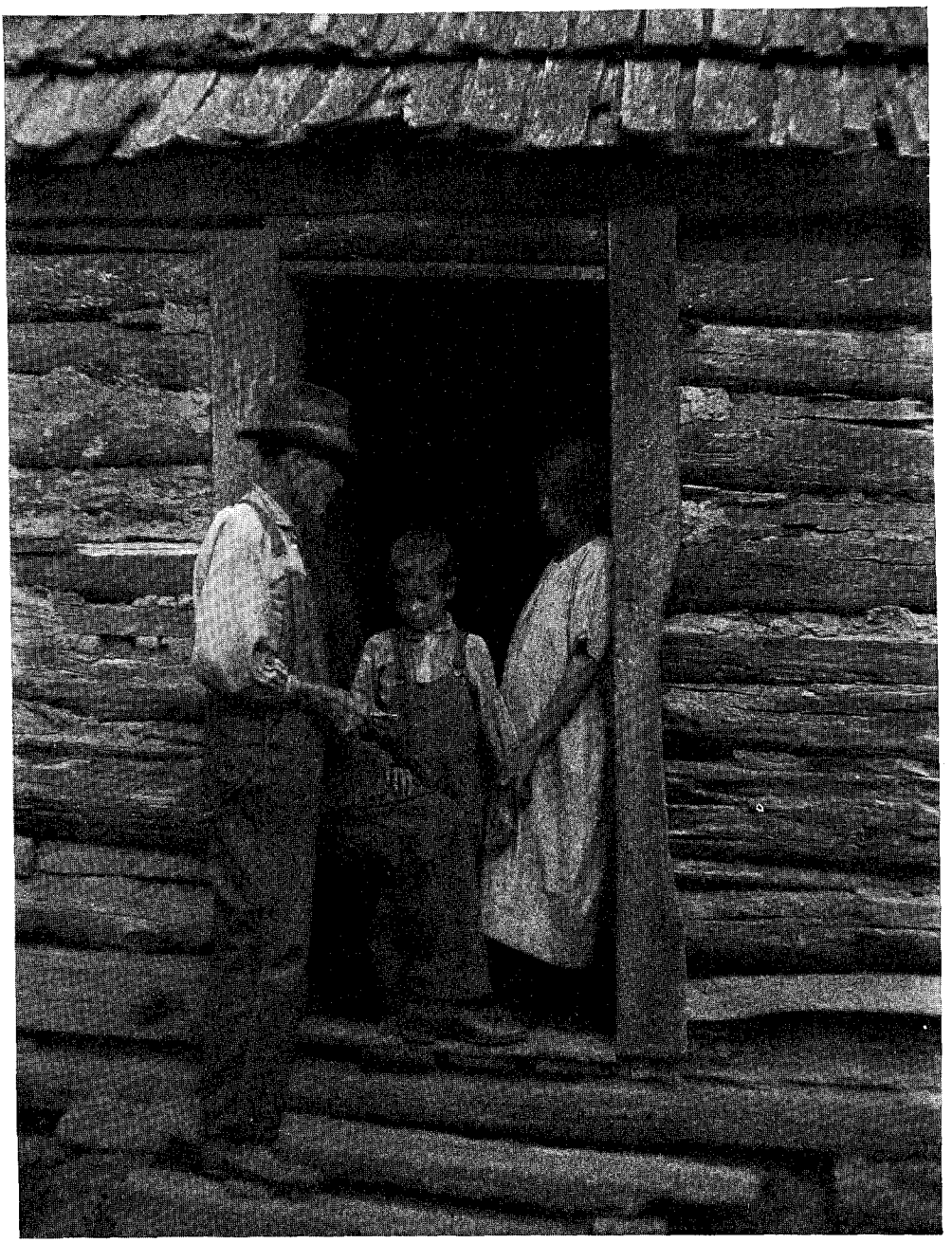
The baby, the father's twenty-first child, is carried by her nine-year-old sister.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



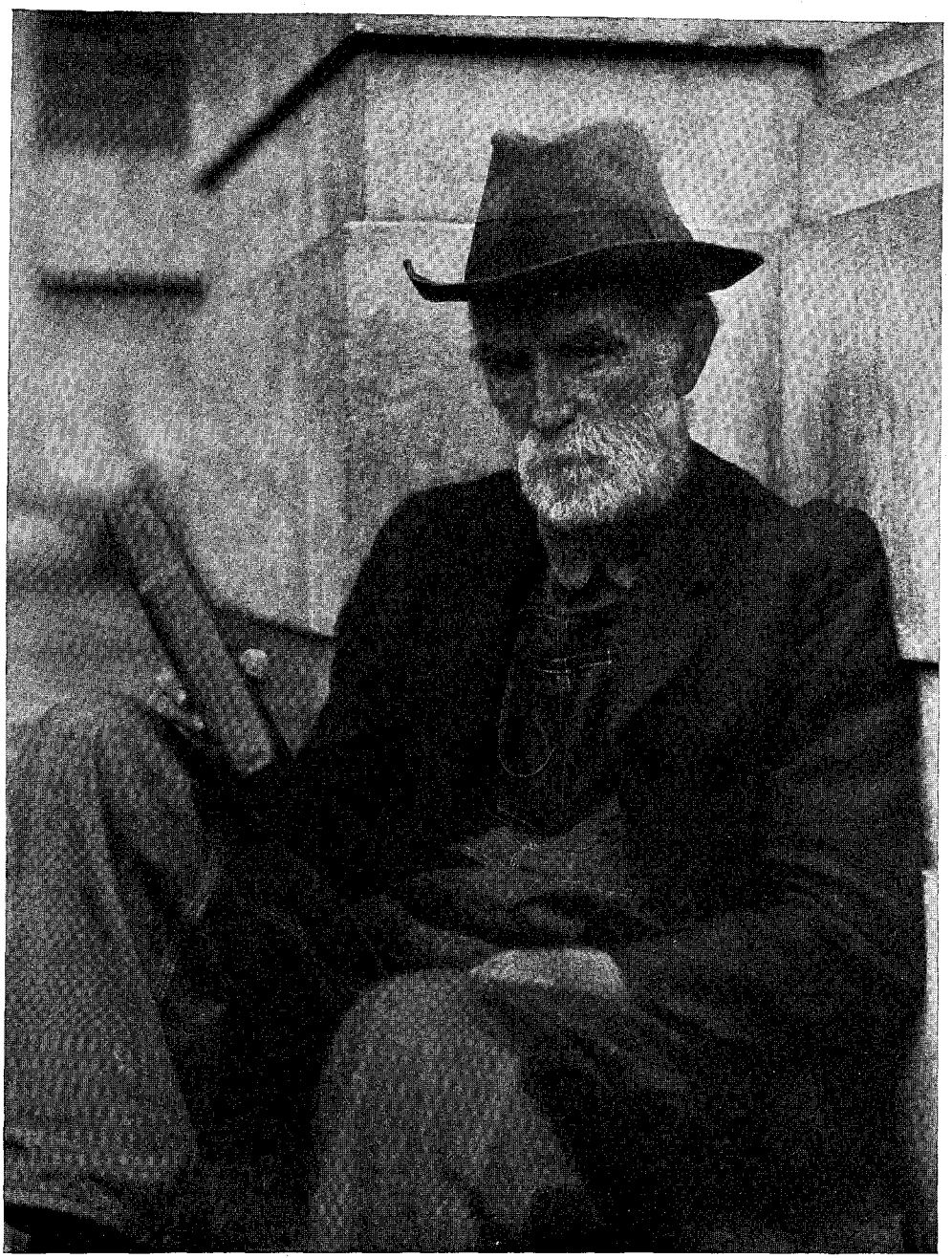
He is ninety-three years old and fought through the Civil War. He was married twice before the war. He is now living with his third wife, and he can chop wood "as well as anybody."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



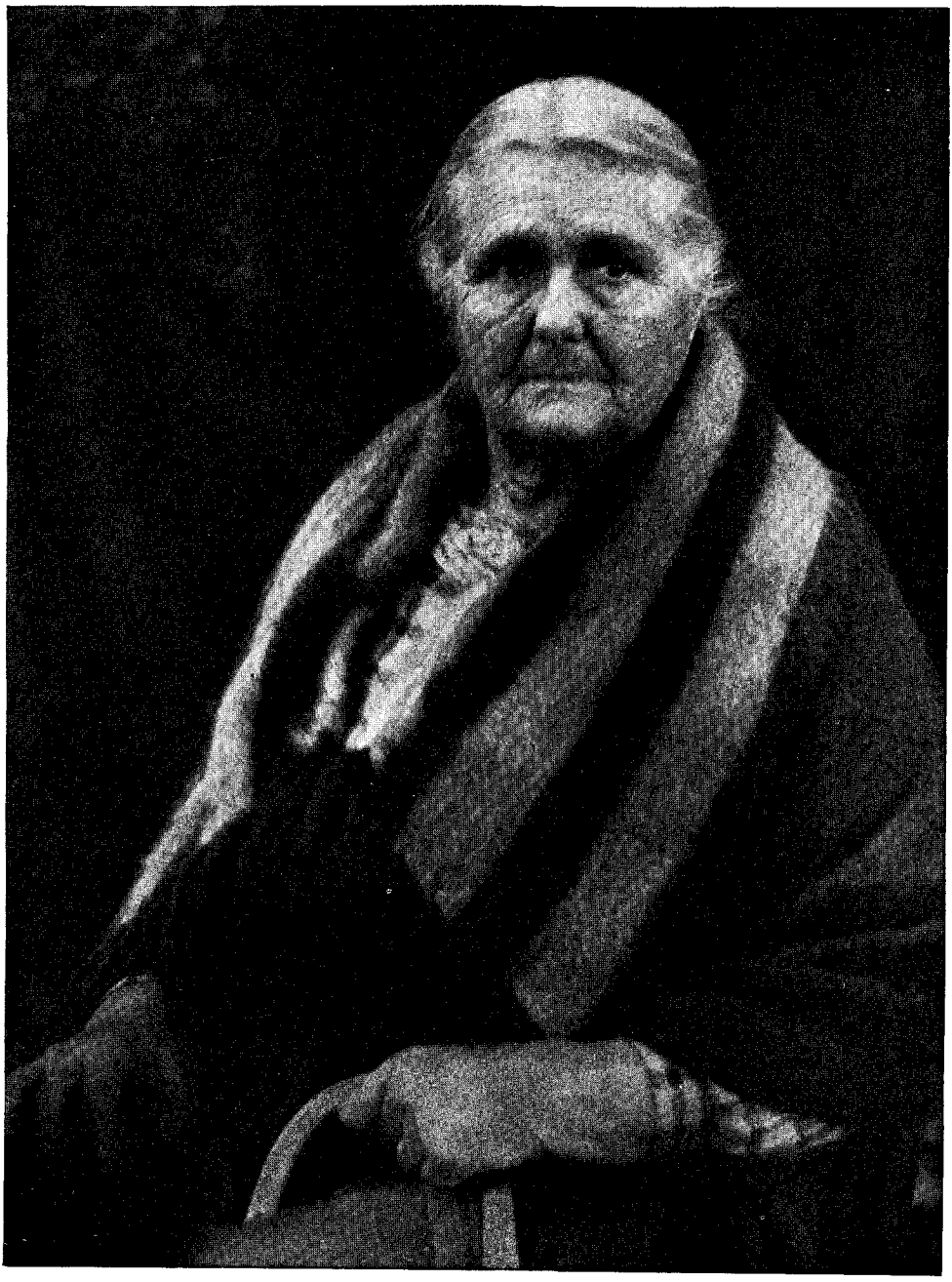
The front door and the rear door of the mountain cabin are the only source of light and air. "We pay twelve dollars a year rent, and sometimes ten."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



His people were the earliest settlers in the mountains. "I will have my picture taken, but holding the Bible in one hand and my other hand on my heart which is the Lord's." (He was prevailed upon to forego the latter position.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"My grandfather was the first white man in these mountains. I am a strong Republican, a primitive Baptist, and the mother of sixteen children."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harry F. Byrd, Governor of Virginia.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Virginia Through the Eyes of Her Governor

BY HARRY F. BYRD
Governor of Virginia

Virginia has been experiencing a renaissance. Governor Byrd expresses the attitude of modern Virginia and explains her business men and methods. Recognizing her faults, the State has fearlessly gone about remedying them, at the same time retaining her conservative principles.

From the window of the governor's mansion, as I begin this effort to make you understand better modern Virginia, I can see the monuments to old Virginia. The heroic figure of Washington rides his horse high above Capitol Square; surrounded by Patrick Henry, who lit the flame of American revolution; George Mason, who asserted the rights of the individual to be free; Thomas Jefferson, who declared the right of the colonies to be independent; Thomas Nelson, who offered the resolution instructing the Virginia delegates at Philadelphia to propose a declaration of independence; Meriwether Lewis, who explored the wilderness that stretched from the mouth of the Missouri to where the Columbia enters the Pacific; and John Marshall, who found in the Constitution implied power to make a nation out of the restricted union of the several States.

It would be impossible to account for our national existence unless we recalled some of these Virginians here standing about the Father of our Country. At that the group is by no means inclusive of the Virginians who helped to make this nation, for two Virginia Presidents, Madison and Monroe, are not there, and Richard Henry Lee is also absent.

It was, indeed, the plain truth, although adorned with eloquence, when the president of our State university, Edwin Anderson Alderman, said several years ago:

"Out of Virginia's life came our supreme national hero and a group of resourceful men without whose influence it is difficult to see how the nation could ever have been born. They were able to achieve, besides, a manly personal charm, a grand manner, a catholic lovableness, the simplicity that belongs to a shepherd with the pride that belongs to a king, that established them forever in the affections of men."

From these great men came great governmental ideas, ideas as conflicting as the passionate belief of Henry and Mason and Jefferson in a strict construction of the Constitution, in the interest of State power, and the fixed determination of Marshall to find by implication the powers necessary to strengthen the central government and exalt the nation. One cannot imagine Thomas Jefferson enjoying one of John Marshall's convivial parties, in his home about a block from where I now write, for we remember Marshall's friendship

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with Jefferson's great antagonist Alexander Hamilton, and Jefferson's anger with the Chief Justice at the time Aaron Burr was tried for treason in the capitol, designed by Jefferson, where I now do my daily work. It was, then, no mere accident that the end of British rule came at Yorktown and that the end of State self-determination came at Appomattox, for the ideas of Virginians were at the bottom of both struggles.

It was the tragedy of Virginia that she was forced to decide either to fight her Southern sisters back into the Union from which they had seceded, or herself take up arms against the nation her sons had done so much to establish. She made the decision, according to her conscience and against her interest, and she suffered a devastation in war and a desolation in reconstruction that would have destroyed a people with hearts less strong and pride less stubborn. She protected her honor and preserved her self-respect, but she lost nearly everything else.

Although Virginia had freely given the territory out of which Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois were constructed, she was suffered to lose by force that one-third of her domain that was reformed into the State of West Virginia.

In 1860 Virginia extended over 500 miles from the Atlantic across the Atlantic highlands to Ohio. Her area of 68,000 square miles exceeded that of New York alone and nearly equalled that of the New England States combined. She ranked fifth among the States in the cash value of her farms. One-sixteenth of the native population of this country claimed Virginia as a birthplace, and it is said that a majority of all the members of the national Congress were either natives of Virginia or descendants of Virginians. Of her nearly 300,000 whites engaged in gainful occupations only a little more than 50,000 owned slaves, but these slaves, essential to the operation of her old economic system, numbered nearly 500,000. Virginia, indeed, owned more slaves than did any other State. As far back as 1778 Virginia had prohibited the introduction of slaves from abroad, and when she surrendered to the Confederation the great Northwest Territory beyond the Ohio, she provided that slavery should be forever prohibited. But we are not here interested in slavery—slavery that was condemned by Thomas Jefferson and regretted by Robert E. Lee—save to emphasize the enormous capital Virginia had in these slaves and the enormous economic loss she suffered by the sudden destruction of this capital.

Not only did she suffer this sudden and stupendous loss, but the freedmen, misled by designing demagogues, forced her white men, war-worn as they were, to make a fight for white supremacy more exhausting and more prolonged than the Civil War itself had been.

When General Lee read the liberal terms of surrender, dictated by General Grant, there in the McLean house at Appomattox, he told the commander of the Union armies that his liberality would have a very happy effect. When General Grant acceded to General Lee's request that his men might be permitted to take home their privately owned horses with which to plough, Robert E. Lee was thinking already of rebuilding the ruins made by war.

General Lee was the chief founder of the economic prosperity that has now

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come to Virginia, for he begged the men of his armies to forget bitterness, remain in Virginia, and rebuild the shattered State.

Many young men left their mother State in her sorrow, to seek their fortunes elsewhere; but when offers of great salaries—in the one case to be president of an insurance company, in another to head a corporation to promote Southern commerce—were made to General Lee he refused.

"The thought of abandoning the country and all that must be left in it is abhorrent to my feelings," he said, "and I prefer to struggle for its restoration and share its fate rather than give up all as lost, and Virginia has need for all her sons."

So this man, who had left his wife's estate at Arlington a certain prey to the enemy and had refused the proffered command of the Union armies rather than draw his sword against his native State, accepted the presidency of an impoverished Virginia college at Lexington, and sent out these noble words to encourage his people to accept the peace and begin to rebuild:

"I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them die in the field; I shall devote my remaining energies to training young men to do their duty in life."

If the civil struggle could have ended on the note of reconciliation sounded by President Lincoln and answered by General Lee, Virginia's prosperity would have been restored sooner. President Lincoln lived long enough to visit Richmond and see her mourning amid the ruin wrought by fire and sword, and to begin to plan the reconstruction of her government, but he was murdered and the South lost the benefit of his moderation. Extremists—some of them misguided fanatics, others reckless men greedy for power—gave to the freed slaves the political power denied their former masters. Even General Lee was denied the right to vote, was indicted for treason, examined before a congressional committee, and died a prisoner on parole. These things are recalled to show that Virginians could not concentrate their energies to rebuild the ruins left by the war when they were forced to fight to preserve their civilization and regain white supremacy.

The horrors of reconstruction lasted from 1865 at least to 1875, but it was really 1885, according to some authorities, when the post-bellum history ended. The commonwealth was worse off economically in 1875 than in 1865. Realty values had decreased in all Virginia counties, except seventeen or eighteen, and in the black belt this decrease had been as much as 25 per cent. Virginia had lost one-third of her territory, but was still obligated to pay all of a debt of $45,000,000. The fight over the readjustment of this debt was bitter and prolonged; repudiation was proposed, but it is our pride that the State's financial honor was preserved and that her credit now stands high and unquestioned.

I was not yet born when this post-bellum period of our history came to an end. Not even my father was old enough to be an actor in the bitter struggles of reconstruction; hence personal feeling does not tempt me to exaggerate either the losses Virginia suffered in that period or the brave and effective service rendered by the public men of the post-bellum era. The simple truth is that at the end of the war her economic system was destroyed, her very civiliza-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion shattered, and yet she rebuilt an ordered State through a decade of political struggle more exhausting to her spirit than the active combat of the Civil War itself had been.

So much I have been moved to write by the knowledge that there are those who have failed to consider the really remarkable progress Virginia has made in the light of the devastation she suffered by four years of military war and the discouragement she suffered from more than ten years of political war. Nevertheless, to-day Virginia need not make excuses; she can show results.

Virginians to-day are not dreaming in the past, but they still revere that past. Reconstruction was still vivid in the memories of his audience when Senator John W. Daniel, leaning on the crutch that supported a leg shattered in the war, said to the students of the University of Virginia:

"Revere the past, but remember that we cannot live in it. As Christ said of the Sabbath, so may we say of the past —it was made for man, not man for it. . . . We failed to conquer the form; be it ours to strive to conquer the souls of our Northern brethren, with a sublimer faith, a more gracious courage, a broader magnanimity. The form of Saxon Harold was conquered at Senlac; his soul lives and conquers still in the blood of our conquering race."

So much for the past; what of the present?

With the adoption of the Constitution of 1902 Virginia set her face more resolutely toward the future. Since then her population has increased from 1,854,184 to 2,519,000, and the true value of her property has increased from $1,102,310,000 to $4,891,570,000. It will be observed that while her population has increased about 35 per cent, the value of her property has increased about 340 per cent.

In 1910 the resources of her banks were $195,298,452; sixteen years later these resources were $663,169,000. In this same period deposits had increased from $118,432,922 to $431,611,000. The men and women who made these deposits were not dreaming in the past.

Virginia has been classed as an agricultural State. The value of all her farm property increased over 200 per cent from 1900 to 1926, and is now approaching $1,000,000,000. In the same period farm crops increased from $58,000,000 to $172,000,000, although the farm-crop acres increased very little, from 4,346,000 to 4,519,000; and other farm products increased in value from $86,000,000 to $288,000,000.

More remarkable still, products of manufacture exceed in value the total of farm products, and Virginia's industrial development is now more rapid than ever before. While the total value of farm crops and other farm products for 1926 was about $460,000,000, the total value of products of manufacture was over $667,000,000. This last figure is over five times the value of products of manufacture in 1900. In sixteen years Virginia has developed the manufacture of furniture to sales last year of over $18,000,000.

The value of the products of mines and quarries increased from less than $8,795,646 in 1910 to nearly $30,000,000 in 1926.*

Virginia has natural resources—coal, both bituminous and anthracite, minerals, metals, rocks, lime and salt, wood; cotton, tobacco, peanuts, fruits, dairy

* These figures are from the "Blue Book of Southern Progress," 1927, published by *The Manufacturers' Record*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and other farm products—but more, she has a position north of south and south of north that made her the battle-ground of contending sections sixty-odd years ago, but now makes her the meeting-ground of co-operating and trading sections. The State has only a nominal bonded debt, as the value of her stock in the railroad between Richmond and Washington, plus accumulated investments in the Literary Fund, is sufficient to discharge the total bonded debt of approximately $18,000,000. There are eight main lines of railways, north, west, and south, centring on Hampton Roads, and four-fifths of the State is in trunk-line territory. Hampton Roads is one of the world's great harbors.

Virginia's highways were once the subject of stage jests, but now her main through highways are well on their way to completion. While her automobiles increased in sixteen years from 5,760 to 322,614, her expenditures out of the State treasury for highways increased from $250,000 in 1909 to nearly $18,000,000 in 1927. To-day we have nearly 4,000 miles of improved State highways, ample maintenance funds, and an adequate fund with which to build new roads.

Virginia issued no bonds to obtain the money with which to build her highways. From the tax on gasoline, automobile licenses, and a supplementary appropriation from the State treasury, she is paying as she builds.

The objective of Virginia's recent tax legislation has been twofold: (1) to relieve the hard-pressed landowner of all State tax on his land; and (2) to reduce the tax on capital invested in business and on stock owned by Virginians in foreign corporations to a point where capital and persons of means would find it inviting to enter the State and the tax burden would be more equitably distributed.

We have already abolished the State tax on land and other tangible property, and the general assembly in 1928 has still further reduced the tax on capital invested in business and repealed the tax on stocks in foreign corporations owned by residents of Virginia.

The abolition of the State tax on land was necessary to the development of that spirit of State co-operation essential to our progress. The rural sections especially were opposed to assessments of land by a State central body; hence lands in various sections were assessed at varying values according to the sentiments and necessities of each locality. On the assessments made by local officials the State tax, uniform in amount over the entire State, as well as the larger and varying local taxes, was levied. The result was an outcry from the cities and counties where lands were assessed high against the cities and counties where lands were assessed low. Sectionalism poisoned the desired unity of the people and co-operation on State-wide projects was made difficult. Now that each locality makes its assessments on lands for local purposes alone, while the State exclusively taxes intangible property for its uses, sectionalism has been subdued and a new spirit as broad as the State is developing. Recently when we asked for over a million dollars in subscriptions to buy thousands of acres in the mountains of the Shenandoah Valley, to induce the United States Government to establish a national park, tidewater vied with the valley in making up the money.

There is a new spirit of progress in the old Virginia air. The general assembly authorized a survey of our State government by outside experts. This

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was made; its recommendations studied by representative Virginians, under the chairmanship of William T. Reed—a broad executive and successful business man; and statutes have been adopted and constitutional amendments are on the way to adoption, we believe, to make our governmental processes simpler, more direct, and less expensive. New laws have been enacted and others are proposed, to place the appointment of administrative officers and the control of administrative functions in the governor; in other words, to let power accompany responsibility in the executive branch of our government. A part of this programme has been carried out and the rest waits on the approval of the short-ballot amendment to the constitution that will be voted on by the people in 1928.

Incomplete as is the realization of our reform programme, we have already converted a deficit into a surplus, reduced taxes, and are prepared to increase appropriations for the discharge by the State of its essential functions and to lower certain taxes still more. One evidence that our taxes on industries are regarded as fair is the location at Hopewell of a plant of the Allied Chemical Company, in which will be invested, I am assured, over $100,000,000.

And now I have no space in which to tell you of our educational development. We have increased our public-school expenditures to $26,000,000 annually, and a competent commission is studying our entire educational system from the University of Virginia down to the elementary schools. The State is dotted with new public schools of modern construction, and there is steady growth in the requirements for teachers. There are ten institutions of higher learning supported in part by the State, crowded with students and requiring expansion in equipment. Then, too, Virginia is the home of many private schools that teach boys and girls from nearly every State in the Union.

An observer of Virginia's material progress said to me the other day: "It does not seem quite in keeping with our conception of the Old Dominion that she should be studying her problems in the most modern spirit, recognizing her faults, and fearlessly seeking the best remedies for these faults. One scarcely expected to see conservative and complacent Virginia approaching her administrative and educational problems by inviting an impartial study of them by outside experts from other sections. More remarkable still is the candid criticism one reads in Virginia newspapers of Virginia's defects and weaknesses. Why, not many years ago too many Virginians answered every reproach for present failure by an eloquent reference to ancient achievements."

A Virginian may reply to this that we are still conservative, that we still believe in the validity of the principles our forefathers proclaimed, but that we are learning to build and advance within the old forms. Our political thought is conservative, but it is not static. In the period of one administration we are revising our constitution, reorganizing our State administration, reforming our tax system, and studying candidly our educational system; but we are suspicious of legislative fads and opposed to too many laws. When I suggested a single legislative session, confined to the duty of repealing unnecessary laws and restraining State interference with the individual within reasonable bounds, lawyer audiences, as well as banker and

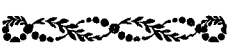
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

business audiences, applauded. Our legislative bodies have been singularly free from freak legislation, but they have not hesitated to adopt progressive measures for improvement in administration.

When General Lee, accompanied by Colonel Charles Marshall, rode away from the surrender he made to General Grant, an era had ended. New conditions confronted Virginians and a long period of adjustment followed, but these adjustments have been accomplished. Many outsiders are surprised to find the Virginia business man as practical, alert, and industrious as is the business executive from the industrial North. Men in the various vocations work as hard, strive to rise as high, and have as modern an outlook in the Virginia of to-day as, you will find, progressive men anywhere else. But our ingrained conservatism has not been eliminated and we are not quick to accept changes merely because they are new. The good in this conservative attitude remains, but there is in our people a new readiness to learn from the experience of others and to surrender preconceived ideas when investigation shows that we have been wrong.

There is, too, a new enthusiasm for co-operation in public work. The Virginian has long been an individualist. In the old pre-war days her leaders came from men who ruled broad acres remote from the crowd and independent of others. For many years it was difficult to develop team-work, but this difficulty has been overcome. The State Chamber of Commerce, the newspapers, the local commercial organizations all preach a common movement by every section to promote progress in any particular section. The dwellers in the Shenandoah Valley, or the great Southwest, remote from the sea, now understand the importance of developing the port of Hampton Roads, while the people of tidewater Virginia are ready to work for the good of the inland sections.

It would be vain to predict the contribution the new Virginia may make to this Union she loves. A great orator has said that the old Virginia gave to American life great men, great governmental ideas, and a great spirit. The need to-day is not so much for new governmental ideas as for a better understanding and adaptation of the old fundamental ideas to the new conditions. Virginia has had her share of great men and may not expect soon to produce another group of the stature of those I see in Capitol Square here gathered about Washington. But a great spirit may grow out of great memories, and these memories Virginia is ready to share with all her sister States.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jouett Outrides Tarleton

AND SAVES JEFFERSON FROM CAPTURE

BY VIRGINIUS DABNEY
Of the Richmond (Va.) *News Leader*

The power of a poet in creating fame is illustrated by this story of Jack Jouett, practically unknown save in Virginia, and the comparison of his ride with that of the well-known Paul Revere.

PHEIDIPPIDES had his Browning, Revere his Longfellow, Sheridan his Read, and Rowan his Hubbard. But no mighty bard has thrummed his lyre, no puissant scribe has grasped his pen, to celebrate the ride of Jack Jouett. His name is to be found in few of the history-books and is unknown outside his native Virginia. He has lain for more than a century in an unmarked grave, whose location has never been determined. Yet he performed a service of great value to America.

John Jouett, Jr., known to posterity as "Jack," was born in Albemarle County, Va., on December 7, 1754. He was the second son of Captain John Jouett and Mourning Jouett. His father owned the historic Swan Tavern at Charlottesville, the county-seat. Like the Reveres of Massachusetts, the Jouetts were of Huguenot origin.

As the colonies moved nearer and nearer the brink of revolution, the Jouetts were to be found on the side of the patriots. They were among the first to favor the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, and both John Jouetts signed the Albemarle Declaration, whereby 202 citizens of the county renounced allegiance to King George. Jack served in the Revolution as a captain in the State militia, as did his father and three brothers. One of the latter, Matthew, was killed at Brandywine.

It is in June, 1781, that our story begins. The dashing Colonel Banastre Tarleton, of the British army, had been detached in the spring of that year by General Cornwallis, with 180 dragoons and 70 mounted infantrymen, to make a surprise march to Charlottesville, where the legislature was meeting following its flight from Richmond, and to capture the governor and general assembly. Tarleton was hunting big game, for the governor happened to be Thomas Jefferson, and among the legislators were Patrick Henry, whose "Give me liberty or give me death!" had echoed through the colonies in 1775; Richard Henry Lee, who had introduced in the Continental Congress on June 7, 1776, resolutions which led to the Declaration of Independence; Benjamin Harrison, ancestor of two Presidents; and Thomas Nelson, Jr., who had advocated armed opposition in 1775, and had subsequently spent his large fortune in equipping soldiers for the Continental army. Jefferson had, of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

course, drafted the Declaration of Independence, and Lee, Harrison, and Nelson had signed it.

Up from the South rode the impetuous Tarleton. He directed his men to move with caution and to tell no one of their plans. By travelling the last seventy miles of the journey in twenty-four hours he hoped to surprise Jefferson and the assembly, and capture them together with a quantity of valuable stores. The intense heat compelled him to halt for a brief period in the middle of the day on June 3 to refresh his men and horses, but he pressed forward in the afternoon. Moving at top speed, he was successful in concealing his movements until he reached Cuckoo Tavern in Louisa County, about forty miles from his destination.

Captain Jack Jouett, Jr., chanced to be in the neighborhood when the British cavalrymen arrived at Cuckoo between 9 and 10 o'clock at night. Why he was there we do not know. Possibly he had obtained a leave of absence from his military duties, and was attending to business of some sort relating to the near-by farm owned by his father, who had at one time owned the tavern also. Neither is it definitely known whether Jouett was inside the tavern when Tarleton's men swept past or whether he was elsewhere in the immediate vicinity. Perhaps, as one version has it, several of the troopers entered the inn for a cooling dram, and he overheard their plans from a rear room. Perhaps they did not enter, and he saw them from a window as they went by. There are various accounts of Jack's movements at Cuckoo, one of which declares that he captured a British dragoon, took away his uniform, and extracted from him the information that the invaders were en route to Charlottesville. This yarn apparently was invented in recent years. Jouett was a young Hercules, standing 6 feet 4 inches and weighing 220 pounds, and in addition was an expert rider and dead shot, so that he could probably have captured almost any one in the British army had he set out to do so. But there is no mention of any such episode in the small number of revolutionary histories which describe Jouett's ride in any sort of detail.

The important fact, however, is that the Virginia militiaman saw the raiders when they passed Cuckoo Tavern and at once suspected their object. Tarleton clattered on toward Charlottesville, and Jack resolved to outride him. It was plain that the governor and legislature would be seized unless he could warn them of the impending danger. Fortunately he was thoroughly familiar with the region, and this made it possible for him to proceed by a different route from that taken by the British. The latter were on the highway, so that Jouett was forced to cut "across country." It was probably about 10 P. M. when he got under way. The distance by both routes was approximately forty miles, and Tarleton, in addition to being on the main road, had a slight start. Leaping upon his thoroughbred, described in one account as "the best and fleetest of foot of any nag in seven counties," Jouett plunged into what was a virtual wilderness. Virginia roads a century and a half ago were at best an endless series of bottomless ruts and mudholes, but the unfrequented pathway over which this horseman set out on his all-night journey presented difficulties which can only be imagined. His progress was greatly impeded by matted undergrowth, tangled brush, overhanging vines, and ravines and gulleys. His face

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was cruelly lashed by tree-branches as he rode forward, and scars which are said to have remained the rest of his life were the result of lacerations sustained from these low-hanging limbs.

Unluckily the Virginian left no written account of his ride, and we do not know whether he encountered any serious obstacles other than those offered by the well-nigh impassable route over which he travelled. It is likely that the moon was shining, for an astronomical calculation shows that it was within one day of full on the night of June 3, 1781. Unless there were heavy clouds, Jouett had sufficient moonlight to aid him in picking his way. This was a most fortunate circumstance, for on a dark night it probably would have been impossible for him to have traversed such rugged and hilly country at high speed without breaking his neck. Even with the aid of the moon, if there was a moon, his progress must have been arduous and hazardous in the extreme.

While Jouett toiled and sweated through the byways of Louisa, the British on the main road also were straining toward Charlottesville. They were not aware that he was racing to the same destination, and at 11 o'clock the tired troopers halted on a plantation near Louisa Court House for three hours. At 2 o'clock they resumed the march, pausing a few hours later to burn a train of twelve wagons loaded with arms and clothing for the Continental troops in South Carolina. Tarleton says in his account of the expedition that he burned the wagons with their contents, instead of taking them with him, in order that no time might be lost. He adds: "Soon after daybreak some of the principal gentlemen of Virginia who had fled to the borders of the mountains for security, were taken out of their beds. . . . In the neighborhood of Doctor [Thomas] Walker's a member of the Continental Congress was made prisoner, and the British light troops, after a halt of half an hour to refresh the horses, moved on toward Charlottesville."

Meanwhile, through woods and fields, over creeks and gulches, Jouett was riding on in the hot June night. Like Tarleton's men, he must have halted several times along the way, for no horse or rider could have covered so great a distance under such conditions without stopping for breath. Dawn was breaking over the hills of Albemarle as he drew near Monticello. He had left the British far behind. When his steaming and panting steed drew up at the portico of Jefferson's stately mansion, it was about 4.30 o'clock, and the sun had not yet risen. The raiders were still many miles away. Jack gave the alarm to the governor, and the story goes that the latter rewarded him with one or more glasses of his best ante-Volstead Madeira. He then spurred his all-but-exhausted mount to Charlottesville, two miles farther on, and warned the legislature. He had beaten the British by about three hours. Paul Revere's fifteen-mile jaunt over fairly good roads in the moonlight seems almost nothing by comparison.

Despite the courier's timely arrival, Jefferson came within a hair's breadth of being captured. Several members of the general assembly had spent the night at Monticello, and their host apparently was unwilling to be hurried by the approach of the dragoons. He tells us that they "breakfasted at leisure," after which his guests joined the other legislators in the town. He directed his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wife and children to prepare to depart, and then spent nearly two hours securing his most important papers. Suddenly a neighbor rode up at a gallop to say that a troop of enemy cavalry was ascending the mountain. The family started at once by carriage for "Blenheim," the Carter estate some miles distant, but Jefferson himself seems even then to have been in no great hurry to get under way. He directed his horse to be stationed at a point between Monticello and Carter's Mountain, which adjoins it. After spending a few more minutes among his papers, he took his telescope and walked a few rods up Carter's Mountain. He scanned Charlottesville through the glass, but saw no sign of the enemy. He listened, but heard no sound of approaching cavalry. Believing that he still had time to return to Monticello for a few final arrangements, he walked back toward the house, but before he had gone far, he noticed that his light "walking-sword" had fallen from its sheath. Returning to the point whence he had surveyed the town a short while before, he found the sword, and took another look through the telescope. This time he saw troopers swarming the streets. Jefferson instantly mounted his horse and plunged into the woods. He was not a moment too soon, for Tarleton's men were already at Monticello. Had he not dropped his sword and gone back for it, he would have walked into their hands. This seemingly trivial incident had, however, proved his salvation, for he made his get-away and joined his family later in the day at "Blenheim." As the British did not know where to look for him, they gave up the chase.

On the arrival of the raiders at the Jefferson estate, an amusing incident occurred. Two faithful blackamoors were busily engaged in hiding silver and other valuables when the cavalrymen reached the mansion. Martin, Jefferson's body-servant, was at the moment handing the articles to Cæsar through a trap-door in the floor of the portico. When the dragoons loomed in front of him, Martin dropped the trap-door, shutting Cæsar in total darkness, where he remained quaking until they left eighteen hours later.

These precautions were unnecessary, however, for Tarleton had given strict orders that Jefferson's property was not to be molested. Nothing in the house was touched, with the exception of a few articles in the cellar which were taken by soldiers who disobeyed the commands of the officer in charge, Captain McLeod. No other damage was done the mansion or its contents, although the men stayed until well after midnight. A scar in the flooring of the main hall, just inside the front door, is pointed out to-day as having been made when one of the horsemen rode into the house, but there seems to be no evidence for this story. It is an excellent tale with which to confound the gaping tourist, but unfortunately has nothing else to recommend it.

The fact that little or no injury was done by the British at Monticello should interest those Americans who hold to the belief, fostered so sedulously by certain writers of schoolbooks in this country, that the members of his majesty's army were all thieves and cutthroats. Tarleton, indeed, could scarcely be blamed had he chosen to confiscate the possessions of the man who had written the Declaration of Independence, but he happened to be sufficiently magnanimous not to do so. Yet he is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

referred to by several of our early historians as "the ferocious Tarleton." A choice sample of the sort of thing which appeared in the revolutionary histories of a century ago is the following extract from B. L. Rayner's "Sketches of the Life, Writings, and Opinions of Thomas Jefferson," in which he tells of the enthusiasm felt by the bloodthirsty Briton at the prospect of capturing the governor and legislature: "Elated with the idea of an enterprise so congenial to his disposition, and confident of an easy prey, Tarleton selected a competent body of men, trained to habitual licentiousness by unrestrained indulgence and the demoralizing influence of example, and proceeded with ardor on his ignoble expedition." This, of course, is mere rhetoric. Rayner grudgingly admits later on in his narrative that when the "ignoble expedition" arrived at Monticello, "a sacred and honorable regard was manifested for the usages of enlightened nations at war." Jefferson himself wrote a friend in 1788: "You ask . . . details of my sufferings by Colonel Tarleton. I did not suffer by him. On the contrary he behaved very genteelly with me."

But let us return to Jack Jouett. It will be recalled that after warning the governor, he had ridden to Charlottesville and told the assemblymen the British were coming. They convened hastily and as hastily adjourned to meet three days later in Staunton, Va., forty miles to the westward. So little time remained for them to take their departure that seven legislators were captured. Jouett set out for Staunton in company with General Stevens, a member of the assembly who had been recuperating from a wound received at the battle of Guilford Court House. As he was on leave from the army, the general was dressed as a farmer. Jack wore a scarlet coat and plumed hat, for "he had an eccentric custom of wearing such habiliments," according to Jefferson's biographer, Henry S. Randall. They were pursued by Tarleton's men, who judged from the clothing of the two Americans that Jouett was an officer of high rank and that Stevens was no officer at all. They therefore ignored the general, who escaped into the woods, and sought to take Jack into custody. But he was too swift for them. "After he had coquetted with his pursuers long enough," says Randall, "he gave his fleet horse the spur, and speedily was out of sight."

In recognition of his valuable service to the governor, the assembly, and the Continental army, the members of the Virginia Legislature voted Captain Jouett an "elegant" sword and pair of pistols. This was done in a joint resolution introduced in the house of delegates on June 12, 1781, and approved by both houses. The resolution follows:

"*Resolved,* That the executive be desired to present to Captain John Jouett an elegant sword and pair of pistols as a memorial of the high sense which the General Assembly entertain of his activity and enterprise in watching the motions of the enemy's cavalry on their late incursion to Charlottesville and conveying to the assembly timely information of their approach, whereby the designs of the enemy were frustrated and many valuable stores preserved."

The pistols were presented Jouett in 1783, but the sword was not delivered to him until 1803. Thus the resolution of the legislature was not completely carried into effect until nearly twenty-two years after the ride. The long delay

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the presentation of the sword would perhaps seem to show that the assembly changed its mind as to the importance of Jouett's feat, or that there was opposition of some sort to conferring this honor upon him. But a diligent search of the archives in the Virginia State Library reveals nothing to support such a theory. The explanation almost certainly lies in the fact that the legislature of the Old Dominion was extraordinarily dilatory in such matters.

For example, in 1780 it voted "a good horse, with elegant furniture, and a sword" to General William Campbell, in recognition of his conspicuous services at the battle of King's Mountain. In that engagement, it will be recalled, Colonel Patrick Ferguson, of the British army, had stationed himself on top of King's Mountain, with 1,100 men, and had challenged "all the rebels outside of hell" to dislodge him. The Continentals accepted the challenge forthwith, and Ferguson found to his sorrow that there were many more rebels outside of hell than he had imagined. The hardy riflemen converged upon him from all sides, under Colonels Campbell, Shelby, Williams, and others, and after a desperate struggle, killed him and captured his entire force. The battle was an important turning-point of the war, and Campbell was given a large share of the credit for the victory. Yet the sword voted him by the assembly of his native State was not ordered until 1801, when he had been dead twenty years.

The Jouett and Campbell swords were procured together by Governor James Monroe. Under date of December 15, 1801, he wrote Robert R. Livingston, minister to France, requesting him to secure them and authorizing the expenditure of $300 for the two. They were received at the end of the following year. Jouett's sword was delivered to him in 1803. The other was turned over to General Campbell's grandson.

II

Captain Jouett moved to what is now Kentucky and settled in Mercer County the year after he saved the governor and legislature of Virginia. Kentucky in 1782 was a wild and rugged region, in which a handful of pioneer frontiersmen lived in continual dread of the Indians. Stealthy redskins lurked in the woods and thickets, and rushed forth to battle with tomahawk and scalping-knife whenever the opportunity offered. The first permanent English settlement had been established at Harrodsburg only eight years before, and panther, lynx, bear, and buffalo roamed the primeval forests. The few scattered groups of backwoodsmen were soon to be augmented by the tide of immigrants which poured over the Alleghanies following the Revolution, but the migration had barely gotten under way when Jack bade farewell to Albemarle, trekked through Cumberland Gap, and reached central Kentucky by way of Daniel Boone's Wilderness Road.

While en route from Virginia, Jouett and his companions passed a lonely cabin from which were issuing the cries of a woman. Jack rushed inside and found a man beating his wife. Thinking her in dire need of succor, he smote her spouse a mighty blow, knocking him to the floor. The lady thereupon reached for a long-handled frying-pan and hit her deliverer such a resounding thump on the head that the bottom was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knocked out and the rim was driven down around his neck. Finding that his ministrations were unwelcome and that the fair one resented interference with her chastisement, Jack took his departure. It was not until thirty-five miles farther on that he was able to get a blacksmith to file the pan from his neck.

Two years after his arrival in Mercer County he married Sallie Robards. She was the sister of Lewis Robards, first husband of Mrs. Andrew Jackson. When differences arose a few years later between Robards and his wife and they separated, Jack's sympathies were with Mrs. Robards. He was serving his second term in the Virginia Legislature at the time, and when Robards applied to the assembly in the winter of 1790–91 for a divorce, Jouett was mainly responsible for securing the passage of an act authorizing the courts to determine whether grounds for divorce existed. Andrew Jackson, then a young lawyer and solicitor for the government, had known Mrs. Robards for some years. He was wrongly informed that an absolute divorce had been granted her by the assembly, and he and Mrs. Robards were married not long afterward. It will be remembered that the couple did not realize their tragic mistake until two years later, when the divorce they believed to have been approved in 1791 was finally authorized by the court. They accordingly had a second marriage performed.

Until his death in Bath County, Kentucky, in 1822, at the age of sixty-seven, Jack Jouett was one of the most prominent and respected citizens of the communities in which he lived. He was elected a delegate to the Virginia Legislature in 1787. The following year he took a leading part in the convention at Danville, Ky., held preliminary to the organization of Kentucky as a separate State. In 1790 he represented Mercer county in the Virginia Assembly, and two years later became a member of the Kentucky Legislature from the same county. Moving to Woodford County in 1793, he was elected to represent it for three terms. Jouett is said to have been one of the most progressive and far-sighted members of the assembly, and is credited with having been largely instrumental in enabling Kentucky to become a great live-stock-raising State. Woodford County, where he spent the last twenty-nine years of his life, is in the heart of the blue-grass region, and he led the way in the importation of fine cattle and horses from England. He entertained lavishly, and was a close friend of many of the most eminent citizens of Kentucky and Tennessee, including Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay. He often visited "Old Hickory" at "The Hermitage" in the days before that able and bellicose statesman was elevated to the presidency.

Although efforts are being made to locate the spot where Jouett was buried in 1822, definite information as to this has not been unearthed. As his death occurred in Bath County, it is supposed that the burial took place in the family burying-ground at the home of his daughter, Elizabeth Lewis Jouett Haden, a resident of Bath. There was for some time a wide-spread belief that he died in Charlottesville and was buried in the back yard of the Swan Tavern, but it has lately been established that it was his father, the keeper of the tavern, who was laid to rest there. John Jouett, Sr., also was thought for many years to have made the ride from Cuckoo Tavern, but recent research leaves no doubt that the credit belongs to his son.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

III

The importance of Jack's feat has for some years been generally recognized in his native State, but as has already been pointed out, only the most erudite persons in other parts of the country have ever heard of it. Ask the average man living outside Virginia to identify Jack Jouett, and it is a hundred to one you will have him stumped. For all he knows, Jouett might have been a Hard-shell Baptist evangelist or an all-American half-back. The man who saved Jefferson and the legislature from captivity is not mentioned in the text-books, and little or nothing concerning him is to be found in the encyclopædias. A number of well-intentioned Virginians, aware of the public's almost complete ignorance of the subject, and with the example of Longfellow and others to spur them on, have invoked the aid of the muse in bringing the ride to the attention of America's citizenry. Unfortunately these patriotic minstrels have been uniformly unsuccessful in capturing the celestial afflatus, and their twangings have added nothing to the fame of him they sought to honor. In view of these facts, the man in the street can scarcely be blamed for knowing nothing of Jouett, although he performed a service of great moment to America.

What would have been the fate of Jefferson, Henry, Lee, Harrison, and Nelson had they been taken captive by Tarleton? Some are of the opinion that Jefferson, at least, would have been tried in England as a traitor and hanged, but it is quite unlikely that such severe punishment would have been meted out to him. It is probably safe to assume, however, that these leaders in the revolutionary movement would have been treated as harshly as any civilian Americans who could have fallen into British hands. If the career of Jefferson alone had been cut short or substantially altered at this period of his life, the history of the United States would have been vastly changed. It is conceivable that, if he had been made prisoner, this country would have been deprived for all time of the services of the American who did most to burst the fetters which bound the souls of men 150 years ago, and to fix the principles upon which democracy in the Republic rests to-day. Nor should we forget that the capture of the author of the Declaration of Independence, three of its signers, and Patrick Henry would have been a severe blow to the struggling colonials. Coming at a time when their fortunes were at an extremely low ebb, such an event would have been most disheartening to them.

We have no one but Jouett to thank for frustrating the plans of Tarleton and preventing the disastrous consequences which might have resulted had those plans been carried out, but, to repeat, he has received scant credit. It is almost unbelievable, but a number of Jefferson's biographers do not even mention Jouett's name. Several of his descendants are better known to the present generation than he. One of his numerous progeny was Matthew Harris Jouett, a noted portrait-painter and captain in the War of 1812. His work was unanimously adjudged superior to that of Gilbert Stuart by a committee of five artists who compared the paintings of the two at an exhibition in Cincinnati about twenty-five years ago. Matthew had three sons who achieved military or naval distinction. Among them was James Edward ("Fighting Jim") Jouett, who fought in the Mexican War,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and was particularly distinguished for his naval career in the Civil War. He was lieutenant-commander of the *Metacomet* at Mobile Bay, and it was to him that Admiral Farragut directed his classic utterance: "Damn the torpedoes! Jouett, full speed! Four bells, Captain Drayton." He retired some years after the close of hostilities with the rank of rear-admiral.

Thus it will be seen that certain of Jack Jouett's descendants now enjoy considerably greater renown than he. The historical reference-books devote much more attention to them than to the man who outrode Tarleton. His giant frame has long since crumbled into dust in a nameless grave, and only an infinitesimal minority know of his services to the Republic. Meanwhile the cis-Atlantic Valhalla is occupied by patriots whose deeds have been more adequately advertised.

Here is a chance for some gifted troubadour to win immortality for himself and Jouett as well. In the forty-mile dash of the Virginia militiaman there is material for a saga which might ultimately find its way into every schoolbook in the land. The fact that others have tried and failed should not deter our minnesingers. The opportunity is still there. No place has hitherto been reserved for Jack Jouett in the pantheon of America's heroes, but a lively ballad may yet cause his ride from Cuckoo Tavern to Charlottesville to be recognized as one of the most important and colorful individual exploits of the Revolution.

[Another Virginia character is pictured in "Madame Russell" on page 727.]

A Letter to Albemarle

By Lawrence Lee

Autumn again must be upon the hills;
These are the days that I remember best:
The distant knolls like blue smoke in the west;
And evening coming, with an air that chills
The earth and makes its byways smell of death;
The red leaves with the yellow murmuring;
A thought of houses, and how rich a thing
It is to draw awhile this living breath.

Should twilight now be something strange and still,
And sad with deep autumnal color, fill
Your hearth with flame, and light your pipe.
Something too dark the seasons in their going
Cover and steal away from our slow knowing,
But we shall know it when the time is ripe.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Duet in September

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS
Author of "Who Killed Rutherford?" etc.

I

Old John Adam and his wife, Eve, had arrived at the Indian summer of their lives. Very peaceful and still they looked, sitting side by side in their rockers on the front porch. The old man held a Syracuse newspaper crinkled on his knee; and his wife, with her Bible in her lap, was knitting him winter mittens in rose and gray.

It was a Sunday afternoon late in September, and the sunlight, slanting up the valley, under the high pine branches and the porch-roof of their house on the hill, touched them with a mellow glow.

For a man and a woman of sixty-five and sixty, they looked young; for farmer-folk of any age beyond the twenties, their faces were strangely smooth, fresh-hued—John Adam's with an even tawny glow from collar-band to hair; Eve's changeable to sunlight and shadow, the variable coloring of a woman who has an acute physical consciousness of the smallest detail of her surroundings. Her brown eyes, the vigor of her white hair, and the fresh redness of her mouth, always bending to the least course of her thoughts, combined in giving her an outward appearance of unquenchable vitality. Her slight body was as vibrant to the sway of her moods as it had been forty years ago. Even now, though her eyes bent downward to her Bible and her hands knitted even stitches in the pool of sunlight on her lap, she seemed aflutter under her quiet.

John Adam's youth was the antithesis of his wife's—he had learned the gift of calmness. There was a fine erectness to his shoulders — not the stiff straightness of a soldier's carriage, but an uprightness arising from genuine well-being. It showed in the unhurried gaze of his blue eyes, in the composure of his blunt-fingered hands, and in a sturdy humor which made his full lips compact, his apple-chin solid.

Their restful postures sorted well with the quiet of the afternoon. Their house and small farm, which was worked for them by a young married couple of the neighborhood, stood on the south side of the hill, well up from the road and commanding a wide view up and down valley, the Black River threading the bottomland, and almost at their doorstep the feed-canal, flowing by toward Boonville.

An intangible suggestion of mistiness overspread the river and the riverside fields, bringing the yellow of the stubble, the green of the meadows, the growing crimson patches on the hills into one russet harmony through which the sun breathed level rays. Even the black surface of the water acquired coppery warmth in the autumnal heritage it reflected. The windless air smelled faintly of fallen leaves; it had the tang of drying pasture and the sweet musty perfume of barns harboring the harvests. The sight of cows winding beside

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their shadows out of forest-hidden swales with udders swinging to their burden awoke a feeling of the full increase and ripeness of the year.

John Adam might well have responded to such a feeling, temporally. He had passed his life boating on the canal, with Eve, since he was twenty-two. He had made money with his first boat and bought another; and with the two he had made a little more, which he had invested, here and there, on pork, on grain, on the new Black River mills below Lyons Falls, until he had laid up enough for himself and Eve to last them through their remaining days. He had felt that he was getting old, and that the canal had changed after the preposterous political graft of the Barge Canal had been put through; so they had come to this small farm, which he had accepted years before in payment for a debt and set aside as a nest for their old age.

It was not much of a farming country; but he did not expect to make money now. All he wanted was a quiet spot to stay in with Eve, where they could look down on the feed-canal, running below their porch, and along which, once in a while, they could still watch occasional boats bound for Syracuse with freights of sand. The boats they saw now were grubby and in poor repair. There was none of the rush and hurry of the lumber days—not a single raft—and no bright paint, or flowers in the cabin windows. Half the boaters were Italians or hard-faced New England foreigners with their cold, high, nasal talk. But he and Eve liked now and then to see the boats creeping along; blunt, heavy-set, a sluggish stubbornness about them that made the horses collar-sore if you didn't take care. They could sit in their chairs and look down and live over a year or two of their own canal-time, whenever one went by. . . .

It might have been what they were doing this afternoon, the two of them, with their paper and book and knitting; for they had not said a word in all of an hour, and though each made a pretense at reading, the eyes of each were staring away down the valley: John Adam's with an unwavering gaze; Eve's restlessly, under slightly trembling lids.

Then John Adam lifted his paper deliberately for reading. He folded the sheets to a certain column on the front page, and, having done so, he looked at Eve.

"You're sure it's him, Eve?"

"Yes."

Her mouth was tremulous, her eyes clouded; but she gave no sign of weeping, unless in the husky overtone of her voice. But then she always spoke with a soft slurring that made her words sweet.

John Adam was staring over the porch-rail again. It was so peaceful, so still, out there over the valley. The shadows stole forth from under the trees, longer and longer, cool and soothing on the hot earth; and the tinkle of cowbells was the only sound in all the afternoon. How glad he was now that he had saved this place for himself and Eve, even if they had few friends roundabout (farmers and boaters seldom mixed very close in the first generation); it was just as well, perhaps. They might have learned about the boy; or, for that matter, about Eve and himself. Of course he and Eve had their marriage license, and all, as far as that went; but then the date on it was only four years earlier than the one on their oldest daughter's. . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

His eyes wandered back up the river, up the hill, over the edge of the porch, back again to the column of news.

It was an Associated Press item, not very long, but given its position on the first page because it marked the latest advance in science in a certain phase of life—or, rather, death. The head-line explained it sufficiently:

FIRST EXECUTION BY LETHAL GAS ACCOUNTED A SUCCESS

The two paragraphs were dated eight days before, a day earlier than the date of the paper, and reported from a city or town in Nevada of which neither John Adam nor Eve had ever heard. The script described in detail the manner of administering the gas, the mode of watching through a trap-door of glass above the death-cell (for all the world like killing a beetle in a cyanide bottle), the number of minutes it took the man to die, the exact hour of his death, the comments of executioner, sheriff, prison physician; and at the very end the name of the criminal—Nicholas Adam, *alias* Adam Russ, convicted in a bank murder. There was nothing interesting to news-readers about the criminal. His name was printed merely to add validity to the write-up.

John Adam had not read the paragraph aloud; they had seen it the day the paper arrived; and, characteristically, neither had mentioned it, though they knew that in time they must talk it out together.

John Adam crossed his legs, folded the paper over his knee. He took a pipe from his upper right waistcoat-pocket and a buckskin pouch from his left hip-pocket, and placing the one in the other, methodically set about the preparation of his smoke. He was almost complacent. Even his wife could have discovered no sign of grief in him, beyond a slight tightness of his mouth and chin. He looked too healthy, too respectably well-to-do, in his striped trousers and light blue shirt, to be reading on a Sunday afternoon of his son's execution for murder.

Seeing him outwardly so undisturbed, Eve ventured a doubt.

"Of course," she said, "we haven't an awful lot to go by. We ain't heard from him in six months."

"That's right. But then he wrote he was goin' to pull off a big 'business deal,' and that he'd planned to change his name for a clean start. Didn't he?"

Eve dropped her eyes to the growing wrist of the mitten: purl two pink, knit one gray.

"Eanh."

"And he said his name was goin' to be Adam Russ, didn't he?"

Eve's voice was very low.

"Yes."

John Adam lit his pipe, pocketing the bowl and flame between his palms and regulating his motions with a side-long glance along the stem. He tossed the match over the porch-rail into the peony-bushes and brought the pipe round to the other side of his mouth.

"We always knew Nick'd turn out bad."

There was no bitterness, only a sort of phlegm, in his voice as he went on:

"All our boys turned out bad. Joe and George and Frank, they died while you was havin' them. And John when he was six, after that time Nick knocked him off the cabin roof for not givin' him his pie. Remember?"

This calm, cruel catalogue of their failures—particularly hers, she said to herself—was too much for Eve.

"Well, there's Nelly and Jane."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Girls!"

"Yes, but . . .

"What come of them? Nell married Joe Goudger and went to Iowa, and a year later Jane goes for a visit and marries a damned Dutchman—Hennsen, or something like that. They might have stayed here with us, seein' as how they'll get what I've got in the bank when we're done with it. And most every year I've got to loan them something besides. They wasn't neither one of them as pretty as you was, anyway."

"I couldn't help that," said Eve, a little maliciously, in spite of her ache. Then, when she looked at John Adam, so sturdy and well-seeming a man, she wondered if the girls weren't as pretty; and if not, why they weren't as pretty.

Suddenly a smile tugged at the corners of her mouth as she accepted the compliment. She could still blush, easily.

"John Adam."

John blew out a cloud of smoke.

"Why don't we go out to them?"

"You know we couldn't stand it, Eve. You and me, we're too set in our ways here. There's no canal there, no hills, nothing but damn flats and big crops and hogs, and ditches instead of canals."

"You've never been there."

"Nor you neither. But I've heard about it out to Buffalo."

She agreed.

"I guess it is too far for us to go."

"Besides," said John, taking up her argument which he had previously trod under foot, "we ain't certain about Nick. We'd have heard from Jane if it was. She always had a hankering for people in trouble. Probably why she married that—furriner."

"Not till to-morrow," said Eve, reckoning on her fingers, and echoing his hope. "Not even if she'd wrote a special delivery."

"Postmaster Emory might fetch it over from Boonville to-day, if she done that. Not that it makes much difference; Nick wouldn't never have come back."

"I wish I'd known, though—only to write to him, maybe."

John stared away down the river road.

A farmer family was driving by in a buckboard — from Sunday visiting. The wife waved, and Eve waved back.

The woman in the carriage was young, and she remarked to her husband:

"Ain't they peaceful and quiet, Hank? They're always like that. And she's purty for an old woman, too. I hope you an' me'll be like them."

"Eanh," he said, non-committally.

II

Sunday afternoon. There was nothing for either of them to do. Chores: the man would tend to them. Pick-up supper: the woman would call them.

John Adam smoked on.

Eve was silent; that was one of the best things about her, John said to himself, she didn't bother you with talk all the time.

The feed-canal, winding along the sides of the hills, took him back to the first time he had seen her. . . .

Forty-two years ago; he had just bought his first boat. Before then he had driven for his uncle, Amos Gives, a close-fisted old man, who had never given him more than a third of his proper wages, but who, when he died, had left him enough money to buy the *Nancy Gives*.

It seemed like a day or two ago that he had made his first trip in the old

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

boat. He was going up the Oswego after a load of early apples for Albany from the Jennings' orchards just below Baldwinsville. He had tied up opposite the Jennings house, a hundred yards from the orchards, and climbed ashore while men brought the barrels on wagons and loaded them. His uncle had always freighted for Jennings, and the privilege had descended to him, as a matter of course, along with the boat and the two pairs of horses.

In spite of his elation at being a man of property, owning a well-fitted boat, with kitchen, bunk-space for four, and sitting-room done in blue and yellow, he felt restless. The *Nancy Gives* seemed to have all the trimmings, and the woodwork in the sitting-room was as fine grain maple as you could see on the Erie between Buffalo and Albany. In fact, it was a much handsomer boat than he had supposed. Even the boy he had hired appeared to be uncommonly good with horses; and he had a rare gift for profanity. But John had a remote consciousness that something was lacking.

The scene was very clear to him still: the farm on a tongue of land thrust out into the river, with the tow-path built up along the shore, the white house, the red barns, the two teams coming out in turn from under the twisted apple-trees, the men—two of them heaving the barrels to the wagon-boxes, two swinging them to the rail and rolling them into the pit on runners, and two more stowing them. They worked fast, in spite of the heat. Up along the tow-path a row of willow-trees spread out great branches that were trees in themselves and cast shade over the house and lower end of the orchard. And in this shaded corner his eyes had fallen on Eve, stooped over, picking up apples for table use and dropping them into her pink-checked apron, gathered basket-wise in her left hand.

Mrs. Jennings had taken her out of a Methodist orphanage in Syracuse seven years before and had, after the necessary fee to the matron, adopted her as a maid of all work. John Adam had seen her on earlier occasions when his uncle had called for apple shipments; they had talked when she had had one Sunday evening off—he had done most of the talking—about the canal, and the easy indolent travel back and forth across the State, the great canal ports, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Albany, and Buffalo, and Rome, and the life in them. John had hinted of the liberty and the easy pleasures, aggrandizing his small stock of experiences with the experience of others, and growing amazingly in his own eyes in a sudden flood of self-belief.

Eve had listened, open-mouthed, her dark eyes clouded—as he grew to know them later—with the vagueness of new desire. Her own experience seemed so pitifully circumspect beside his half-imagined descriptions.

And now, as the barrels rolled aboard the *Nancy* in their round-bellied barrels, he went over to her.

"Eve," he said.

She turned round on him quickly, coming upright in the same motion of her hips, with a swift grace.

"Oh, it's you, John Adam."

"Eanh."

"Mr. Jennings said your uncle was dead. I'm sorry."

"Eanh."

She had on a gingham sunbonnet to match her apron. Her hair, black then, was drawn down tight on each side along her cheeks, making, under the pink shade of the bonnet, a frame for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her small, compact face, which gave it force. Her mouth was wide and red —it hadn't changed a particle in all these years—and the sunlight fell at just the proper angle to throw a shadow on her eyes. Her arms, bare to the elbow, had caught up the apron against her breast; John Adam could see the brown down on the forearms. She looked so slight and light-footed under the harvested branches that she seemed incongruous, a belated bit of apple-bloom.

"Eanh," he had repeated, gazing at her. "I've got the *Nancy* now, for my own."

He struggled for words. He realized now what the *Nancy* lacked, he told himself: she wanted a woman aboard —particularly Eve—to look out for him and the boy. But he could not find out how to tell her.

Perhaps her rigid religious discipline under the angular tuition of Mrs. Jennings, and previously of the orphanage, had given Eve the power of divination, for she blushed. Perhaps, too, John had hinted more to her a year before than he could remember. At any rate, she put physically into action what he wanted to propose.

John could never forget her then; she always lived for him in that moment; she would beyond time.

The gnarled old tree had sent forth an immensely long arm that would have overbalanced it but for the posts set underneath, and this branch came low over their heads, screening them from canal and house. Eve raised her face, so that John could see her mouth in profile, and lifted her right arm. Just within reach an apple, which had been overlooked by the pickers, hung red and ripe amid the leaves, and a small ray of sunlight touched it so that the very look of it was sweet.

The girl pulled it off and took a generous bite and handed it to John Adam. He took it and looked back at her. She was watching him with eyes in which amusement, approval, trepidation, and desire strove against one another; but her betraying feature, her mouth, had suddenly grown tender.

John munched the apple, and found words.

"I've got the boat now, Eve. Would you come with me?"

She laughed, all at once, tilting her head in the sun-dappled shade.

"Mrs. Jennings wouldn't let me go. The idea — why, it's against her notions!"

But if John was slow to start anything, he had a great power of continuing.

"Well, whyn't you run away with me? I'll pay Mrs. Jennings what she thinks is due—though I guess she's got pretty good int'rest out of you as an investment."

"Think you will, too?"

John kicked a bruised apple aside with the toe of his boot.

"Eanh."

" 'Run away'?—you couldn't hardly do *that* in a canal-boat, John. I couldn't do it anyways; it's so against all teaching! How do you think we could do it?"

"Why, I guess I could stop down the river about a mile; and if you'll clip out of the house after dark and walk along down, I'll wait—and then we'll go on all night and make up for time I should have been travelling, so's I could deny your bein' with me."

He tossed the core of the apple away.

She stared into his eyes a long min-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ute, a dark brooding glance, which left him strangely at ease while her eyes were on him, but clogged his arteries when she turned away.

"Good-by, Mr. Adam," she said. "I hope you'll be back next fall. It's a real pity your uncle died, I'm sure."

She whirled with a flutter of her skirt and ran back to the house.

"I wouldn't let that worry you an awful lot," remarked a good-natured voice at his back.

"Gol'," said John to himself, and he wheeled about to find Mr. Jennings leaning over the snake fence bordering the orchard, arms folded on the top rail, gray hat on the back of his head, a straw drooping limply from one corner of his mouth. He grinned; so did John Adam.

"No," he replied, "I don't aim to let it bother me, a great lot."

"Well, you're loaded now. Me and you'd better settle up, John. You'll be wanting to clear out for an evening's drag, I guess? Can't stay to supper? We'd be glad to have you."

"No," said John, "I aim to get three hours of hauling yet to-day. How's my draft?"

"Three foot eight. Maybe a mite more. But you'll clear all right."

Jennings handed over the money and took his lading receipt. The boy was getting the team down the gang-plank. They came out from under the half-hatch forward, sleepy and listless. John took his place at the rudder. The men who had stowed away the apples slipped the ropes from the mooring-posts and tossed them aboard.

"All right," cried John.

"Giddup," shouted the boy, brandishing a rope's end and letting loose all his profanity at the team.

The boat got under way without fuss and passed along beneath the cool avenue of willow branches. It was half an hour later that John Adam told the boy to pull up to mooring-posts stuck inconsequentially beside the tow-path in a deserted stretch. The boy was surprised but willing enough. As the night was warm, John had him hitch the horses under a tree, to avoid delay in starting.

They ate supper and then sat on the deck together, the boy whistling, and, by some miracle, forbearing to ask questions.

Eve came aboard out of the darkness quite suddenly and with all the naturalness in the world. They hitched the horses back on the eveners and went on.

Eve spent an hour below, looking things over, and then she came up and sat at his feet on the space aft the cabin roof. They hadn't talked at all; they had just looked at the stars; had seen the spidery web of bridge rails grow out of the darkness, pass in arched shadows over them; had gone by sleeping farms, windowless, with last tendrils of smoke just visible above the chimneys. It was so still, the water so smooth, the smell of waterside fields so fresh—and the land slid by so easily.

Only once in a while the boy would let out his string of patent profanity when John Adam let the boat in too close to the bank, because he was taking too long a look at Eve; and John had sworn back at the boy and threatened to fire him out of hand; and Eve had laughed, low, husky laughter which floated on with them.

So they had come into Syracuse on Sunday morning, with the bells all ringing for church, and the smell of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

apple cargo heavy about their faces in the misty air. . . .

John Adam, on his porch, sucked long at his pipe, and took the smoke way down into his lungs. The taste of it was fine—old Warnick and Brown, No. 1, Heavy. Boaters smoked that tobacco. He had for forty-one years. He had lit his first pipeful that Sunday morning coming into Syracuse with Eve. Forty-one years—it had been almost a second woman to him—not that he wanted one. There was Eve all the time, faithful, loving; they had eaten out of life together, as they had of the apple; she never changing to him although other men offered her higher pay.

The children—well, they had had hard luck; but he was never very keen about them; only boys, like Nick, and John before he died of his fall. Nick had got out of hand, somehow; John Adam hadn't had time to take care of him himself; he'd left him to Eve.

Then, ten years—no, eighteen, by Cripus! except for that last trip with ice for Coney Island they'd taken ten years ago just to see the canal once more—eighteen years ago they'd come to this farm and settled down, and he had married Eve for the girls' sake; not that there was any point in it. He'd had an idea Eve hankered after it—she had queer hankerings in her; you could feel them behind her eyes when they got soft, like rain-clouds in a July sky.

Nick was gone—high-handed about it, too—not a word but for short, bad letters, half spelled, once a year, perhaps. Eve had 'em somewhere. . . .

It was getting on in the afternoon. He could see the supper-smokes rising from chimneys here and there down the valley.

III

"John," Eve was saying, "do you think it's really so?"

"I reckon it must be, Eve."

Her one hope lay in a letter from Jane. Jane always had had a soft spot for Nick; she'd know what had become of him; she was softer-hearted than her mother. Eve had never been wholly able to forgive Nick for causing little John's death—not that Nick could have guessed what he was doing, being so young. But little John had been her favorite child—John Adam, like his father, and blue-eyed and light-haired; while Nick was dark, like herself. She had been bitter against him for years; she had kept him off the boat, out of sight as much as she could when they lay by in towns and cities. She hated to acknowledge even to herself that he was John Adam's favorite. John was not interested in the girls, both of whom had lived; and she had given him three sons, dead before they could come alive, and two more, one of whom had killed the other and then gone off. It was her fault. One son, only, had she given John Adam; and that one had been executed for a common criminal (even if the arrangement of it was novel and interesting to the general public). John had never spoken about having no boys; but she could see his disappointment quite plainly.

But perhaps, she said to herself, the write-up in the paper was all a rumor; perhaps Nick would come back alive, so that they could make it all up to each other.

John Adam was looking at her. Without glancing at his face, she could tell it by the way he held his paper. Even if she was to blame with the chil-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dren, she could still say he loved her. Perhaps her weakness lay there—she had loved him more than the children; they had been merely the necessary aftermath to her. . . .

She had gone on the canal with him as his cook willingly, body and soul to be his, and she hadn't regretted it. She had found the life as he found it, indolent, full of effortless content. She had had him to herself, for years on end; and it had been easy to keep him happy, in spite of the occasional panics she'd have that he was going to leave her. He never had. They'd slid along quietly with the current. Theatres when they came to the cities, oyster suppers at the water-front booths, or dinners at choice places like Baggs Hotel in Utica, or Blossom's when they made a Sunday excursion to Canandaigua. They went sightseeing twice in New York. And in between, there were the long still days on the water, with acquaintances passing now and then as you finished a sock —people you knew to speak to. Easy housekeeping; a grocery-store almost every night when you tied up, fifty yards away. Nothing to do but see that the children did not fall off the cabin roof and remember to water the potted plants once a day. And always John Adam to show other women; he and she had set each other off well when they walked up a street or went aboard another boat for an evening's chat.

He had been proud of her; she hadn't aged as quickly as most dark women did, and the children had done no harm. She had kept John tight to her, and she still had him. He was looking at her now, she knew it, with his far-away face, under which she had learned to read everything that mattered at all —just as she had read him that day in the Jennings' orchard—think of it—more than thirty years ago!

Mrs. Jennings had behaved better than she might have supposed; though she did not know how far John Adam had gone in settling with her. Anyway, the old lady had called on her in the *Nancy* in her best bombazine black dress and wished her luck with a look which said: "You'll need it!" As if John had ever been on the point of turning her away! He had given her everything she wanted; had married her, even though she hadn't asked him, cared to ask him. There was no need of it on the canal.

But she could not deny to herself that she had wanted him to marry her, even if she had not asked for it. It had mostly taken away from her the dread of impermanence in their old age. Old boaters were apt to take queer notions; she had seen some.

"Let's get married," he had said one day during a January thaw, when they were wintering in Utica. And they had done it two weeks after. He had been much more excited about it than she, much more worried, almost comically. There was nothing to fluster them, the surrogate asked no questions. There had been no hitch in the church on Genesee Street; they had gone in John and Eve, and had come out man and wife. That was all there was to it. And a few years later they were settled on this farm, alone, the children gone, Mr. and Mrs. Adam for an actual fact.

Almost immediately the canal had slipped into the background. If it had not been for the feed-canal running by a little below them, they might have forgotten their boating, what with John and his farm and the two apple-trees he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was trying out for the start of an orchard, and she with a whole house to look after: two floors, running water, electric light, a telephone to jingle one awake, a kitchen that had no fussy ventilator to mind, and no smell of cargoes.

They had both longed time and again for the past; but the canal had changed. They had seen that on their last trip with ice for Coney Island—starting in the spring with a chain of boats from Alder Creek, leaving the horses at Rome for a tug which scattered soot over them all the way to Albany, making rags of her new frilled curtains, down the Hudson, into the East River, with its horrid city water smells, out into the Sound behind another tug, where waves came right over the pit and froze the ice solid, negroes unloading the ice, complaining of the cold against their feet. Then back into the harbor one morning, with mist over the great buildings, a load of fertilizer from New Jersey, home, peddling it up the Black River feeder; and not once on the whole trip had they seen one of their old acquaintances. That was the sad part of the old canal life. While you boated it, you lived like two people in a water-walled garden, and you saw people outside; and they saw you outside their gardens; and then the gardens passed. Acquaintances you had, any amount—the women had, but it was hard for a woman to find friends. But Eve had never thought about that.

Man and wife—out of their garden—and the children gone; she had never had much hold over them, hadn't cared to. In all those years all she had brought John was herself; it was all he wanted, then. . . .

Nick was dead. In her heart she knew it; knew John Adam knew it. If only he did not realize how badly she had failed him, she wouldn't care, even now. And she could see by his paper that he was still looking at her. . . .

"Eve," he said, "there's Emory."

A Ford sedan came over their bridge, the postmaster holding a special-delivery letter through the front window.

"I was into the post-office to-day, and I see this had come for you; so I fetched it over.—No, thanks. I've got to run right on to supper."

John went down and took it from him. The sun had already set; the cowbells tinkled as the cows left the barns. There was a faint salmon lining to the clouds on the western horizon, and a blue shadow of twilight was stealing down the river.

IV

John Adam opened the letter. It was from Jane, and it enclosed a clipping of a newspaper article; similar to the one they had been reading.

" 'Poor Nick,' " John Adam read aloud. "I knew it was true, Eve."

He glanced farther down the sheet of pink note-paper.

"The rest of it's mostly 'poor Jane.' That Dutchman of hers, he's run off, and she wants cash to clear his debts."

He put the letter in his trousers' pocket; Eve could find it there when he put on his work pants in the morning.

He stood at the foot of the steps, staring down the valley, down the canal, upright, square-shouldered, hearty-looking with his red cheeks and white hair; and Eve stared at his back, where the suspender straps crossed under his waistcoat.

She wanted to cry; but John always got irritable if she showed signs of it.

"I expect Jane'll come home."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Eanh," she said.

"We ain't had much luck with 'em, Eve."

"There's Nelly."

"She ain't dead yet. You can't tell."

Eve dropped her eyes.

John sat down on the steps, his hands in his pockets, and started whistling—an old boat tune. It had become darker quickly. The surface of the canal looked like black velvet; the river you could hardly see. And the whole valley was still.

Then they heard a clink on the tow-path, and, heaving against a tow-rope, a team came out from under their bridge. Slowly they went on, and a boat followed. A woman was by the rudder-sweep; Eve could catch the flutter of a light skirt. The woman was singing softly, with a queer accent, the words of the tune John was whistling—and the voice and the whistle fell into the same bar.

"Lo-ow bridge! Everybody down!
Lo-o-ow bridge! We're comin' to a town.
Pretty soon we'll pass it, you and me,
Boatin' by our lonely on the old E-rie."

She hadn't heard the song for months, for years. There was a wailing to the tune, a long-drawn melancholy, as the boat and the singer faded out of sight round a bend. The woman's voice had sounded young—as her own might have when she first kept house on the *Nancy Gives*—and the twilight had taken it away in a whisper. For the first time it came full upon Eve that she and John were old—old man and old wife—and that the canal had closed its lock-gates on them.

They had no holding tie with it. The children had migrated or—died.

Her shoulders trembled as she bent over her lap.

John sighed, a sigh which turned into a snort, like a hound blowing his nostrils clear of an old scent.

He was looking down at his two infant apple-trees.

"I wonder if that apple we've been watching's ripe yet. I ain't looked to see in some time."

He got up and went down over the patch of lawn, very erect, very sturdy, his head a light blur in the deep shadow. Eve stared after him miserably. When he turned round and looked at her she was conscious, suddenly, of how white her hair must show to him, seeing her against the dark house. She was still unable to think of her marriage in terms of a married woman.

"By gol', Eve," he was saying, "it come right off in my hand."

He brought it back to her on his palm, his arm outstretched.

"It's the first one we've raised, by Jeepers! We'll have an orchard yet, and you can practise up on that apple-jack you used to make."

Carefully he held it out to her. It was not a very big apple; but she took it and looked at it, smelled of it to please him.

"It smells sweet," she said.

"Taste it, Eve."

She had a bite.

"It tastes sweet."

She bit into it again.

"Here," said John Adam. "Let me have it. You can't eat it all, Eve."

He took it from her, munched it, got rid of a seed which he snapped over the porch-rail.

"It's a good apple, Eve. It's real sweet."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Twenty Quid

BY BEN RAY REDMAN

An airman relates the true story of his worst experience in the War—and, perhaps naturally enough, there's a stud-poker game mixed up in it. Mr. Redman was a scout pilot with the Royal Flying Corps during the war, and contributes this narrative to the series of high lights of the war by those who were there.

I TELL the tale as it was told to me, and if you think Reynolds was a callous brute you have misjudged your man. He was a realist, that's all; it was advisable for a single-seater pilot on the Ypres front to be a realist. The work developed a shrewd sense of values. And Reynolds was fond of Thompson, believe it or not.

Perhaps you knew the Hotel Splendide and the adjoining casino at Wimereux before the war. If you did, you might not have recognized them in 1918 or during the years immediately preceding. Then the hotel and casino went under the name of General Hospital No. 14: one hospital in a whole nest of them, Australian, New Zealander, and Irish. There were more crocks about than you had ever seen in one place before in your life—Flying Corps, King's Royal Rifles, Black Watch, Gordons, Aussies, and Canadians—they were all there in various degrees of dilapidation. But they were a cheerful lot on the whole, and for many of them Wimereux was a halfway station on the road to home. They said you could see England on a clear day. I can't swear to it, because it was never really clear while I was there, and there was plenty to do besides looking across the Channel—bridge, snooker pool, chess, craps, and poker; to say nothing of red dog, which, as you probably know, consists largely of putting your money under the door and leaving it. Besides, it was only three kilos into Boulogne; you could always hop a tender, and it wasn't a bad walk if you felt like it. There you could get comfortably tight at the Fokestone Hotel or sop up tea and talk at the Officers' Club, depending on your mood. Reynolds and I usually chose the Fokestone; we seemed to get on with the war better there.

It was toward the end of September that I checked in at No. 14 General. Ten thousand feet above Armentières a chunk of Boche Archie had taken the propeller off my perfectly good Sopwith Dolphin, and I had landed rather casually in a shell-hole just in front of Bailleul. A bad shaking up and a sliver in my left leg was about all I could claim, but the Wing M. O. had looked me over solemnly and had decided that ten days' rest would do me good. So I had been shipped back to Wimereux in the major's car.

Reynolds was at No. 14 when I arrived, and we met like long-lost brothers. We had known each other at the fighting school at Turnberry, in Scotland, where we had both instructed; but he had gone back to the front on Camels (tricky busses; they always try

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to spin in a right-hand bank), while I had been held for a Dolphin draft. Reynolds, I learned at Wimereux, had been shot down back of Courtrai in July, and of course taken prisoner; but he had thumbed his nose at Boche hospitality. His own explanation was that he had simply walked out of Germany; but I suspect that the actual process was more complicated. The Huns were tenacious hosts. At all events, he had come back with what the Royal Army Medical Corps thought was a fair case of shell-shock. Twenty-three hours out of twenty-four he would be perfectly normal, possessed of a sound interest in drink and the opposite sex; then suddenly he would go blooey, turn white, shake like a leaf, and all that sort of thing. He would start yelling for them to take the engine out of his tummie. Rather like the old song,

"Out of my neck take the con-rod,
The gudgeon-pins out of my brain,"

and so on. But Reynolds really meant it; he was no faker. They were holding him in Wimereux for observation, and he was pretty definitely scheduled for Blighty. But he didn't want to go.

As I say, we met like long-lost brothers. We had our Turnberry memories in common (lectures on "The Importance of Stunting from a Fighting Point of View." That was a good joke; there never was any stunt that was worth a damn but the climbing turn); we knew the same people (or we had known them before they passed out of the picture); and we both liked stud-poker. However, the first night of stud at Wimereux showed us it was no place for our talents. We might have made a fortune, but we honored the poor infantry; they hadn't had a chance to keep in practice in the trenches. So we gave the game up. Sticking to it would have been grand larceny, not petty. The Flying Corps had its advantages.

We played chess during the evenings (Reynolds's chess didn't suffer obviously from shell-shock), and we contracted the Fokestone Hotel habit in the afternoons. We would settle ourselves at a marble-topped table, order Veuve Cliquot that neither of us could afford, and get on with the war. It was a good war; we were agreed on that from the first; a good war while it lasted. But how long would it last? Forever, I said. A little longer than that, said Reynolds. And we never knew that it was nearly over then. I wonder what we would have done if we had known. Ordered two bottles at a time instead of one, probably. But it might have made a difference. Reynolds might have gone back to England, after all, instead of to that damned Camel squadron of his; and then he wouldn't have come down in flames on the morning of the Armistice, just after getting his last two Huns. He might have found a nice wife and settled down and had children. Reynolds with a family; there's an idea for you. But we didn't know, and he didn't go back to Blighty; so that's neither here nor there.

We were at the Fokestone, as usual, when Reynolds told me the tragic tale of Tommy Thompson. It had been raining steadily all morning, and after luncheon we had gone skidding around town in an ancient fiacre that threatened complete dissolution at any moment. Fed up with that questionable form of sport, we had finally arrived like homing pigeons at our familiar table. As I remember it, the talk ran on food at first: soufflé Gina Palerme at Claridge's; omelette fines herbes in the Grand at St. Omer; hors d'œuvres in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Continental at Calais; a strange and wonderful potage that we had discovered, on separate occasions, at the Auberge St. Katherine in Rely; and spinach, endless spinach, in various messes we had known. Then we shifted to the front, or the small bit of it that we both knew fairly well: Ypres, Dickeybusch, Ploegsteert, Poperinghe, Bailleul, Armentières, and Lille. Casually we combed that charming sector which looked like nothing on earth, but very much like one of those closeups of the moon that adorn school astronomies.

From that we turned naturally to swapping yarns, other people's yarns, not our own. Reynolds told how McHenry (who had been at Turnberry with us) had climbed up into a crowd of eight Fokkers, over Roulers, and saved a Bristol pilot who had two jammed guns and a dead observer in the back seat. Mac came down with his aileron controls shot away and his tailplane in ribbons; but four Huns came down with him. A year before it would have been a V. C. show; but the war had grown older, and the major compromised by buying Mac a drink. Then I told Reynolds the story of Doc Taylor and the German brass hats; how Taylor had dived on a Boche staff car, about twenty miles behind the lines, and spilled one general and five fat officers into a ditch. The six of them had scuttled like plump rabbits. Doc had an excellent sense of humor. On another occasion he had proved it by neatly dropping a twenty-pound Cooper bomb down the smoke-stack of an engine that happened to be pulling an overloaded troop-train.

Reynolds came back with more stories, shaking his massive blond head for emphasis; and a full bottle took the place of an empty one.

At last, when the time seemed ripe, I asked casually: "By the way, how did you manage to crawl out of Germany? That must have been quite a show."

He looked at me gravely: "Not so bad. Just strolled through the lines one dark night."

"You make it sound simple. But being shot down in Hunland must be a nasty sensation in itself."

"I've had worse ones in this blinking war."

There was silence for a moment while we both sipped our drinks. The wine caused a pleasant internal glow, and I was feeling sentimental and romantic, as my next asinine question immediately proved.

"Reynolds," I demanded solemnly, "what's the worst experience you have had?"

"What do you mean, worst?" Reynolds wrinkled his forehead.

"Why, the nastiest experience you've had in the Flying Corps; the first thing you'll remember when you're asked some day: 'Daddy, what did you do in the Great War?'"

Reynolds went on drinking reflectively. Then suddenly a light came into his eyes, and he brought his fist down on the table with a thud.

"I'll tell you the worst experience I've had in this damned war, and if you can beat it I'll buy the drinks for a week!"

"Good. Let's have it."

"Did you ever know Tommy Thompson?" asked Reynolds.

"Do you mean the little chap with dark hair, a captain?"

"That's the lad."

"Yes, I know him. Ran into him several times with Rose in London. Seems a nice chap."

"He was; isn't any more. He was a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nice chap, and I liked him; but he played me the rottenest trick any man ever pulled on another."

"Ran off and let you down in a bad jam?"

"Oh, no, it wasn't in a fight. It happened in England, in Beaulieu, down in Hampshire. Know the place?"

"Rather. I used to buzz down there from Salisbury for tea. It's right opposite the Isle of Wight."

"Correct. Well, that's where little Tommy Thompson gave me the nastiest shock of the war."

"What the devil do you mean?"

"I'll tell you. But let's order another quart first, otherwise I shall weep before I'm finished."

"Right."

After two glasses from the new bottle, Reynolds settled back in his chair, took a long drag at his cigarette and then put it down.

"Now listen, my son, and you shall hear. I was instructing at Beaulieu just before they sent me up to Turnberry. Can't imagine how I missed telling you the story there. Probably too fresh; couldn't bear it. Anyway, I was at Beaulieu. There was a good crowd in the mess, for a training squadron, and Tommy was one of them. Tommy loved stud, and there were three or four others who loved it just as well, but not quite so profitably as he and I did."

"That's easily believed."

"Yes, but wait."

"You were done down?"

"That's not the point."

"I'm waiting. Proceed."

"Well, we had our regular game every evening; not a very big one, but just enough to help out the weekly budget. My account at Cox's was badly bent, and I was trying to accumulate a little extra lucre for three days in London. The night before I was going up to town we played as usual, and I did quite well. When the game started to break up around one o'clock, I was just an even twenty pounds ahead. The three days in town began to look a little brighter."

Reynolds paused and picked up his cigarette. It was dead, so he picked up his glass instead.

"But the point is that the game didn't break up completely. Tommy had been pouring down Scotch all evening and he was fairly well squiffed. Bed held no lure for him; he was all for sitting up and playing until dawn. None of the others wanted to go on, and I wasn't keen; but Tommy kept on insisting obstinately that some one must play with him, and that that some one should preferably be me. I was the big winner, he said, and he wanted his revenge. I pointed out that he was a big winner too, and that two-handed stud was a poor game, but it made no impression. Just then the lights went dud on us (something had gone wrong with our little power-plant), and I thought that I was well out of it. Not at all. Tommy called for candles and said they would give us plenty of light. I knew he was drunk, and I was afraid he would get really disagreeable, so I finally agreed to play with him for half an hour.

"We were the only people left in the mess, and we must have looked mad as we hunched over the table between those two candles. From the first Tommy had the luck of the devil. Twice he beat three kings with three aces, and he outdrew me steadily. Then I came back for a bit, but it didn't last; and my twenty quid dwindled down to a few pound notes. The end came when Tommy calmly dealt himself four queens over my ace-high full. When that hand

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was over, Tommy had my twenty quid tucked safely into his tunic; and I was scheduled for three days at the Regent Palace instead of at Claridge's."

Reynolds paused disgustedly.

"But, good Lord, man," I protested, "that's not the story, is it? You're not the only person who ever lost twenty pounds. What's the point?"

Reynolds pulled down the corners of his mouth.

"No, that's not the story. The point came the next morning. Brace yourself for the tragedy."

"I'm braced."

"Well, I slept the sleep of a good loser, until my batman came in to call me at seven-thirty. I prayed it was raining, because I didn't feel like flying. 'Is it a dud day?' I asked Saunders, rolling over sleepily. He shook his head. 'No, sir, it's a very good day; but it's a sad one.' 'What the hell do you mean, Saunders?'

"And then the blow fell. What do you think that damned batman said?"

"How should I know?"

"He just stood there, and announced as calmly as you please: 'Captain Thompson killed himself about five minutes ago, sir.'

"I nearly jumped out of bed. 'Thompson has killed himself?' I shouted.

" 'Yes, sir. He was stunting a Camel too low, and he dived into the ground just back of "B" Flight hangar. There isn't much left of him apparently, sir.'

"At that I threw a boot at Saunders and yelled at him to clear out of the hut. I suppose the poor devil thought I had gone crazy. But do you blame me? Imagine it! That little son of a gun had gone and killed himself with my twenty quid in his pocket. He hadn't spent a single bob of it—not a single bob. Did you ever hear of a trick like that in your life? Think of the waste of it. Twenty pounds! It's the damnedest practical joke any one ever played. If Tommy had sat up all night trying to think of a worse one he couldn't have done it. Imagine taking that amount of money from a chap at two in the morning, and then killing your bloody self with it in your pocket only five hours later. Men have been shot for less than that."

"But I don't suppose Thompson intended to do it," I protested.

Reynolds's eyes were blazing; the wine had hit him suddenly.

"Intended it! Intended it!" he thundered. "I don't give a damn whether he intended it or not. He did it, that's the point. And I sat on the Court of Inquiry and sent that twenty quid back to his father, who is stinking rich. Think of that! The money was the only thing about him we could salvage, but that was all folded up in a nice neat little wad."

"It was an unlucky break," I said mildly.

"Unlucky?" The fury had abruptly gone from Reynolds's voice, and he had slumped sadly forward over the table. "Unlucky? It was a low trick. And to think that I was really fond of Tommy; that's the worst of it. But I can never forgive him—never."

And I don't think he ever did. Poor old Reynolds hadn't much time left for forgiveness.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Seven Days Whipping"

BY JOHN BIGGS, JR.
Author of "Demigods"

JUDGE LA PLACE had spent the morning in court, had become very tired by the time he had reached his home at Rivervale. Anxiety concerning his wife's condition had rendered him doubly nervous. He had undertaken the task of clearing the honey out of the natural hive in the old Fouracre house, believing that the physical exertion would be an antiseptic to thought. When he had perceived the startling apparition of an Indian emerging from the woods he had become first amazed, then horrified. The Indian had kept steadily up the hill toward La Place's own house. The judge had pursued him, shouting, but the Indian made no reply. La Place, frightened, rushed into his home and bolted the door behind him.

III

THE hall was quite dark as he entered it. The stone floor (laying it had been Margaret's idea), newly waxed, shone like a dim mirror beneath his feet. The house was quiet save for the intermittent beating of the storm upon its walls. The glasses of the leaded windows streamed with the current of the rain. He found himself gazing upon these glasses with an odd abstraction—so many drops of rain upon a window-pane, a rush of water from the wall above, the wind whipping down with a howl, and the glass was obscured by a moving sheet of gray. How long would the madman outside endure such a tempest? The poor devil was already soaked to the skin. There entered into La Place's mind the fantastic thought that this intruder, engendered by the storm, would dissolve with it, be blown away with the mists which were now rising from the river. But no, the fellow was real enough, had caused trouble enough, would cause more were Margaret to see him. He went into the library and from the angle of the windows peered out into the drive. To his exasperation, he found himself using the curtains as a shelter, endeavoring to keep this trespasser without knowledge that he was being watched. None the less he found some difficulty in forcing himself to step out where he might be plainly seen. Bitter rage at his own impotence possessed him. His customary judicial, rational attitude had disappeared. Cheerfully he would visit upon this stranger any punishment which the law could devise.

The deer lay where the Indian had cast it, a carcass put down at his door. The man himself was not apparent at first. Peering out into the gathering darkness, La Place finally perceived that he stood just beyond the corner of the wall. His hand was clutching the wall. This hand, La Place thought, lay upon the surface of the dripping stone like a huge brown moth. What could the fellow himself be doing? Hiding perhaps. The man was certainly mad,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

subject to an insane delusion. It would be best to have him removed at once.

The telephone was in the hall, boxed to the wall angle, with the batteries beneath it. To get the attention of an operator one had to turn a small handle that stuck out of the coil box.

He did this and put the ear-piece to his ear. The telephone responded with a distant crackling, but there was no response from the exchange. His alarm increased. Twice more he attempted to summon the operator. Each time he failed. He was forced to stop for fear of waking Margaret. The telephone had been put out of order by the storm. An idea occurred to him. The line was a party line. He might by his own ringing succeed in getting a neighbor to answer. The Mahlens, he knew, were nearest. He rang, shouted: "Mahlen! Hello there, Mahlen!" For an instant he thought he heard an answer. Then the voice, if voice there was, died away in a universal crackling. There followed silence. He rang again and again. There was no response. "This is growing serious," he said to himself. "I can't leave here with this fellow about. I can't walk to the Mahlens' if Margaret needs the doctor."

He looked out. The sky in the west was still light, but there was no sign of the storm abating. The rain had become cold, steady, and might persist throughout the night. What should he do? He might induce one of the Crawley sisters to walk to the Mahlens'—Cassie would be best. Her courage far exceeded Cissie's. The distance was not great—a mile at the most. But what should he tell her? "Cassie, there's an Indian outside the house. The telephone's out of order. Would you go over to the Mahlens' and tell them to send the police?" The girl would refuse. Inevitably she would carry the news to Margaret. The whole affair was preposterous. He might lock the front door behind him, take his car, drive to the Mahlens' and be back again in a few minutes. Wouldn't this be the best thing to do? But could he succeed in getting away from the house with this incredible visitor waiting outside? Wasn't the man's attention centred upon himself? Somehow the fellow had conveyed such an idea to him—not by any word or gesture, but by some subtle impulse of mind.

No sooner had this thought come to him than his mood changed. Preposterous as the situation was, it could be made more so by harboring just such delusions as this. He must regain his peace of mind, courage—he hesitated to use such a word—with it. This situation should not master him. He would not permit this fantastic creature outside his door to drive him to folly. Where was the danger? What was the danger? Should this savage, suddenly risen out of the breast of a civilized country, cause him to run as wild as the wind which now howled about the house? There would be ample time to meet the situation with either force or persuasion—whichever he should find to be more desirable. The rain would cease and, with the breaking of the storm, the telephone would come back into order. In all probability it would not be necessary for him to leave his home at all. None the less it might be well for him to make sure that there was no way in which the fellow might break into the house. No need of taking chances. With this in view he went quietly from room to room upon the lower floor and assured himself that all doors and windows were securely fastened. He decided not to go near the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kitchen. The Crawley sisters would be at work there. Cissie might be expected to scream if she were in the least frightened. Luckily, the man was not near that end of the house.

He realized that he was very cold, chilled to the bone by his wet clothes. It was time that he warmed himself. The house was dark. He hesitated to switch on the lights upon the lower floor. At least the man should not be permitted to see in. He envisaged the dead deer lying in darkness upon the stone step. A single swift stroke had made that gash through the flesh of its throat. What a singularly brutal thing to have done! He tried to picture the scene of the killing, found it quite beyond his power. How had this Indian caught the deer so that he might slaughter it? Had the kill been made in a wood or in a field? Had the animal been offered any possibility of escape? Death must have come to it with the first swift blow of the knife. Thought La Place: "It would not be so bad with a gun, but I could never have done *that* with a knife!"

He moved up the stairs as quietly as possible. He seemed to have acquired a new instinct for moving softly. Nor was this due—as he realized himself—to his attitude toward Margaret. Rather it was an ancient genius springing up within his body. "In danger, walk silently!" What a fool he was to apply such an axiom to this situation! Where was the danger? There returned to him the identical feeling which had taken possession of him before. *This man was in search of him.*

He reached his own room. The length of the hall separated it from Margaret's suite. It was an excellent point for observation. Two windows were set in each of the walls and these looked east and west. To the west the hill down which the Indian had come was visible. To the east lay the curving line of the river, and in the immediate foreground the circle of the drive. Rivervale was entirely isolated. The curve of the river was like a moat. The covered bridge and the line of hills offered the only means of approach. No light was visible in the drive except the reflected glare from the windows of the kitchen. The switch for the yard lights was beside his bed. None the less he refrained from turning it. Darkness he felt to be preferable for a time. Unquestionably he hesitated to look out again into the drive. Let events wait.

He noticed that he began to remove his wet clothes with unusual haste. His nerves were bad, he felt. Where was his self-control? What was the measure of his courage? Deliberately he forced steadiness into his hands, made himself undress slowly. His recollection of the deer troubled him most. How the creature's throat had bled! A fresh cut. The body of a crime. He began to throw his wet clothes upon the floor, not troubling to pick them up. His nerves *were* bad. A hot bath, he felt, would help him.

He found that he was excessively irritable. He tore the greatcoat open when his chilled fingers could not unbutton it. He had been a fool to attempt to clean out the beehive in view of the storm and this stark madman who had been engendered with it. But who could have dreamed of such an advent, of such a possibility? No, he could not be blamed.

Naked, not even taking the trouble to put on his slippers, he went into the bathroom. The rain beat upon the windows. As he had feared, the night would be very stormy. A cold rain at the end of June! The storm might per-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sist until morning. What bad luck! What frenzied bad luck! He found no pleasure in his bath. Ordinarily the heat of the water caused his body to relax, tranquillizing him. Twice, however, he started from the tub, alarmed at noises which resembled some one working at the windows of the house. Try as he might, he could not distinguish where these sounds were coming from. "It's the storm," he said to himself. "The wind is still rising."

He proceeded to dress carefully. As he did so his spirits rose. A vague excitement came upon him. He felt as he had on board ship when Margaret and he were returning upon their honeymoon and sight of land was expected in the morning. The feeling was one of freedom, as if for a moment the laws of time, space, earthly joy and pain had been suspended. "The last night out," he thought to himself, and instantly found the phrase to be silly. There was rising in him a spirit which he could not understand, which defied his analysis. In a measure he seemed careless, reckless, freed from the realities which surrounded him. He could put no words upon this feeling. It seemed, as he attempted to examine it, to arise out of negations, as if something within him which had persisted for years had suddenly ceased, come to a full stop. He did not carry his examination further. His calmness, his assurance increased. He thought: "Good luck! I shall have it." He could not explain to himself exactly what he was to have.

He looked at his watch. It was nearly seven o'clock. He arranged the studs of his shirt with a steady hand, put on his accustomed clothes, a dinner suit. In the drawer of his bureau he searched for and found his revolver. He had purchased it some years back and had not troubled to look at it since. The cartridges with which he had loaded it then were still in it. He broke it, wiped the dust out of the barrel and from around the chambers as well as he could, and replaced the cartridges. Thereafter he put it back in its place and covered it with a clean handkerchief. He was surprised at his own actions. Certainly he did not contemplate using the revolver. None the less he felt more assured, more satisfied, than he had been before. The house was his and he would protect it.

Going to the switch that controlled the yard lights, he turned it. The lights, three in number, flashed on. The yard was brightly illuminated. Used as he had become to the storm, none the less he was surprised at its violence. Through the area of brightness surrounding the lights, the rain fell in narrow, glancing spears. The gravel of the road was visibly washed away. The area before the garage seemed soaked in shadow, into which from jutting eaves fell water in an unceasing cascade. The river was waking up. Its sound had changed into a steady roar, and along the oval of its course lay clouds of mist, high above the tops of the willows upon its banks. He thought that he had never seen such a night as this.

Glancing at the door-step, he saw with a shock of surprise that the deer had disappeared. Quickly he looked again. Where the carcass had lain upon the step, rain now fell and had cleansed the stone. Was it possible that this incredible visitor was nothing but a figment of his own imagination, of a mind disordered by the strain which had beset him in the past few months? Certainly he could not be going mad? His mind, he knew, was perfectly and entirely clear.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Upon the edge of the flagged path leading to the garden he now perceived the lines of an object which, though the night had been blacker, he must instantly have recognized as the carcass of the deer. The body lay upon its side, flattened in death. Beyond it, squatting upon his hams, half in the shelter of the grape arbor but visible as a darker shadow against the night, he saw the Indian. The man's back was to the house, his torso bent toward the ground. Entirely motionless, he seemed to be gazing upon the deer. In his attitude La Place was aware of a quality of indurability, of a hardness that nothing might dissolve. Yet in it he was aware of an element of pathos. Drenched to the skin, bent to protect his face from the stinging rain, this man remained like a tree rooted to the earth. Whatever madness possessed him, at least he was mastered by it.

La Place looked again. Despite himself he started with surprise. For an instant such fear gripped him that he seemed to feel the prickling up of the short hairs upon his neck, for the figure of another man seemed to stand at the Indian's back. There could be no mistaking it. The body of this second man, so placed as to be almost within the shadow of the arbor, was beyond the direct range of the light. So completely was he merged into the darkness that only the blurred whiteness of his face rendered La Place certain of his presence. It was as if the night had cast him up.

In the intervals between the gusts of the storm La Place thought that he heard the second stranger speak. The sound of the voice was vaguely familiar. The voice rose and fell, was cut off by the wind, at times lapsed into silence. He thought that he heard the Indian answer once, abruptly, angrily. There followed silence.

He said to himself: "I can't stand this. I must know what it means."

Beside his bed was a flash-light. Throwing open a window, he cast the beam of the light down toward the garden. It thrust before his eyes a cross-section of the storm, more fully illuminated the Indian and the deer. Beyond stood an Italian, instantly recognized by La Place as one of the inhabitants of the colony at the quarry. The man, who had worked for La Place upon occasion, spoke imperfect English and, possessed of an unpronounceable name, was generally called "Mary - Ann." None the less La Place must count him as a friend. He believed that help was at hand. "Mary-Ann!" he shouted. "Come over to the house."

The Italian looked up, perceived the light. La Place called again, saw him wave his hand in reply. Slowly he began to pick a path past the Indian and the deer. The Indian at first gave no sign that he noticed the movement, but as "Mary-Ann" reached the edge of the path that led toward the house La Place saw him get swiftly to his feet, heard a peremptory command. "Mary-Ann" halted, turned. For an instant the two men faced each other. The Italian said something which La Place could not understand. The Indian remained silent, motionless. In the attitude of his body La Place perceived unspoken menace and a threat. Thereafter the Italian went slowly down the hill. La Place called after him again and again: "Mary-Ann! Come here! Come here!" The Italian gave no indication of having heard him. His pace quickened to a trot and he disappeared in the darkness. Thought La Place bitterly: "He was frightened. He's run away!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Indian sank down upon his haunches again, averting his face from the storm.

He himself, he thought, was of no better stuff than the Italian. Both had become afraid of this primitive creature who had put his feet so strongly upon the soil of Rivervale. Probably the Italian's first contact with this intruder had been as casual as his own. "Mary-Ann," doubtless returning home through the storm, had taken the short cut across La Place's property to get to the quarry hill. He had seen the deer and, his curiosity aroused, had paused to ask questions of the stark figure crouching upon the ground. La Place had called. The result in all probability had been as unexpected to the Italian as to La Place himself. "Mary-Ann" had fled.

All of these circumstances were to be considered. The Italian colony was a mile away by road but far less upon the straight line which "Mary-Ann" had taken. He would reach home in a few minutes. But what would he do then? La Place had found these Italians to be much like children. Their curiosity, quickly aroused, was as swiftly satisfied. They were secretive and sensitive. "Mary-Ann" in all probability would regard the incident as something taking place upon a rich man's lawn and for that reason far beyond his ken. None the less, if he should tell any one, inevitably the news would quickly reach the padrone. Old Damiano would investigate, would make sure of the situation. If he did so, he would send adequate help. This, however, might be long in coming.

What could this savage desire? What possible part could the carcass of the deer play in his plans? "Take the deer, plees!" he had said. The fellow's English was not bad. It was not in the least guttural, though it did possess a strange accent. It was as if the speaker had trouble with his s's and p's, clipped them short and lost them in his throat. He had heard such an accent before, though he could not place it. But the deer! Incredibly a deer! The carcass still lay at the Indian's feet.

He turned away, carefully pulling the window to. He switched off the yard lights. At least this intruder should sit in the dark. His anger was mounting steadily. None the less he could not determine what he should do. He must not permit this incredible juxtaposition of events to break his judgment, to drive reason from his mind. There was nothing to be afraid of if Margaret did not divine this Indian's presence. The fellow might sit in darkness throughout the night with the carcass of the deer at his feet, and she would be none the worse for it. At least the man had made no attack upon the house. He had, in fact, taken the deer from the door-step. There would be little point, however, in talking to the fellow. *You take the deer!* It had been a command, a sullen order. *"By God!"* said La Place suddenly. "He behaves as if he owned the place!"

Ordinarily he did not think with profanity. Up to this hour he had had no desire for force, but he could not remember having ever experienced such raw emotion. It was as if this savage by some magic was changing him, La Place, into a barbarian. He would not allow such a facile transformation to take place. He would coolly retain his own poise, his integrity and peace of mind. He would reduce this intruder to simple terms. He would forget the storm, discount the darkness. The man should not be an Indian, incredibly burdened with the carcass of a deer—but a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mere trespasser. Resolutely he attempted to put the whole affair from his mind. The room adjoining his bedroom was fitted out as a study. In it he kept his books, his file of briefs, the papers of cases which he desired to study at his leisure. In his judgment this was the pleasantest room in the house. At present it had an additional advantage. It was directly across the hall from Margaret's bedroom. Sitting in it, he would hear her stir, could listen to the innumerable minor activities with which she was accustomed to occupy herself. Plainly she was not yet awake, though it was within a few minutes of dinner-time. She possessed little regard for time. He would let her sleep.

In the study he had difficulty in choosing a place to sit. Ordinarily he would have elected to work in this short space of time before dinner. There was plenty of work to be done, but he could not bring himself to sit down at his desk. The desk itself was an early-American walnut secretary. He had purchased it years before. The multitude of drawers above the line of the closed lid were neatly labelled with small cards pinned to the wood. Here lay house accounts, stock, investments, correspondence, and "law reports." Sitting upon the straight-backed chair before the desk, he might place his hands upon the most important elements in his life, even, in a sense, upon Margaret.

In all respects this room was entirely his own. The walls were lined with his books, a collection of years. He had had the chairs upholstered in leather. In them one might sit and rest. To-night, however, he could not compose himself. There was too much noise outside the house. The room faced west and received the full beat of the storm. The fireplace and hearth were upon the north. A thin stream of brown water was trickling out upon the floor. The rain was coming down the chimney. He made a ball of old newspapers, and, kneeling, thrust it into the chimney. As he did so a gust of cold air swept down the flue, carrying drops of moisture to his face. The air smelt clean, freshly washed. The wind roared in the chimney. To him came a sense of immeasurable distance, of complete and terrible isolation.

As he got to his feet again he could not keep himself from looking out of the window. The rain beat upon the glass, sweeping down the panes in a never-ending current.This lighted window must stand like a beacon to any one outside the house, yet the glare of the light was projected but a few feet beyond the sill. The darkness possessed hardness, the quality of all primitive and immutable things. The Indian lay out in it, perhaps now crept closer to the house.

He turned from the window, sought out one of the chairs. A book was beneath his hands and he attempted to read it. Suddenly his mind returned to his bees. He could not remember them without regret. Where was the colony now? No doubt beaten down and destroyed by the storm.

He looked across the room. Upon a small table beside his desk stood a cherished possession. Margaret was always inclined to make a jest of his love for it. It was a "John Bull" clock, a small figure cast in iron, a caricature of an Englishman with the usual fat, round belly. The figure was about a foot and a half high, was dressed in iron small-clothes, and had a clock in its belly. He had inherited this as a relic from his father, who had informed him that it was very old. He could not keep his eyes from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this figure. Its face was rubicund, jolly. The small face had stood upon the mantelpiece in his father's bedroom, had watched his father wax, wane, and die, impervious itself to the time, which it carried like a viper in its belly.

The hands of the clock showed it to be seven-thirty. He should, he felt, wake Margaret up now. The Crawley sisters knew, of course, that she was sleeping, and did not announce dinner on that account. He seemed incapable of movement. Minutes passed as he sat and waited. This morning he had presided in court. That was but little more than five hours ago. In that time the very seasons seemed to have changed. Summer had disappeared under the storm and autumn was at hand. The change seemed to him both psychic and physical, in some way to affect both Margaret and himself. Autumn was at hand. In primitive times one sacrificed a human life that the sun and summer might return. The juxtaposition of Margaret, the Indian, and himself seemed incredible. In a sense he sat between them, the judge of both.

He waited until the hands of the clock stood at quarter to eight. Then, reluctantly, he got to his feet and, crossing the hall, listened at the door of Margaret's room. His hearing, he knew, was not as good as it had been. He had difficulty determining whether there was any movement in the room. This difficulty was heightened by the storm. There was so much movement outside the house, such a rustling and sighing of wind down the hall, that every sound seemed blended into the cacophony of the storm. When he had become quite sure that Margaret was still asleep he opened the door upon a crack and peered within.

The room was in disorder. The two dormer-windows were open and through them sucked a gale of air, drawing the curtains after it, causing them to beat like huge wings against the storm. This, then, was the cause of the draft through the hall. Going to the windows, he drew the sashes shut, pulling back the curtains as he did so. He turned to Margaret. At some time during this afternoon which now seemed so immeasurably distant to him, she had been at work upon the knitted blanket which now lay—the long ivory needles still thrust through it—upon her breast. Her head was bent at an angle to her neck. He thought the position to be intensely uncomfortable, but the attitude was typical of her. Her throat was slender, pearly. La Place thought that her pallor had increased since he had seen her in the early afternoon. Her skin seemed as white as the pillow against which lay her head. She was fast asleep.

Throughout the room lay a litter of objects. The dress which she had worn at lunch had been thrown across the chair beside her bed. Upon it was a pile of books, a scarf, and an unfolded handkerchief. Within the handkerchief lay her wedding-ring. She had been careful with that. The curtains of the bed were partially drawn. The reading-light upon the table had been knocked down, apparently by the swinging of the curtains, and now dangled dangerously near the floor, sustained only by its cord. He straightened the lamp and switched on the lights. Instinctively he desired as many moments as possible to pass before awaking her. He had not yet made up his mind as to what he should do. He was, he felt, like a tactician who must fight a desperate battle before he has prepared his plans for it. Asleep she could not be troubled. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

storm would pass, the incredible visitor with it. She might never know of either. Yet he must wake her. To refrain from doing so would at once indicate something out of the ordinary. None the less he could not be sure of her attitude. She might not be as alarmed as himself when she received knowledge of the fantastic intruder upon the lawn. Yet the deer was in itself an exceedingly unpleasant thing. The sight of it, rather than the Indian, might horrify her. The creature's throat had been literally destroyed with the knife. On the other hand, it might be necessary for him to summon help some time in the evening. Would it be wise then, suddenly, to cause her to face the reality? Might it not be better to explain to her now all circumstances as well as he could? The words came to his lips, but he could not speak them. The Indian, suddenly evolved out of the darkness of the storm, his incredible burden of the carcass of the deer, were so fantastic as to surpass any power of narration which he possessed. He said to himself: "I shall not tell her now. . . ."

Even as he hesitated she awoke, as a child might wake, gazed about her in a manner which indicated the perfect translucency of her thought. Plainly she was a little hungry, a trifle vexed at having slept so long. She seemed surprised to see darkness outside the windows, to note for the first time that the lights were lit. La Place saw that as yet she had scarcely taken heed of the beating of the storm. She stretched broadly and noticed his presence in the room. "Stawell," she asked, "what time is it?" La Place replied that it was nearly eight o'clock. "Cissie or Cassie should have been here an hour ago," she said. "I did not mean to keep you waiting for your dinner." La Place told her not to hurry. He would be glad to sit down and wait.

She drew herself to the edge of the bed, stooped down to put on her slippers. Thought La Place with relief: "She's still very young. Thank God, she's not as old as I am." He remained comparatively silent while she dressed —his mind strangely at ease—and restricted himself to answering her questions.

No, he had not been able to get in his bees. The storm had come up just as he had gotten fairly started and had interrupted him.

At what time had he gone down to the Fouracre house? She had stood at the window and had watched him with his wheelbarrow. That had been clever.

He replied that he had started to work at about three o'clock. The affair of the bees had turned out very badly indeed. He was afraid that the colony was lost. He had been very stupid to start work with a storm coming up.

The lights above the bureau glittered like twin eyes. The mirror was a small one, perfectly fitted into an oval frame. Margaret stood before it, doing up her hair. This intricate process, the deftness and surety of her touch, always fascinated La Place. It was as if she weaved a net with delicate fingers. He saw the question poised before him, then searching him out like a speeding arrow.

"Stawell. Is there a man outside the house? I dreamed—or heard—there was."

The question overwhelmed him. The manner in which he had best answer it eluded him. How had she known? Had she heard him calling to "Mary-Ann," or, lost in sleep, had she dreamed the truth? Had she been aware of his agitation when he had found that the telephone would not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work? She had always possessed an uncanny gift for divining facts, and one could never ascertain the sources of her information. It was possible, of course, that she was merely guessing—having become sensitive to his agitation, was seeking to divine its source. On the other hand, she might in fact have dreamed of the incredible visitor outside the house. The primitive had a way of communicating itself, he thought.

The business of her dressing was continued. She did not at once press her question. In this fact, however, La Place found little relief. It was characteristic of her to approach a subject obliquely. Minutes would pass before he could be sure that her question was safely out of her mind. Her hair was finished. Her face was a delicate shadow. She began to arrange a chain about her neck. Thought La Place: "This is as incredible as the other. I must find out what she means!"

Out loud he said: "What did you dream, Margaret?"

She spoke over her shoulder. Certainly the matter did not seem to concern her very much.

"I thought I saw a strange man emerge out of a wood beside a stream. That was all."

"Was there anything else?" asked La Place.

She thought for a moment, evidently searching her memory.

"There was nothing more, I think. . . . Except that it had something to do with either you or myself."

She put the subject down. To La Place it seemed that it had ceased to interest her. She selected a light scarf and put it around her shoulders. La Place pushed into place the small catches which fastened the windows. The room was chilly. It would be well to make sure that the wind could not force its way into it. The rain seemed brighter. Its spears shone like silver under the light. He could not understand this at first, but Margaret made it plain to him.

"Look!" she said. "It's beginning to sleet."

This fact disturbed him. The man would freeze. It was unbelievable that he should wait outside in such a storm as this. The hair upon the hide of the deer would be powdered with crystals, which would melt and disappear. This seemed fantastic, immeasurably unreal.

His feeling of unreality persisted as he took her hand to help her down the stairs. The silk of her dress rustled as she moved. Her other hand rested upon the banister. They went down by the front stairs, La Place guiding her so. At the foot of the flight was the front door, locked and bolted. La Place felt that she would be unable to find anything unusual in this. At the foot of the stairs she turned, seemed to hesitate as to which direction she would walk. Evidently the air was colder, for she shivered and drew the scarf more tightly about her shoulders. For an instant La Place stood in deadly fear. If she went into the library, he did not know what she would see. The Indian might return and pound upon the door, demanding admittance. The deer might be hurled back upon the steps. Thought La Place: "I must get her into the dining-room at once—but how?" His difficulty was unexpectedly solved by Cassie, who appeared at the end of the hall. Dinner was announced. La Place followed Margaret into the dining-room.

The room possessed three doors. One led from the hall from which they had entered; another one—half glass—gave upon a stone-rimmed, built-up terrace; the third led to the pantry. This door

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was heavy, of solid oak—in fact, had been the entrance to the house before the addition had been put to it. It required a great deal of opening and closing, since Cassie was required to use it in serving every course. The draft through the room was great, apparently created by the great chimney in the library. This played with the door like a demon, holding it at arm's length when Cassie sought to close it, slamming it upon her heels when she had passed through. The storm seemed to increase in violence from minute to minute, driving the sleet furiously against the panes of the window at his back. This window and the door, half of glass, which opened upon the terrace, troubled him the most. His position rendered him blind to anything which might take place behind them. Margaret, on the other hand, sitting facing him, could see. From moment to moment, as he sat watching her, he expected to perceive upon her face an expression of sudden horror and fear. He felt that he could not endure that. If the Indian came into her vision, he would kill him!

What was that which he had thought? Was he not losing all sense of proportion? He was about to kill a man for peering in a window, for pounding on a door! That was impossible. What, in fact, would he do? What explanation could he make to Margaret that would quiet her fear? Would he not at length, at some time in the progress of these fantastic events, reach a point where action must supplant explanation? He was not able to dispose of the idea. His nervousness increased. Twice during the course of the meal he got to his feet and, under pretext of examining the fastenings, went to the door and window. The fastenings were tight. Each time he peered out into the storm, endeavoring to strike away the darkness by sheer persistence of vision. The glass was coated with a moving film of ice, which formed and melted in a few seconds. The wind shook the sashes, lashing the glass with a whip of sleet. He could see only a few feet beyond the room. The Indian might stand hidden in the darkness just beyond the point where his vision ended.

Each time, as he returned to his chair, he looked at Margaret. Could she perceive his nervousness, his agitation? He could not tell. He gazed at her intently, attempting to learn if she had been in any way disturbed by his actions, if his fear had been communicated to her. He was able, he thought, to note some change in her. Her color had heightened; her eyes were brighter. Her manner puzzled him. It seemed quizzical, ironic, almost as if she perceived his agitation and was gently amused at it. "Great heavens!" said La Place to himself. "Is she laughing at me?" The thought disturbed him more than he would acknowledge. It was inconceivable that she appreciated the circumstances which surrounded them, that she had any knowledge of the stark figure that lay outside the house. The recital of her dream returned to his mind. It was just possible that she had stood at her window and had watched the incredible progression of the Indian and himself up the back road. If this was the case, he had of course played a preposterous rôle in her eyes. He grew ashamed of the picture which he must have presented. It would have been far better to have taken the Indian by the throat and have met the issue squarely then and there.

It was, of course, absurd to impute such knowledge to her. It was unfair

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

both to himself and to her. Certainly, if any one could be aware of her emotions and reactions, he was that person. He was confident that, if she were informed of the circumstances, her fear would exceed his own. It might be necessary at any moment for him to drive to town to get the nurse and doctor. In that case the house, and all that was within it, herself included, would lie open, unprotected. Certainly she would not be able to face such a prospect without fear; of that he was certain.

None the less he had found that she was accustomed to view many events differently from himself. This was perhaps the heritage of her early life, spent, he had always believed, in an Indian jungle. In her he had found, as upon their wedding-trip, a liking for circumstances in which man survived by reason of the perfect balance of his physical powers. He recalled the storm which they had encountered at sea, persisting through a night in which the ship had seemed like a hound driven before the lash of the tempest—a night during which all on board, taut and straining, had seemed to fight for their lives. Upon this occasion she had drawn a glorious life and energy from the sheer intensity of the battle, had honored the men who had fought the storm. When the tempest was over she had seemed inert, apathetic, as if a force had gone out of her life which could never be replaced. Perhaps some such feeling dominated her now.

He attempted to discover her thoughts by watching Cassie. There existed between Margaret and Cassie such a bond of sympathy that each seemed sensitive to every thought and emotion which the other possessed. The mirror of Margaret's mind would inevitably be reflected in Cassie's actions. The meal, however, progressed as usual. Cassie served the courses deftly, unemotionally, her heavy, reddened face intent upon her task. Always she performed this service as if she were taking part in some obligatory ritual. Her manner was invariably the same. Slowly, not undeftly, she removed dishes and set others before them, and, like an intent, elderly nurse, watched Margaret to observe how much she ate. Once, with a movement swift for her, she pushed forward a dish over which Margaret had seemed to hesitate. The gesture was as plain as speech would have been. "You must eat this now. You'll find it good!" At regular intervals she disappeared into the pantry, and through the open door La Place was able to hear Cissie at work, could smell the aroma of meat freshly drawn from the oven, heard a wooden spoon clatter down upon a table-top. Certainly the two sisters suspected nothing.

Meanwhile the storm increased in fury. The wind seemed to lift itself like a solid thing against the house. Twice he was electrified to hear sounds which he took to be knocking at the front door. Once he sprang to his feet in a condition which he knew must be one of visible agitation. Providentially, however, his quick movement upset the glass of water at his elbow—his fingers had been reaching for it when the sound impinged upon his consciousness—the liquid spilling across the table-cloth toward him. It was impossible, he thought, for Margaret to make out whether he had sprung up to escape the water or whether his movement had upset the glass. He decided, however, that she had noticed nothing. At sight of the dripping table-cloth she had

(Continued on page 781 of this number.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Madame Russell

BY LAURA COPENHAVER

The sister of Patrick Henry, widow of two generals before she was forty-five, rival of the great Virginia orators in eloquence, Madame Russell is one of the most important women of the Revolutionary period.

"Do not despair," said Madame Russell to a young woman who was bewailing her unmarried state; "I was not married until I was nearly thirty, and when I was forty-four I was the widow of two generals."

Madame Russell was the sister of Patrick Henry, the kinswoman of James Madison, the wife of William Campbell, "Hero of King's Mountain," and a personage in her own right who probably influenced her "Settlement" more than any of the distinguished gentlemen to whom she was related.

"I have heard all the first orators of Virginia," said James Madison, "but I have never heard eloquence equal to hers." (This in a day when *"Palmam qui meruit ferat"* was engraved, not on athletic trophies, but on orators' medals!) But eloquence was not her only or even her greatest gift. She thought, she acted, she spoke—such was the chronology of the unique acts and speeches by which she shaped the ideals of the section of Virginia in which she lived.

In the year 1795, when it was easier to write speeches on the abolition of slavery in a State where few owned slaves than to liberate slaves in a State where all one's friends and neighbors were slaveholders, she freed all her slaves.

Having been "converted" under the preaching of the Reverend Thomas Ware, she gave up her worldly goods (which were large) and turned her house into a place of prayer—a training-school for the inspiration of "class-leaders" and "circuit-riders"—a "meeting-house" for the upbuilding of the faith.

Being somewhat better educated than the "sturdy yeomanry" among whom she lived, who in the opinion of her brother "possessed the virtues that constitute the soul of republicanism and the only basis of rational liberty," she argued so convincingly for the acquisition of knowledge that the only college for men named for a woman in Virginia (or any other State, so far as I know) stands as a memorial of her influence on a clergy too fond of speaking "as the Spirit moved them," without training in logic or science.

In the year 1775 Elizabeth Henry was keeping house for her distinguished brother in Williamsburg. A handsome young woman she was, although somewhat like Patrick in appearance and very much like him in emotional ardor. She entered with her whole heart into his plans for rallying the youthful patriots of Virginia in their first armed movement against the tyranny of Great Britain.

The occasion was the removal by night surreptitiously of the powder stored in the old magazine at Williams-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

burg. The citizens of the town respectfully petitioned Lord Dunmore to return the powder. When he made no reply, indignation meetings were held. George Washington urged patience. So did Edmund Pendleton and even Peyton Randolph, but Patrick Henry sent out the call to arms. And seven hundred "minute-men" flocked to his standard!

Among these came Captain William Campbell with a company of riflemen from the mountains of southwest Virginia. Captain Campbell had just signed the Fort Chiswell Resolutions—one of those documents which at the time seemed to spring up spontaneously from the soil of all the colonies. "We are determined never to surrender the inestimable privileges of liberty to any power on earth save at the expense of our lives" ran the Fort Chiswell Resolutions.

The spirit of Betty Henry flamed at the news of this declaration, and when Captain Campbell led his company of homespun-shirted volunteers four hundred miles to her brother, she welcomed him at once into the inner circle of the family. Six feet two inches in height, one of the handsomest men of his day, fired with the ardor that possessed her own soul, he moved with ease among the groups of her friends and admirers, many of whom were as rustic and uncouth as her brother, the "forest-born Demosthenes."

Williamsburg, then the seat of government, was the "focus of fashion and high life." Amid all the elegance, Patrick Henry lived in a style befitting his poverty and his avowed position as a champion of the common people. His sister Betty was a charming mistress of his home. She entertained guests of all ranks with the poise that was the inheritance of the granddaughter of William Winston, a famous field orator of Hanover County. The handsome captain from the Holston Settlement quickly won her heart, and, after a few months at Williamsburg, they went back together across the State to his home at "Aspenvale" in what was then known as Fincastle County.

Here she found that her brother's name had already possessed the imaginations of the mountain men. So revered was he that when she attended a "camp-meeting" a crowd pressed about her, drawn by the whisper: "Patrick Henry's sister!"

Enthusiasm was not confined to whispers. The bride must stand on a stump before the eyes of all! She must turn round and round so that all could see her! The uproar broke forth into a volume of cheers, "Hurrah for Patrick Henry!" with now and then a voice calling: "And for General William Campbell!"

She smiled back at them and waved her hand. Henceforth all hearts were hers. She belonged to the "Settlement" and she and her children were to be theirs, defended from danger with "the last drop of blood" in their veins.

This resolution they had occasion to make good, for in spite of his always romantic and tender devotion to his "dearest Betty," Captain William Campbell spent away from her much of the time in which he enjoyed "the superlative happiness" of being her husband. Yet in the midst of his campaigning he wrote her ardent love-letters. From Williamsburg he assured her that he "esteemed her worth far above rubies." "I have now lived about a week in the house where I was first blessed with a sight of my dear Betsy. From that happy moment I date the hour of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all my bliss." In the same letter he informed his "sweet and affectionate" wife that "our people *have scalped twenty-seven Indians*. I have now *the scalp of one which I shall bring you.*"

What the "affectionate and tender" wife did with the scalp of the Indian, history does not relate! She preserved with much pride, however, the sword with which her husband almost killed before her eyes the Tory who had come during his absence to implore her to intercede with him for mercy. While the man knelt at her feet, Captain Campbell returned, and, as the Tory sprang up in a panic of fear, the captain drew his sword from its scabbard and was about to bring it down with all his great strength upon the head of his enemy. At that moment Betty sprang forward and caught her husband's elbow, changing the direction of the sword so that it struck and gashed the heavy oak lintel of the door instead of severing the Tory's head from his body. As soon as he had mastered his anger, Captain Campbell made no effort to follow the fleeing Tory, but instead took his wife in his arms and thanked her for having prevented him from killing a man who, although richly deserving death, should not have met it under his roof and in the presence of his wife. For more than a hundred years the gash in the lintel of the door at Aspenvale remained as a reminder of the courage of the young wife who was not afraid of her husband in his moment of deepest wrath, and who was resourceful enough to act as quickly as he did.

By this time Patrick Henry was governor of Virginia, the War of Independence was on in earnest, and Captain Campbell's company of riflemen were in constant service.

In the summer of 1779 Mrs. Campbell and her husband were riding home from church with a party of friends when Betty heard a man cry out:

"That's Frank Hopkins!"

She knew that Francis Hopkins was the notorious Tory outlaw, who had escaped from prison and now held letters of commission to the Indians, urging them to "fall upon the frontier settlers with fagot, knife, and tomahawk." At the same moment in which she saw the horseman galloping down the road, her husband turned to his body-servant and said:

"Take care of the baby and your mistress, John," and then called to his friends to follow. Hopkins was captured, and the letters of commission to the Indians were found on his person. There in the woods an impromptu court of "oyer and terminer" was held and the prisoner condemned to death, and immediately hanged on the limb of a sycamore-tree. When Colonel Campbell came back to his wife she asked:

"What did you do with him?"

"Oh, we hung him, Betty, that's all."

Betty made no feminine outcry or protest. Whether her small part in this summary execution of a Tory contributed to the "conviction of sin" under which she subsequently labored, no one knows.

It is certain that her natural self-reliance was developed by the frontier life of those days, when for months at a time she was in charge of her husband's affairs at home. At the battle of King's Mountain the entire force of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee men mustered for the fight was put under the command of Captain Campbell. He led his men, whom Ferguson had called a "set of mongrels," up the slopes with the cry:

"My brave boys, shout like hell and fight like devils!" and won the victory,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which, according to Thomas Jefferson, was the "turning-point" of the Revolution.

His wife kept up the home and sustained with brave words and good gifts of food and clothes the large circle of dependents in the "Settlement." Over the old Wilderness Trail which led by Aspenvale came not only bands of marauders and hostile Indians, but men of high rank on their way to Philadelphia, patriots in the councils of the not-yet-fully-born republic. To them she was always a personage in her own right, not merely the sister of Patrick Henry, by this time governor of the State.

"A great and good God hath decreed America to be free," said her brother, "or weak counsellors would have ruined her long ago." And again he wrote: "America can only be undone by herself." This ardent faith in the future of America was shared by Elizabeth, and she talked and spun and wrote and rode (sometimes with a baby in her arms) to arouse the zeal of the faint-hearted.

Her second child was born in 1780, and in that year her husband was made brigadier-general to serve under Lafayette. As he told her good-by and left once more for Williamsburg, where Cornwallis was encamped, he was buoyant with the hope of a speedy end to war and a return to the "charming companionship" of his "dearest Betty."

She never saw him alive again. He died suddenly from an attack of dysentery contracted in camp six miles from Williamsburg.

A few years later she married General Russell, who had become her neighbor since her husband's death. After her second marriage she lived at the Salt Works, where her husband had large business interests.

This is the bare outline of events up to the time to which she alluded as the "great change"—her conversion under the preaching of the Reverend Thomas Ware, a member of Bishop Asbury's party, at the time travelling through Virginia.

None of her friends could have suspected her of being in need of conversion. In the words of the bishop's own party: "Her zeal, good sense, and amiableness of character were proverbial." She was a member of the Episcopal Church, although, because of the absence of a bishop to perform the rite, she had not been confirmed. In her the Christian graces were supposed to be exemplified, and yet, after hearing the Reverend Thomas Ware's sermon, she said to him in evident anguish of mind:

"I thought I was a Christian, but I am the veriest sinner on earth. I want you to come to our house and pray with us and tell us what we must do to be saved."

In Mr. Ware's naïve story of the occurrence, it is obvious that he tried not to be elated by the fact which he, nevertheless, quite evidently could not forget, that the lady was the sister of the "illustrious Patrick Henry." Perceiving that she was under what was known in the terminology of the day as "conviction of sin," he and the other preachers in his party went to her home and spent the afternoon in prayer with her. "With great earnestness I implored that she might obtain deliverance," he writes.

Being exhausted by his prayers and exhortations, he and the other brethren retired to a grove to rest. But there was no rest for the woman in whose soul he had aroused a burning desire for "salvation." While he dozed, she agonized in prayer. Her husband read to her from "Mr. Fletcher's charming 'Address to Mourners'" (the adjective is Mr. Ware's). At last, in the grove, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

preachers were aroused from their tranquil repose by a call from the house. In loud, clear tones they heard Madame Russell repeating the words "Glory! Glory!" She had "come through." In an ecstasy of emotion she was "shouting."

The phenomenon was not unusual with the revival party. They expected women and even men to shout. But they were surprised at the active results of the adoption of the precepts of Jesus as the daily rule of practice in the life of a woman of such rank and high social position as Madame Russell.

She lost no time in beginning to order her household in conformity to her faith. When guests came to her house, they were welcomed as of old. But as soon as they were comfortable she would say:

"Now let us unite in prayer."

This was a custom from which she never varied—no matter how high or how low the rank of her visitors, nor how long or short their stay. If a "class-leader" or minister were present he would be asked to lead the prayer. If no such dignitary were at hand, she herself prayed. Her voice was remarkable, possessing great carrying power, beauty of tone, and charm of accent and enunciation. Like the great Whitefield, it was said of her that she could have spoken the single word Mesopotamia in a way to move her hearers to deep emotion. Yet in such of her prayers and letters as have been preserved, there is apparent both dignity and simplicity of style. She shared her brother's fondness for apt metaphors and smoothly flowing periods, but the childlike quality of her religious faith kept her from any attempt at raising "the whirlwind of human emotion which he knew so well how to excite and direct."

When James Madison visited her during his candidacy for President of the United States, he expected to receive the assurance of her political support, which he knew would be powerful. Having greeted him and attended to his comfort and that of his small retinue, she said, according to her custom:

"Now let us unite in prayer."

Putting her hand on his head, she prayed for him as the "prospective head of the nation in whom its destinies were so soon to repose."

"Never have I heard such eloquence," he said afterward.

Indeed, he referred more than once to this prayer and to Elizabeth's grasp of the problems confronting the republic. "Fetter not commerce, sir; let her be as free as air. She will range the whole creation and return on the wings of the four winds of heaven to bless the land with plenty," Patrick Henry had said, and Elizabeth shared his views about free trade and his hope of a perfect democracy.

Soon after the death of General Russell in 1792, to the horror of her friends and neighbors, against the advice of the most prominent men of the "Settlement," she set free all the slaves she owned in fee simple and gave freedom during her lifetime to all the slaves she held by right of dower. This step seems all the more remarkable if we contrast it with the attitude of John Newton, who a few years before, on the deck of a slave-ship, of which he was captain, composed the fervent hymn:

> "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
> That saves a wretch like me.
> I once was lost, but now I'm found,
> Was blind, but now I see."

No such compounding of religious emotion and muddled thinking was possible to Elizabeth Henry. She could not preach liberty and equality before

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

God, and hold slaves. The old record, a copy of which appears in Summer's "History of Southwest Virginia," says:

"Whereas by the wrong doing of men it hath been the unfortunate lot of the following negroes to be slaves for life, to-wit: Vine, Adam, Nancy sen., Nancy, Kitty, and Selah. And whereas believeing the same have come into my possession by the direction of Providence, and conceiving from the clearest conviction of my conscience, aided by the power of a good and just God, that it is both sinful and unjust, as they are by nature equally free with myself, to continue them in slavery, I do, therefore, by these presents, under the influence of a duty I not only owe my conscience, but the just God who made us all, make free the said negroes hoping while they are free of man they will faithfully serve their Maker through the merits of Christ."

Given under my hand and seal this 21st day of July, 1795.
Elizabeth Russell, (L. S.)

After her children were married and established, Madame Russell gave her estates over to them. She had never found it hard to manage either slaves or tenants, but now she wanted time for the things of the spirit.

She moved into the "Log House," which was spacious enough for her famous sitting-room with its movable pulpit. Here, when the preacher came, she collected a crowd of friends and neighbors and straggling "lost sheep." Her greeting to ministers of any denomination who came to her door was:

"Brother, how long can you tarry? Shall I send out and call together a congregation?"

In the "Prophet's Chamber" of this house she continued to entertain bishops, circuit-riders, class-leaders in slightly limited quarters, perhaps, but with unabated hospitality. Although many of these guests were uncouth in dress and manner, she saw in them all pioneers of a religion that sent them into byways and hedges seeking the lost. She had always given to them with tactful generosity what they seemed to need most—a fresh horse, a suit of clothes, money for the journey. Now she added a new gift — stronger faith in their cause. Salvation, religion, the Church, its lowliest emissary, its highest dignitary—these were matters of tremendous importance, now that America was free and in the making.

The first educational venture of the Methodist Church in Virginia—a college for men—was named for Bishop Emory and Elizabeth Henry. Some of the brethren to-day give the honor to Patrick, but the record shows that it was Elizabeth who has been thus immortalized by the ancient group of preachers, who knew better than any one else their debt to her. Yet her claim to a part in the making of America rests not altogether or even largely on her connection with the college.

By reason of her position and her personality she was an opinion-maker. Her judgments are still quoted as the final authority in verbal encounters by mountaineers who have never heard her brother's golden phrases. On the bluegrass hills, "under the redbird's wing," in groves of oak or cedar stand the old churches which she helped to build, and in which her gospel of democracy and of salvation from sin is still preached. And the Goddess of Liberty, before whom she burned her flaming torch, still inspires the rhythm of events which will march on even though she is forgotten.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Forest Windows

BY JOHN C. MERRIAM
Author of "The Cave of the Magic Pool," etc.

The President of the Carnegie Institution of Washington reveals a quality of poetic beauty in his writing. Weaving his scientific knowledge into the pattern of an essay upon the significance of trees, Dr. Merriam has approached both beauty and truth.

I

Across the valley from my childhood home rose a wooded hill from which the timber had been partly felled. Seen over open pastures the margin of the forest appeared always as a dark, impenetrable wall. The woods lay beyond reach of my journeyings and gradually came to be recognized as a place of continuous night. Often at evening we heard wolves howling on the hill. Other wild things were said to make their homes there. So this mysterious region peopled itself and came to be an established feature in the world as I knew it.

I recall the first visit to the timber —riding up to a wall of trees, into which to my surprise it was possible to see; but beyond, in the depths of the wood, there was still dimness and a land not fully penetrated.

Whoever looks into a forest, whether through eyes of the inexperienced or untutored mind, or with penetrating keenness of enlightenment, finds its windows framing pictures in which the shadowy background presents a challenge to imagination. The trees bordering its vistas impart their strength and beauty even to the darkening areas beyond. With this frame and setting the mystery of the forest has always been a stimulus to inquiry and answer. The groves have ever been temples, because through them we have turned toward contemplation of undefined sources of being and power represented there in qualities of living things.

II

As years pass, the challenge of the unknown continues as it first appeared to me behind the dark front of a wood. The openings into this attractive region have been of many kinds, often through the trees themselves as represented in problems of their beauty, their life, or of their evolution through the ages. So it came that with a group of friends I rode to see a forest wall reported to have mystery and charm unique among living works of creation.

A morning sun brought out all the brilliance of a landscape in the north coast region of California. The rugged hills through which we passed were mainly wooded. Dark masses of fir gave place now and then to redwood, or a patch of ripened grass-land rested like a golden brooch in deep green velvet of the forest. Suddenly we swung from the highway, dropping down a steep slope into primeval redwood timber. The car quieted as its wheels rolled over the leafy carpet. The road soon ended in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a trail, and the party proceeded on foot.

As we advanced, the arches of foliage narrowed above us and shade deepened into twilight. Between close-set trunks one looked through windows framed in shadow, often darkening till all detail disappeared. Here and there behind these openings was a distant aisle in which faint touches of sun upon the shaft of a young tree brought out its red-brown glow. Through other reaches vision was lost in failing light. Like pillars of a temple, the giant columns spaced themselves with mutual support, producing unity and not mere symmetry. The men of the company, who all their lives had known great forests, bared their heads in this presence. Ponderous strength, an almost infinite variety in expression of light and shade and color, and a perspective with marvellously changing depth composed a scene such as canvas has yet to receive.

But woven through this picture was an element which eludes the imagery of art. The sense of time made itself felt as it can but rarely be experienced. While ancient castles may tell us of other ages in contrasts of their seemingly fantastic architecture, living trees like these connect us as by hand-touch with all the centuries they have known. The time they represent is not merely an unrelated, severed past; it is something upon which the present rests, and from which living currents still seem to move.

We realized that the mysterious influence of this grove arose not alone from magnitude, or from beauty of light filling deep spaces. It was as if in these trees the flow of years were held in eddies, and one saw together past and present. The element of time pervaded the forest with an influence more subtle than light, but that to the mind was not less real.

III

Among the living redwoods, as in few places, one's thought turns irresistibly to focus on the meaning of the past in its relation to present and future. Considered in the setting of their history, these trees open to us one of the most fascinating chapters in the story of life.

Within the belt of redwood forest in northern California I visited recently a place where in the solid rock, forming commanding hills, there lie remains of many massive trees differing little, if at all, from redwoods growing on slopes nearby. They are now trees of stone, but in all details of form and structure, even to microscopic minutiæ of the cells composing them, they are redwoods. In claylike layers of the rock in which these trunks are buried, imprints of leaves are found such as are made by foliage of redwood-trees buried in muddy borders of streams to-day.

One imposing column, known as the "Monarch of the Forest," has been followed back by excavation, where its broken end projected from the hillside, until almost one hundred feet of its length is visible in a tunnel extending into the rock. The log, six to eight feet in diameter, still lies embedded in its stony matrix. In the roof of the cavern, undisturbed strata of the material which buried it arch completely over this splendid pillar.

As I stood in the excavation looking out along the great tree, a tourist engaged me in conversation. Asked what impressed him most in viewing this specimen, he replied: "The fact that there can be no doubt of its having lain buried for ages in this rock which covers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it. It surely was once a tree that stood up and faced the sun, and"—pointing with his foot to a deep hole in its side —"I suppose that birds and beasts of long ago nested in its trunk."

One stands outside the tunnel and looks over the hill above. The rock that forms the slope seems a huge bulk of material piled upon the trees beneath, but it is only the remnant of a greater mass that came largely from ancient volcanic eruptions—perhaps from the region of Mount St. Helena near by. The thickness of ashes and mud which formed the original deposit we do not know, but since they hardened to consistency of stone the flow of streams has been for ages carving the face of this land into its present form.

Through all the time this shaping of the landscape was under way the prostrate "Monarch" lay in quiet deeper than that of the forest in which it once grew. The noise of battling elements and of warring creatures above did not reach it. Only now and then there came a trembling of rocks around it or the rumble of a swiftly passing earthquake, as the foundations of the hills were shaken by movement of the uneasy earth. And then the world of light returned, stream and wind flowed over it, living forests gathered round it, birds and beasts climbed again along its frame, and finally man came to see it—both as it is and as it was.

IV

The redwoods existing to-day are surviving remnants of a splendid race that was many million years in developing to its present majestic stature. They are rare examples of a group spread widely over the world through long periods, and of which just sufficient is carried over to the age of man to tell us the contribution it has made to life of the earth.

In northern California, where these forests reach their highest development, they extend over a country of deep valleys and bold hills or mountains rising to an elevation of several thousand feet. The features of the landscape are determined in part by variation in the geological formations from which they have been cut. A considerable portion of the area in which the finest redwoods grow is underlain by a series of sand and clay strata thousands of feet thick. Embedded in these hardened sands and muds are remains of animals and plants that lived in the region at the time the layers were being formed. Among these relics are the stems of redwoods.

At the little town of Garberville, where I spent many pleasant days in study of the country, strata of this formation at least a half-mile in thickness are exposed by the south fork of Eel River. In places where the stream is cutting its bed in solid rock the section interprets itself so clearly that no one who sees can fail to understand.

I asked my friend Monroe, age eleven, whether he had ever found clam-shells or remains of other animals in the cliff where the river impinges on a high bluff near the town. He took me over the precipitous wall to a point where sea-shells were embedded in solid sandstone. Near by was a large fossil vertebra with stony matrix still clinging to it, and from the solid face of the rock above we dug a whale rib.

A short distance below us the swift stream washed over lime-cemented reefs of sandstone filled with perfectly preserved shells, including scallops, razor-clams, and many other kinds. These remnants of ancient deposits with the remains they contain once spread over

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the bed of the ocean. They had been heaved and bent until now their steeply tilted and eroded fragments stand high above the sea. On the slope near by stood a grove of redwoods, a surviving remnant of forests whose entombed remains lie in the hills upon which they grow.

V

As I stood with my friends looking into the forest, which we had come so far to see, in swift panorama the history of the redwood and of its surroundings as I knew them passed before me stage after stage from the remote past.

The distant age of reptiles with its weird population, the dinosaurs and all their kin, presented a picture of the world with face that was strange as to sea and land and life upon it. Though plants with what we know commonly as flowers were just beginning to spread their mantle of fragrance over the earth, the redwood tribe was already widely distributed. The coming aristocracy of hairy animals, with brains that dominated their bodies, was slowly learning to outwit the dinosaurs and to protect its brood.

Then came the age of mammals, when the alert, hairy creatures that escaped the reptiles of earlier days ruled the world with both brawn and growing brain. I thought of the period within that time when the immediate spot on which we stood had lain beneath an ocean whose waves swept smoothly over it or crashed upon a near-by shore. From hills on which grew trees like those about us, a wash of sand and clay was then flowing to the sea, forming the mass that was to be raised up and moulded into the landscape of to-day.

Excepting for details, the living redwood grove on which we looked was like those that flourished in past ages. The undergrowth of spreading ferns could trace its relatives to even earlier time, and the zone of shadow to which they clung was the continuation of a moving region of shade that reached back not for epochs simply but for eons.

As on a journey when it is to-day New York, yesterday Washington, tomorrow Boston, in speaking suddenly you hesitate a moment to be certain whether it is Washington, New York, or Boston in which you find yourself, so in this swift flight of thought I almost questioned whether it might not be a wood of early time that spread itself before me. Walking toward the deeper shadows, which obscured such features as may distinguish vegetation of the present from that of the past, it seemed almost that one should search among the ferns for the moving neck of a dinosaur, or in branches of the trees for slender wings of a flying reptile.

My associates were interested in the relation of this little world of life in which we stood to the geological past out of which it had grown. They asked why I might not expect to see a descendant of dinosaurs among trees that have come down to us with such close resemblance to those of ancient times.

I framed words of a reply, to the effect that probably animals change more rapidly than plants, as their structure is more complex and responds more quickly to variation of its surroundings. As I began to speak, looking with all the others into the narrow lane beyond, I saw clinging to the shaft of a great redwood an uncanny shape with lifted head, and tail that wrapped about the tree. Instead of the carefully stated philosophic answer, I replied: "I have never seen a dinosaur alive—unless I see one now."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The grotesque form upon the tree was only a "burl," an irregular growth frequently developed on the redwood, and treasured for the rare beauty of its wood. But often as I see them, hanging like ancient monsters where shadows give them changing form and countenance, my thought leaps over intervening ages to a time when about the ancestral redwood groves there strayed fantastic reptile generations, that in their day were lords of all creation.

With whatever turn of fancy one views this forest, it must always be recognized as a living link in an epic of history. No one who knows the outlines of its story can look down the long vistas, between gigantic columns, with the mystery of their changing shadows beyond, without feeling that he has seen through a window into the deeper reaches of time, and has come to fuller understanding of the stream of life as it is followed through the years.

VI

The wilderness of the inner forest lured us to explore its depths. In a jungle of brakes and sword-ferns we clambered over stems of redwoods piled in crisscross. Magnificent even in their dissolution the prostrate giants, lying rank on rank, stretched back the generations of this wood to centuries not reached by its most ancient living trees. Standing on a fallen column, out of whose body grew another redwood, we first took breath and looked about.

Among these deeper shades, in turning toward the world outside, for the first time we saw the narrowing vistas ending not in shadow but in light. It was the flood of radiance sweeping against the vault above, penetrating here and there to give its living touch, that dominated the region beyond.

Looking through crowded tree-tops, there was a glory in the forest that otherwise might have remained unknown. The summits lifted themselves to heights at which the voice of the wind in their branches was hushed by distance, and the delicacy of the topmost fronds seemed refined to lacelike texture. Moving gently, they touched across the openings, producing continuous variation of the light that streamed or filtered in. Beyond was the infinitely changing sky, a glowing sapphire through interlocking branches at midday; or with indescribably delicate tints if one may see it when level rays of morning or evening sun sweep over.

Standing in this field of shadow, among living relics of distant ages, we seemed in looking out to turn from the clear story of a moving past to see the future rising from it through the miracle of never-failing light—the light that in unnumbered eons had poured down to mingle with the clouds of verdure, and build itself into the unfolding life and beauty of the forest.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Defense of the Backwoods

BY JOHN J. NILES
First Lieutenant, United States Air Service, with the A. E. F.

Jack Niles, author of "Singing Soldiers," comes from the backwoods himself and he has collected many of the songs they sing back home. Mrs. Ulmann's photographs in this number portray the sort of people who sing them.

OWING to the kind of literary treatment the rural districts of the South have received in the past, many strange beliefs have sprung into existence. And they are looked upon as fact, mind you, by lots of intelligent folk. The early days of the Indian fighting—the hardships of the settlers, the slave days—later the feuds—the Civil War—the political scrapes. The tobacco war and the night-riders! The lynchings — the protection of court - houses and jail-houses by the State Militia. All these things have given writers of imaginative literature a wide scope of possibilities. And these writers are looked upon as prophets in some quarters.

Then Tin Pan Alley did its bit. It constructed the "mammy" song, and many people living on the Yankee side of the Mason-Dixon line (the line that divides the North from the "gentry") believe that, when we Southerners go in for musical expression, the "mammy" song is our total stock and store. State names like Alabama, Mississippi, North Carolina, and Georgia are easily rhymed. They are made up of either two or four rhythmic beats. That's why most of the "mammy" songs are about these States. Imagine the feelings of a citizen from Alabama, when a synthetic nigger (the burnt-cork and crape-hair variety) romps out into the spot-light and sobs through four inane verses concerning the trip he's going to take back to Alabam'—toot-tootin' back to some mammy who has been waiting for him these twenty-five years. He's going back and he's going to take the bacon with him, etc.

Or, take the other type who confesses by rhyming "cabin floor" with "theatre door," and "heart is breakin' " with "shimmy shakin'," that the "mammy" song is his or her fortune. Be this as it may, the "mammy" song and most of the so-called coon songs of Broadway are synthetic products, and like so much imaginative literature, written without full knowledge of the actual conditions, they are a very poor representation of the Southland—a land full of beautiful situations and time-honored traditions.

The State of Kentucky has been fortunate in many ways. It is quite difficult to rhyme the word "Kentucky"—in fact, one of the best rhyming dictionaries obtainable gives only three possibilities. This has saved the State from a lot of inappropriate "mammy" and other such songs. There is much to say, however, about the legend of Kentucky—a legend shared by many folk who, for one reason or another, never have an opportunity to come into contact with the backwoods of the Blue Grass State.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The cities in Kentucky are much like the cities anywhere else in the United States, Louisville being a thoroughly grown-up place with a superb park system, broad tree-lined streets, the Ohio River, and a fair climate to commend it. Lexington, Henderson, Paducah, Ashland, Bowling Green, Paris, Winchester, Danville, and Georgetown are a bit less grown up, and perhaps for that reason more charming.

But the back country, divided into The Mountains, the Blue Grass, the Pennyroyal, and the Purchase, has a compelling charm all its own that deserves more than casual treatment. Since 1910 the clodhopping and briar-jumping population of the Kentucky back country has made astounding progress. Folks up Lexington and Louisville way began to be alarmed over the illiteracy of the State. Longer-term day-schools and the romantic moonlight schools (so much publicized in the near past) were the result. The World War took away many boys, and the ones who returned brought still further advanced ideas, but the old folk are essentially the same. They may have evoluted to a rattley, tinny automobile, and they may plant improved seeds and even hatch eggs in incubators, but a lot of seeds are still planted according to certain phases of the moon; cows' horns are still bored for a disease called "hollow-horn"; little girls have their hair clipped on certain days of the month; and cucumber-seeds carried in the left-hand pocket are still said, in some quarters, to be a sure-fire cure for kernels in the jaw.

The blue-grass farms and the produce farms surrounding Louisville, particularly where scientific methods are employed, are beautiful, fruitful, and profitable beyond description. People who have never visited the Blue Grass simply will not believe the stories Kentuckians tell about the beauty of the central Kentucky countrysides. But if one would find unique characters, interesting, naïve country folk, leave the rich farming lands and go into the back country, the mountainous portion of the State, the rundown ends of the Pennyroyal, the upper valley of the Kentucky River, or the Kentucky side of the Ohio from Louisville to the Mississippi.

There are people in those hills who are still singing about the Revolutionary War. Think of it!—a song that must have been invented one hundred and twenty-five years ago.

Red Coats done fit the Continentals,
Their king ruled with a bloody hand.
Them 'Nentals fit with the mighty Red Coats
'Cause they wanted ter have their own free land.

Chorus:

With a high jimmy jimmy and a high jimmy jo,
That Red Coat General had ter go
And tell his king thet awful story
How them Continentals fit and licked in glory.

How them Red Coats fit the Continentals,
'Cause they wuz ruled with a bloody hand.
Them 'Nentals fit with the mighty Red Coats
'Cause they craved their own free land.

The little old lady who sings this song about the Revolution spends her time knitting, cooking, and helping her husband take care of their numerous beehives. When we asked her about the origin of the Revolutionary song, she merely said: " 'Twer sung by my mammy and my aunt Hannah afore me—thet wuz long ago." She had in her repertoire a little four-line ditty about love and heart-break. It went as follows:

Don't you never throw a rock at the leg o' a mule,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leg might break.
Don't you never let a woman turn a man inter a fool,
Heart might break.

(A mule's leg between the knee and the hoof is very slender, and can be broken with a sharp blow.)

Another one of her songs had to do with cooking. She had raised a large family and had known the days when, with the help, twelve to fifteen people sat down to her dinners. It is not surprising, then, that cooking found its way into her musical expression.

Hip hi hilley, won't you ever let me go?
A possum is a puddie dish but you ort ter cook 'im slow.
Jes' bile 'im in the mornin', 'n skim the fat away,
Then bake 'im most twill sundown and you'll hear yer men folk say,
Hip hi hilley, fer possum's in the pot,
I'll kiss the cook, whoe'er she be, as soon as table's sot.

Hip hi hilley, black-eyed peas and meat
With corn pone and sorghum is powerful good to eat.
The bellies bile all mornin' whilst ye skim the fat away,
Then bake the beans twill sundown and you'll hear yer men folk say,
Hip hi hilley, Suzans in the pot,
I'll kiss the cook, whoe'er she be, as soon as table's sot.

Hip hi hilley, rabbit, hold yer breath,
I've got my snare a bated an' thet'll be yer death.
I'll bile ye up with bay and sage and skim the fat away,
An' I'll bake ye in my ole iron pot and I'll hear my men folk say,
Hip hi hilley, rabbit's in the pot,
I'll kiss the cook, whoe'er she be, as soon as table's sot.

Another interesting song about victuals is a song sung by a negress, Aunt Arraminta, and one of her sons named Newton. Aunt Arraminta was a Louisiana negro orginally, coming to Kentucky as cook and house-mistress to a retired river-man, Captain Joe Perkin. Newton was one of the table-boys in the same establishment. As one might expect, all their songs except the spirituals were sung to the accompaniment of dance rhythms. The "Sorghum Song" had to do with the making and eating of sorghum, with the dancing of the pigeonwing and the turkey-walk, and one verse about the possum and the fox.

Sorghum comes from sorghum cane,
Round we go, round and round,
Squeeze and boil with might and main,
Round we go, round and round.

Refrain:
Strum yo' strings, strum yo' strings,
Make dat banjo talk,
Gals am a swingin' an' boys a pigeon wingin',
Watch 'em do dat turkey walk.
Strum yo' strings, strum yo' strings,
Make dat banjo talk,
Gals am a swingin' an' boys a pigeon wingin',
Underneath the ole Kentucky moon.

Hickory bark and sorghum makes
Fust rate dressin' fo' corn cakes,
Squeeze yo' sorghum, bile yo' bark,
Syrup comes out sweet and dark.
(*Refrain.*)

Possum's tail ain't got no hair,
Round we go, round and round,
Ole man fox's got more dan 'is share,
Round we go, round and round.
(*Refrain.*)

Uncle Martin, another of Captain Joe Perkin's negroes, sang a little song with a mournful crooning refrain that seemed to reflect the sadness of the slave days with more accuracy than any other Kentucky negro song I ever encountered.

Terrapin goes mos' awful slow,
But when he goes, he's shore to go.

Screech owl hollers mos' all night,
Fills de folks wid a mighty fright.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One-legged nigger, don't yo swipe dat hen,
White man'll hab you in 'is prison pen.

My ole mammy lives in New Orleans,
Ain't so fur away as it seems.

Come on brothers, fore it's too late,
I got de key to Peter's golden gate.

Down by de swamp, heah de green frog croak,
Okey fonokey, nokey, noke, noke, noke.

. . . . . .

Peerats Splevins is best remembered by a few Kentuckians for the songs he sang. In fact, the burning of charcoal, the cooking of moonshine, and the gathering of such herbs as wild tansy, horse-mint, mistletoe, and ginseng were uninteresting necessities in the lives of the Splevinses, and were duly slighted whenever the banjo plunked, or the shuffling of feet announced a hop. Maige Splevins (Peerats' wife), whose name was properly Marjorie, sang too, and of all the songs produced by the Splevins clan her offerings were, perhaps, the best. Her idea of music was a melancholy something that expressed itself most aptly in the following lines:

In my little cabin h'aint ne'er a glass,
But the old puncheon floor, hit's clean.
When my pappy died, he give the ridges to me,
An' all the cove in between.

If I should ever marry a fine lady,
I'd give all I got to her,
But ef she loved me sure and wanted nobody else,
She'd only take her share.

An' when they lay me down in Bald Buzzard rest,
She'll come to hear the sound
O' the pine trees moanin' o'er the man she onced had
An' wave goodbye to my mound.

Peerats, on the other hand, did the rollicking thing—a song about bathing and baptizing.

Hi ho, the preacher man,
He can preach and he can pray,
But when he wants to run your sins away,
He takes you in the water.

Hi ho, the city folk,
They are clean and they are pert,
They stay that way though it may hurt,
By goin' in the water.

Hi ho, the terrapin,
He can snap and he can bite,
But when he really wants to fight,
He goes in the water.

Hi ho, the blockader,
'Stillin' liquor all night long,
He won't never sing this song,
'Cause he don't drink no water.

Or the boisterous, semilewd barroom song about the mighty Dick Taylor—that lady-killing Dick Taylor, whose exploits could never really be told in print.

My name is Dick Taylor,
With gals I'm a whalor,
I lead 'em a turrible pace.
I snatch 'em an' pull 'em,
I kid 'em an' bull 'em,
I lead their souls down in disgrace.

My name is Dick Taylor,
With gals I'm a whalor,
I go to each Saturday dance.
With a nip of squirrel whiskey,
At sparkin' I'm frisky,
If they'll only give me a chance.

In the realm of philosophy he had two songs that attempted to explain the unfaithfulness of woman.

Ef yo' gal won't have ye,
Thank me fur a tellin' ye,
Might be cause ye air too good,
Hit's one thing mongst lovers as must be understood,
An' thank me fur a tellin' ye.

Now I had a gal named Nellie,
Thank me fur a tellin' ye,
She run off with a tan bark hand,
Cause she said my crop wuz empty and his'n wuz so full o' sand,
An' thank me fur a tellin' ye.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I wuz not made fur wimmen,
An' thank me fur a tellin' ye,
They has ways beyond my ken,
Ways o' actin' an' talkin' I ain't interested in,
An' thank me fur a tellin' ye.

The other one was this rather spiteful dirge, where the girl in question wanted, above all other things, to live in the "Sittlemints." . . .

When I lay down and I do die,
Bury me where she passes by,
'Cause she turned my love to hate,
That's why this sad tale I relate.

'Tweren't fur gold she turned me down,
But cause I won't live in a city town.
She turned my love to hate instead,
An' I'll hate her still when I am dead.

Thet tother feller, might be he didn't rob,
'Cause livin' with some wimmen is the devil's job.
Now thet's the story o' my sad life,
An' of the gal who ain't my wife.

. . . . . .

It becomes impossible to write about the backwoods music of Kentucky, or any of the Southern States for that matter, without giving considerable space to the black man. Take the following lines as an example:

I ain't got long to stay, I ain't got long to stay.
I ain't got long to stay, 'cause,
My God calls me in de thunder.
I ain't got long to stay, I'm stealin' away home.
Steal away, steal away, oh sinner, stand and tremble,
While trumpet call and cymbal says
I ain't got long to stay, I ain't got long to stay,
I ain't got long to stay, I'm stealin' away home.

The singer of this song was named Alec Nibbly. Some of his colored brethren called him Nibbly Grout. (Grout is a slang term for thin concrete, which, as far as I could tell, was inappropriately applied to Alec as a name.) The black man made the boast that he was the best outside cook in Kentucky, which really meant that he was very fair at camp, hunting-party, and construction-gang cooking. His employer (my own father) claimed that he (Nibbly) had a straight gut, which in these days of toxemia, colitis, and autointoxication should have been a distinct advantage, but in those days it merely meant that Nibbly's appetite was never quite satisfied. He was engaged at off times in the manufacture of voodoo powders, and knew an outlandish lot about the evil eye, travellin' cancer, love-powders, vinegar mothers, prayin' milch kine, hollow-horn, etc.

It is doubtful if Nibbly had ever been landed in jail, but he talked and sang about it just the same, the key to the jail-house being to him the symbol of the Law.

Nibbly's Jail-House Key Song

Don't you hand me no sorghum,
Don't you hand me no sassafras tea.
Don't you hand me no bee gum,
Jus' let me hab dat jail-house key.

Jail-house key, you is made o' brass,
Now jail-house key, don't you hand me no sass,
Jail-house key, I ain't never done you no wrong,
An' I hope you ain't goin' to keep me in here long.

Nibbly had a way of cooking crows that, according to his story, produced the most delicious results. He took the crow and, without plucking the feathers, cleaned out the insides, filled the carcass with salt, and buried it for three days. Then he exhumed the bird, picked off the feathers, washed off the salt, stuffed it with a mixture of corn-bread, onions, and fat pork, and baked it in a fire of scaly oak-bark and pine-cones.

(This reminds one of the Down East

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

salt-water hunters' method of preparing a sheldrake: Pick the drake. Boil him three days. Stuff him with anything you have handy. Put him on a board and bake him in a hot oven for six hours—then throw away the drake and eat the board.)

If one thing in life bothered Alec Nibbly more than any other, it was the repose of his soul after death. He wanted to be sure that he was going straight to heaven; no stoppin' off at way-stations for Alec. He wanted a through ticket. To satisfy this desire he had gone into a comparative study of all the religions he knew—the Catholic, the Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Holy Roller, the Methodist, the Congregational. He had talked to the adherents of these faiths and had considered them in their turn—yeh, verily, he had even considered the possibility of the Hebrew route, where he might have worshipped some mightily bewhiskered deity by singing *Shma Isroel addonoi elo henu.* He returned from church one Sunday morning mumbling over a quotation he had heard from the Book of Daniel. His version of the scriptural text was as follows:

"An' I stood by de ribber in dat day, an' I said to myself, says I: 'Oh Lord, which side had I better be on'!"

The quotation was soon set to music, Daniel being supplicated for the information in place of the Lord. The song went as follows:

What side ob de ribber must I be on, Daniel,
When dose angels sing dat last amen.
Daniel, Daniel,
When dose angels sing dat last amen.
When dose angels sing dat last amen.

Come take a long look in de
Great big book, Oh Daniel,
'Fore dose angels sing dat last amen.
Daniel, Daniel,
'Fore dose angels sing dat last amen.
'Fore dose angels sing dat last amen.*

. . . . . .

Fanny Black was a washwoman. She also "worked out" for white folks. She it was who walked into the church-house one Sunday morning while the congregation was singing "Hallelujah, Thine the Glory." Now Fanny was at this very time wearing a brand-new hat (at least it was brand new to her). She was proud of her hat, and through her pride in how the hat must have improved her looks she misunderstood the song, and joining in the singing she lustily declared:

Hallelujah, hardly knew you,
Hallelujah, amen,
Hallelujah, hardly knew you,
Revive us again.

Fanny's man was named Spencer—Spencer Black. He was a regular customer at Stoney Lonesome. (Stoney Lonesome is a jail-house.) Poor Fanny! She tried so hard to keep her brood of pickaninnies together, and some of them, particularly the girls, were so no-count—so unlike their mother Fanny, who, as a small child, had been a slave. One of the daughters, named Phœbe, was a "moaner." She was a powerful help in the church in the singing and the handshaking. At the age of nineteen she was taken down with a misery that at first seemed to be a tumor in the abdomen. Phœbe took hold of the tumor story and stuck to it until the child was born. After that she gave up "moanin'" for a while. Yes, those pickaninnies of Fanny Black's were a restless lot. Fanny used to say herself that they were as skittish and as hard to

*What Side of the River is reprinted from "Impressions of a Negro Camp-Meeting," by John J. Niles, by permission of Carl Fischer, Inc., New York City.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

keep in the straight and narrow path as a mule with a chestnut-bur under his tail. (She pronounced chestnut as if it were spelled "chestnuck.") But Fanny found a lot of pleasure in her work. Perhaps because she sang her way along. At the wash-tub she often sang a song about prayer that hearkened back to the slave days. She said her mammy before her sang it too.

Pray on, brother, pray on, brother,
Pray on, brother, all de day, all de day,
For before I'd be a slave,
I'd be buried in de grave
An' go home to the Lord and be saved.

Pray on, pastor, pray on, pastor,
Pray on, pastor, all de day, all de day,
'Cause you know it's God's demand,
Dat you lead us by de hand,
Else we'll never, never make de promised land.

Pray on, sister, pray on, sister,
Pray on, sister, all de day and de night,
For if you don't do your share
Of de shoutin' and de prayer,
When St. Peter calls us home you won't be there.*

Horace Walker, according to his story, had been an employee at the governor's mansion. He was a bluelip, a lady-killer, and a razor-toter. Folks say that he invented the yarn now going the rounds with the after-dinner speakers about the razor-proof collar. However, his razor-swinging nearly drew him a "term" — influence alone saved him from the Frankfort, Ky., jail-house. His court-house experiences reformed him a bit—not overmuch, but enough to encourage churchgoing and hymn-singing.

His belief in the razor as a social implement had demoted him from the governor's mansion to the tobacco warehouses at Louisville. At that time Louisville, Ky., was one of the greatest tobacco-markets in the world. That was before the loose-leaf days. Horace was a dray-loader.

At odd times he used to sing to a collection of young white boys who were sample-toters. He was best known for one he called "Drinkin' ob de Wine."

If my mother asks for me,
Tell her death's done set me free,
Ought to been dead ten thousand years,
Drinkin' ob de wine.

Tell her Jordan's foamy tide
Swept me to de yonder side,
Ought to been dead ten thousand years,
Drinkin' ob de wine,
Drinkin', drinkin',
Drinkin' ob de wine.

A few miles below Louisville, on the bank of the Ohio River, is a little negro church-house where each spring a revival meeting is held, followed by a baptizing, right out in the river. The old white-haired preacher goes out first, and with a long stick locates a spot where the water is deep enough and the current not too strong. Then the deacons escort the brethren and the sisters, who have newly joined the faith, out to the pastor, who ducks them down and pronounces them "cleansed in de name o' de Lawd." All the while the congregation stands on the bank and chants:

Brother, tell me is de water cold,
Chilly water—hallelujah for de lamb,
Brother, ain't de sweet ole story told,
Chilly water—hallelujah for de lamb.

Sister, put your hand in his'n,
Chilly water—hallelujah for de lamb,
He's de Lord, de one what's ris'n,
Chilly water—hallelujah for de lamb.

Here is another of their standbys. It is used as an exhortation.

When de graveyards open up de tomb,
Dere's a mighty army marchin' to de Lord.

*Pray On, Brother, is reprinted from "Impressions of a Negro Camp-Meeting," by John J. Niles, by permission of Carl Fischer, Inc., New York City.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When de brethren rise at de day ob doom,
Dere's a mighty army marchin' to de Lord.

Chorus:
Tell your troubles to Jesus,
He will understand,
His blood will wash away your sins
An' let you in de promised land.

Oh, when de tribulation's past,
An' Massa Jesus shows his face at last,
An' Peter blows a mighty blast,
Dere's a mighty army marchin' to de Lord.
(*Chorus.*)

Imagine a negro breaking rock at the side of a road, singing these lines as he swings his hammer:

I got a woman
In a white folks yard,
She kills a chicken,
Gives me de wing,
Thinks I'se a workin',
But I ain't doin' a thing.

Or this:

I walked in de grass and stumped my toe
On a drap o' dew as wuz hangin' low.
I put a wroppin' on my toe and said,
Please, Massa, let yo' nigger hobble off to bed.
Hants and witches, lockpicker ghost,
Can't git nowhere 'ginst de heavenly hosts.
Corn shucks, duck down, tick full o' straw,
Black man can't live by a white man's law.

Or this:

Done wore out my prayer bone a prayin',
Prayin' an' a prayin',
Ah done wore out my prayer bone a prayin',
Prayin' all de day and de night.
If somebody don't pay heed to what ah need,
Ah'm goin' to give off prayer and take my share,
'Cause I been prayin', prayin',
Prayin' all de day and de night.

White children in the back country sing some interesting play-songs—ones no doubt invented long ago. This one, for example, that refers to the rattlesnake as the "belled snake":

I hung a bell on a creepin' crawler, creepin' crawler, creepin' crawler,
I hung a bell on a creepin' crawler, 'twas a rattlin' snake.
Omma-nootcha, papa-tootcha, ick-rick-ban-do.
I hung a bell on a creepin' crawler, creepin' crawler, creepin' crawler,
I hung a bell on a creepin' crawler, 'twas a rattlin' snake.

. . . . . .

This rhyme was used by some children I used to know to "count out"; that is, when a game was played requiring some one to be "it," the leader would recite the rhyme and point to a child on each beat of the rhythm. The unfortunate "it" was the child on who the rhyme stopped.

Owl says hoo and crow says caw,
My son John he works at law.
He's goin to live on courthouse row,
In the city of Montecello.

If there were many children, the second verse was used.

Next come spring time he'll be judge,
An' worry them as carries me a grudge,
He'll law this country frum head to tail,
An' send every harem scarem off to jail.

. . . . . .

I have known little boys to recite the following rhyme after spitting on their bated fishing-hooks. The rhyme was supposed to make the fish bite, willy-nilly.

Catfish, sunfish, spoonbill, carp,
Better get to playin' on your heavenly harp.
Got a rind o' bacon snagged onto my hook,
'N ef you ain't careful, I'll hawl you outen this brook.

So you see, by drawing on the subject-matter nearest at hand, the mountain man, the hillbilly, the black man, and the clodhopper brighten a few of their dull moments with a natural gift of song—a gift very seldom found among the highly educated classes, where culture has robbed the individual of a beautiful unrestrained form of expression, and developed an unfortunate self-consciousness in its place.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All in the Day's Riding

"UP IN THE EAGLE TERRITORY"

BY WILL JAMES

ILLUSTRATION BY THE AUTHOR

Of the "tight squeezes" I've had that's in my memory to stay there's one I like to remember on account that it's past and left away behind, and right to-day when I think of it I feel a sort of cool breeze running up and down my backbone. *I was there* and the main character at the doings.

To the folks that's had no dealings or rode the ponies that's handed the cowboy in the cow countries this experience I've had and want to tell of might sound as average, and being I'd hate to see anybody go through the same so as to get the feeling, I'll go to work and do a little explaining.

Imagine if you can that you're riding a big stout ornery horse with a neck on him a foot thick and so stiff that it could hardly be bent with a block and tackle; on the end of that neck is a head that looks more like a hundred pound sledge hammer and shows about the same feeling. The only way you can turn him is to biff him alongside of the ear with your hat, and about that time he goes to bucking and stampedes away with you.

That's all that horse wants to know is buck, stampede, get you in a pinch and kill you if he can, and so spooky that every time you try to roll a cigarette on him, or even spit, he'll bog his head and make you ride for all you're worth. Them big twelve hundred pound ponies can make riding pretty rough too.

And don't anybody think I'm at all exaggerating on the horse I'm *trying* to describe; the cowboy finds plenty of just that kind on every outfit he hires out to ride for, and some worse. There's no possibility of ever exaggerating on how a range bronc can act.

"Spooks" is the name of the hammer-headed pony I'm telling of; when he was a colt he'd bucked into a hornet's nest with a feller and kept a bucking at every little excuse since. The shadow of a bird on the ground was enough to get him started, and a hornet or deer fly hanging around his nose was sure to make him act up. He'd strike at 'em and go to bucking from there, and the way he could reach your spurs with his hind feet didn't make things at all comfortable for the rider that was on him.

But he was a good horse and no ride was too long for him; he'd be just as ready to buck with you after a hard day's work as he was when first saddled. I had him buffaloed a little and behaving pretty fair in good country, but when we'd be where the land was cut up and rough and steep I think he had *me* buffaloed a little too, and he sure knowed it. I never did like the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There was no foolishness left in that big horse just that minute.—Page 750.

From a drawing by Will James.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thought of what that pony would do to me once he'd got me in a pinch.

And that's where my experience comes in; he finally did get me in a pinch, and I figger all that saved me was that he'd got himself in the same pinch too; he was sure careful with his own hide.

I was riding that horse on circle one morning—it was during the spring round-up. Tracks on the sandy trail leading up into the Bad Lands was the cause of me turning my horse and going after the stock that'd left the signs. I started out after 'em on a high lope till the climb got Spooks to wanting to slow down some, and as the trail was narrowing fast I let him.

We pegged along on a dog trot for quite a ways and the trail kept a getting narrower; the cattle had left it but I figgered they'd be on top of the pinnacle and the best way to get there was to follow the trail I was on. We crossed a few bad spots and as the trail got higher and steeper and narrowed I noticed that Spooks was getting ticklish and "scared at his tail" for no excuse; he was getting even with me for the way I'd make him behave on the flats. I couldn't spin him around up there on that trail or set him where I wanted him, and he knowed it.

We was up amongst the eagle territory and a long ways down to flat ground and that daggone horse was taking it out on me by acting like he was going to stampede any minute and go to bucking down into "China." The trouble was, I knowed he was fool enough to do it, which made me feel at times like I wanted to be a little bird and just fly away. It was a mighty good country for birds up there, and goats too.

I was making myself as small as possible and kept mighty quiet as we kept a going up and up; I was handing pet words to that horse while at the same time I was wishing I had him down in decent country where I could take the kink out of him.

But the worst was yet to come and I sure realized it at a glance as I looked on the trail ahead. The spring waters had washed out a big gash on the face of the cliff; it'd took out six feet off the trail and where that trail resumed again on the other side it was about two feet higher which made it all mighty hard to jump.

To a trained jumping horse it would of been easy enough, *maybe,* but the range bronc is not much on jumping except when he's bucking and besides that little six foot jump which might of been cleared easy on level ground sure looked a heap different; it seemed wider, deeper and yawning a heap, away up there. I couldn't take a run at it on account that the narrow space my horse was on called for a lot of care as to where each foot was put.

I noticed all that at a glance, and seen there was nothing for me to do but ride on to where I had to stop, and that came soon enough. Spooks realized quicker than I did that here was a place where he could sure put in his bluff and scare the life out of me, and he done a fine job. He stood there for a minute sizing up everything that was to his advantage; he snorted and shook himself and started rearing up, and all the while I only wanted him to stand so I could figger a way past the bad place.

There was no turning back, for as it was there was only about two feet of trail to stand on and on both sides of us was straight up and *down,* for a couple of hundred feet. I couldn't even get out of my saddle on account that, as it was,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my right leg was plumb up against the bank, and if I'd ever tried anything like getting off of him right then that pony would of found it a mighty nice chance to kick the belly off of me; it was on the wrong side to get off, too, the injun side.

I think I prayed there for a while, and while Spooks was acting up and showing indications that he was going to start down any second I was studying the bank on the other side and wondering if my horse could jump it whether it would hold him or not; but I had no choice and thought I'd better try it before that horse got it into his head to start flying down off our perch.

I showed him the trail as best I could and let him snort at the opening he had to jump. Just then a little hornet started buzzing and I didn't want to think what would happen if that daggone hornet ever got near Spooks's nose; instead I acted. I showed the horse the trail once again and then I touched him with the spur.

He let out a snort but behaved pretty good till he come to where he had to make the jump, and there he stopped sudden, so sudden that the earth started giving out from under him, and we was starting to slide over the edge.

By some miracle he caught himself and then I felt kinda weak all at once. I never could stand height. We both stood there and shivered for a spell and when my heart slowed down to a walk once again, I begin to see red. I was getting peeved clear thru at the idea of that fool horse getting funny at such a place.

From then on I made that horse think I had him on a big flat, and I started him acrost with no light persuading. That sure took him by surprise and when it come time for him to jump he sure never hesitated; I didn't give him time to. He stretched out like a flying squirrel and sailed over to the other side, his front feet connected with solid earth but his hind ones didn't have no such luck.

I wasn't peeved no more right about then, I was just plain scared and my heart went up my throat. There was no foolishness left in that big horse just that minute either, he worked and clawed and every time the dirt would give away from under one hind foot another would come up and get a new hold till it seemed like there'd be no end to it.

The big horse was gradually going further back and loosing ground at every lunge he'd make, and he was taking me with him— I had a good chance to jump off of him right then and be sure of getting good footing but that never come to my mind, and I knowed that my weight on his withers was all that was saving him from falling straight over backwards into nowheres.

Spooks realized that, I know, and he was putting up a game fight. He was still trying when most ponies would quit and go down; and finally, when all hopes seemed past the big bay horse let out a squeal and tore at the earth with his hoofs till it shook all around. I felt his back muscles working even under my saddle and then, all at once his hind feet found solid earth.

We went on a ways till the trail broadened out some and we seen clear sailing ahead; then I got out of my saddle and loosened up the cinches so as to give him a good chance to breathe. Spooks was sure taking advantage of it and he didn't seem to mind when I run my hand along his neck.

"Little horse," I says as I rubs him back of the ears, "you may be a dam' fool, sometimes, but you've sure got guts."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Death on Carmine Street

BY HENRY MEADE WILLIAMS

Author of "Interlude," etc.

NINA was dead. He heard the fat Irish janitor say good-by to John in the kitchen, where they had been talking. Then he heard his heavy steps as he walked slowly out of the room into the long, dark corridor of the tenement.

A street-car clanged by. A heavy truck rumbled over the cobblestones. The faucet in the kitchen dripped unevenly. He looked at his hands.

Nina was dead. She was lying on the bed four feet from him. If he lifted his head he would see her body, soft, young, under the sheet. He would see her face, white, young, expressionless. But he couldn't look up.

John would leave him soon, in a few minutes. He had to go to the store—he had to go back to the store as the clerk with a smile.

He would be alone then—alone in that room with his wife who was dead. There would be a funeral—he supposed. Some one would come to take her away. They would take her to some place to bury her. To bury Nina! To put her in a coffin and to put the coffin in the ground. They were going to bury her—they were going to take Nina away.

He put his hand to his forehead.

"Say, George, can I get something for you?" John asked from the doorway.

"Naw, John, thanks." George dropped his hand and looked up. His eye caught the white sheet.

"Well," he said, and then, "well——"

He got up, his old blue serge suit showing wrinkles at the back of the knees, for he had been sitting there for a long time.

"Listen, kid"—John came over to him — "take it easy, now — take it easy."

"Sure."

"Yeah, but, well, take it easy."

George stepped up closer to the bed and looked over. She was lying there exactly as if she were asleep—in deep sleep. He had seen her that way before. Her lips were still red — with rouge. She was naked under the sheet —her body, which he had felt so cool and strong beside his.

"I'll take it easy," he said. "When you going to the store?"

"Well—I got to go now."

"Well, go ahead. I'll stick around here. I won't go to the garage to-day."

"I'll stick with you, if you want me."

"What's the use?"

"All right, if you feel that way. So long."

What was the use of carrying on that way? he thought. Why did John act so funny? Why did every one act so funny? They came in and whispered, walked around, poked their noses into corners and cupboards, and stared at Nina's quiet body. What did they want? Did they want to give sympathy? Did they want to be kind? Or did they like to see a fellow suffer—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unhappy? Or did they feel they had to and came around because of that—and because they wanted to see?

When John had gone, George left the foot of the bed and walked over to the kitchen sink and turned on the cold water and let it run. Then he took down a thick white cup and drank two cups of water.

(Up-town, in the big hotels of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, she got a great kick out of sitting in the lobbies and watching the rich people go in and out.)

He walked back to the chair by the bed and stood behind it, staring at the lucky-sign pattern on the greenish-brown rug. There were ashes on the floor—he ought to sweep them up.

John was probably at Levine's now, buying his package of cigarettes and telling Ikey about Nina. He would say: "Yeah—she died last evening. George is taking it fine."

Why did John admire him for not showing what he called his "sorrow"?

(Out at Far Rockaway on Saturday afternoons Nina swam all the way out to the farthest float and back.)

He ought to sweep up those ashes.

The walls of the room were green. He could hear some one running the player-piano next door. "Blue skies . . ."

He sat down on the chair by the bed. A heavy wagon went by, iron wheels on the cobblestones. His mouth was dry again.

(Nina wore swell clothes. There was one, a black velvet dress with a white collar and a black coat with black fur.)

George was lighting another cigarette when some one knocked at the door. He didn't move. He didn't want them coming in. He wanted to be alone. Why the hell should he open the door and let a whole bunch of whispering, nodding women come into his place? This was Nina's and his place.

There was another knock, a little louder. Maybe it was . . . No—that was too soon. He wouldn't come just now.

(In winter Nina put on high shoes and tramped down Carmine Street to Seventh Avenue and then up Seventh Avenue all the way to Central Park and back.)

He got up and went to the door. It was Mrs. Patch and her sister-in-law Jenny, who was always sick. They came in nodding and giving him a funny smile. Their hands were warm and sticky. He watched them as they tiptoed into the room, and wondered how long it would be before they would begin to cry and slobber and say the things Mrs. Donohue had said early that morning.

"Blue skies shining above,
Nothing but blue skies,
Dreaming of . . ."

"Come in," he heard himself say; "won't you sit down?"

Mrs. Patch shook her head. "We just heard about your—your misfortune, Mr. Lehmy, and we thought we'd drop in for a minute."

He thanked them.

Jenny said nothing. She stood staring at the bed with the sheet over it.

"You want to look at her?" he said.

Mrs. Patch lowered her head. He knew that was why she'd come.

(On Sunday morning Nina read to him from the magazines. She liked the stories about desert islands and log cabins the best.)

He picked the sheet up gently and drew it back. He heard Mrs. Patch catch her breath and click her tongue. Jenny leaned over, but she made no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sound. She didn't even shake her head, as Mrs. Patch did.

"Aw, ain't it a pity?" Mrs. Patch said. "So young and ain't she pretty, and lying there just as if she was asleep!"

Then she turned her big, fleshy face, with its smooth chilblained skin toward him. "But 'tis His wish," she whispered. "He watches over us and takes the young and the old alike when He thinks it's best." And she shook her head and looked at the bed again. "But it don't seem fair, she's so young, and you are too, Mr. Lehmy. And you was so happy together. I was just telling Jenny here, this morning, after Mrs. Donohue had told me, that it don't seem fair. And yet, it was His wishes that it should be so." And she crossed herself.

Jenny had moved away. She was standing by the window, but she was staring at the bed. Her eyes clung to Nina's face and her hands twisted the curtain-strings. She looked frightened.

"She was always so good," Mrs. Patch went on, and George saw that she was working herself up to a cry. "She never went out of this house without calling to ask if she could fetch something for me. She would always call up: 'Mrs. Patch, can I . . .' "

(On their vacation at Atlantic City they had danced all night and had gone back to the hotel early in the morning; the sea was gray and smelt salty; the air was misty and they were the only people on the boardwalk.)

" '. . . get something for you?' Sometimes she'd come up and help me with Jenny, when Jenny had a spell." Mrs. Patch was now crying. George watched the large tears roll out of the corners of her eyes and slide down her big face.

Jenny had left the window and had silently gone over to the foot of the bed, where she leaned on the brass knob, and with wide-open eyes stared at Nina.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked again.

Mrs. Patch glanced at Jenny. "No, thanks just the same, but I think we'd better go on." She indicated Jenny. Then, in a still lower whisper, her breath against his ear, she said: "She's afraid of death. She's almost passed away four times. Her heart." And she put her fat hand against her left side.

George nodded. He wondered why Mrs. Patch brought Jenny with her.

They went out the door, Mrs. Patch holding Jenny's hand and leading her out as if she were a child who did not want to go so soon.

As he closed the door and the room was quiet again he heard for the first time that morning the ticking of the clock. He looked at it. It was quarter past ten. John had told him that the undertaker would be there at two-thirty.

George felt very tired. He walked across the room to the chair by the bed, and, lighting a cigarette, he sat down.

(She sat opposite him at the little oilcloth-covered table in the kitchen, and laughingly she explained to him how she kept track of the household expenses.)

He heard the policeman's whistle at the intersection of Carmine Street and Seventh Avenue. Children were shouting in the courtyard below.

He didn't dare let himself think about it. Every once in a while he felt himself come to the brink of it and wait there, ready to dive down, to let go of everything and go far, far down. But he didn't dare.

He wanted to lie down on the bed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beside Nina and rest his head on her shoulder and hold her hand. He wanted to talk to her—to have her talk to him. He wanted to see her jump up and laugh and come over and put her arms . . .

Maybe he should read the paper—it would be better.

(Ethel and Walter and Frank Milligan and his girl, and Nina and himself, over at Frank's place, drinking and playing cards. And Nina's voice: "I'll raise you ten." Then—"Hey, George, lend me some money.")

Christ! Why did this come!

He was suddenly kneeling by the bed. His face was buried against the mattress and his hands were holding hers.

("Let's go out to supper to-night, George. Let's go to a chop-suey joint.")

He looked up. He looked at her. Her face seemed to have fallen a little—her head sagged on the pillow. Her black hair was over her ears. He put out his hand and touched her forehead.

(Sometimes at night she stood behind the ironing-board, her face a little flushed, her head bent, her arms pressing against her breasts as she moved the iron back and forth.)

Her forehead was cold and it made him shudder. He looked at the eyes—the lids barely covered the pupils. He was afraid they would suddenly slide back and Nina's blue eyes would stare at him. What would they look like? Would they just look unseeing past him? Or would they have fallen back against the sockets?

Why did he think those things? What was the matter with him?

(When they were married at the Municipal Building she turned to him. "How easy that was!" she said.)

Suddenly he put his hand under her head and raised it slightly. Then he brought his hands under her shoulders and raised her whole body and brought it close to his. His lips touched hers. He kissed her gently.

(And that night Nina said: "I never knew love was like this. Oh, darling, love me, hold me, don't let me go, don't ever let me go!")

What had happened? Time had passed—he felt it. It was late—where was he? He must get up—it was time to go to work. Nina was still asleep.

God, no!

It was two-thirty. They were coming soon. They were coming soon to take her away.

Then he heard John's voice outside the door talking to some one. John had left the store to be there now.

"Hello, George," John said. "This is Mr. Jackson, he will help us out."

Jackson was quiet. He didn't have the sick smile he expected an undertaker to have. He was nice and quiet. He came in and shook hands. "I'm sorry, Mr. Lehmy," he said.

George said: "Oh, that's all right." And Mr. Jackson looked at him curiously.

John came up to him. "He's going to bring her over to his place."

"Yeah, John, I know."

"How do you feel, George?"

"All right."

"Take it easy now. Better come into the kitchen for a minute."

Three other men — quiet like Mr. Jackson, but with sick smiles—came into the room with the coffin.

"I'll stick around here, John."

"Sure, go ahead if you want to."

He saw Mr. Jackson place a white sheet on the bed beside her. He smoothed it out. The three men bent over her.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They moved the body, slowly, carefully, on the other sheet and into the coffin without changing her position—without taking away her own sheet.

They walked, in step, with the coffin out the door.

He turned to John. "Give me a cigarette, John, will you?"

On the German Spirit of To-day

BY JOSEPH L. MAYER

A German citizen, who fought in the late war, puts pertinent questions to America. This article is especially noteworthy in that it is not the expression of a politician or a newspaper correspondent, but of one who represents the average German.

On being asked to write on this subject, the question was forced upon me, whether the time had come for a German to be able to give his opinion to an American public with the necessary frankness yet without causing a polemic. After many discussions with Americans I think myself entitled to make the attempt.

Allow me to mention as an introduction that I am of Alemannic origin and thoroughly German in thought and feeling. Having practised as a doctor almost thirty years in Baden-Baden—one of Germany's most famous health resorts—I have met all sorts and conditions of men and women from all parts of my country. Also I have seen and appreciated much that is good and admirable in foreign countries, though I am not one of those cosmopolitans who foul their own nest and flatter you—I am sorry to say there exist such caricatures of the German spirit—but I know myself one with the fate of my country, in which I wish to live and die as a freeman.

Among the teachers that have had a lasting influence upon the development of my mind, I must mention two great Americans—R. W. Emerson and Walt Whitman. *I have never for a moment forgotten this* and have come to the following conclusion: if there were among the great peoples of the world a sufficient number of men who had gained a thorough mutual understanding through the mediation and reflection of their great representatives, even the gravest political conflict would be quickly overcome without ever leaving lasting traces upon their minds. *In spiritual union with what is best in others lies a peace momentum of inestimable value.* And consequently also the most serious discussions would take place in a spirit of true nobility. Should any one think this an illusion, I should like to remind him that there are illusions more powerful than steel and iron.

Before beginning to write I inquired of a great number of my countrymen what they had observed of the German

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spirit of to-day. Naturally I received the most diverse answers from my surprised friends. The most conscientious ones objected that it was well-nigh impossible to ascertain the spirit of a people of more than 60 million souls, each possessing an individuality of its own. But this very answer, pointing out the general dislike of being typed reveals to us a prominent characteristic of the true German who does not care to be catalogued despite the levelling influence of the military drill under the former empire. His individuality has not been exhausted by forming innumerable states and statelets in the Middle Ages, the remains of which are our present federal states; it shows itself also nowadays in a very vivid manner in the impossible splintering of the political factions of our Reichstag. Americans, ignorant of German conditions and not having studied them personally, can hardly form a true picture of this. All repeatedly attempted measures to overcome this evil have to the present day been absolutely ineffectual.

Would you like to become acquainted with the futilities of our parties? I am sorry I cannot be your guide; I must follow another line. Every individual German would like best to form a party of his own. That is a well-known matter. When my friends ask me why I take no part in active politics, I answer them that I am an Ultra-Communist-Conservative and that I have not yet finished drawing up my programme. They understand and laugh.

Are we to perceive in this trait of the German a particularly pronounced love of freedom? You will most probably remark that other nations possess at least as much of it without suffering from the same political defect in as high a degree, and I shall have to resign myself to the fact that we have simply to do with a lack of political discipline, the deplorable effects of which show themselves often enough in the history of our nation. Is our history the consequence of this defect? Is this defect a consequence of the tragic history of imperial dreams in the Middle Ages and of our varying historical fate as the most exposed nation of Central Europe? Who can decide this definitely?

And yet I believe the balance will incline toward the latter view. If after the war Clemenceau, "the tiger," showed the line to be taken by France to leave the Germans to themselves and their internal discord, because France had been accustomed for centuries to profit thereby, we shall yet have to state that so far the half-century of empire has not passed without giving us a lasting lesson.

We have thoroughly realized the importance of our great unity, and despite the unfortunate ending of the war it has remained in our memory. Tremendous was the external pressure weighing upon our people and likewise tremendous the mass of explosives accumulating internally. Under these most difficult circumstances the unity of the nation was preserved except for some unimportant convulsions which took place. This must be considered as an enormous feat of strength, and one might be tempted to foretell that all separatist desires in some western parts of the empire occupied by the Allies are a thing of the past, all the more as this spirit was only represented by a very small but all the noisier minority of the population, chiefly by culprits and bribable wretches.

Certainly we can safely affirm that separatism—which does not mean the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

same as the pronounced will of self-government of the single states within the federal constitution—is practically dead. The unity of the empire in the mutilated condition in which the Peace of Versailles has left it has proved an immovable fact despite all internal party splits and external shocks.

This means a great deal and justifies us in affirming that *individualism and unionism keep the balance in the German of to-day;* he no more feels inclined to sacrifice the one to the other. Should any one wish to talk of the preponderance of one over the other he must not forget to mention also the stronger tendency for centralizing within the federal constitution that is to be noticed here and there and not only among the ranks of the Social-Democrats.

With this I think we have already touched on the German spirit; this can be affirmed with the best conscience and will hardly meet with contradiction in spite of Bavarian independence. If prophets in Germany were not in such bad odor since the end of the war, I should even feel inclined to say that unity will never more be lost to us, unless the League of Nations should in case of need prove unable to save us in our military impotence from being shattered by some external force. And even such a fate would always only touch us temporarily. For in this respect our tragic history offers a comfort at the same time. Germany has always recovered, even after the hardest blows.

Moreover, 2 millions of her sons have sacrificed their lives for the unity of the "Reich" (German Empire). This is an historical fact of the utmost specific weight and will not be easily forgotten. In comparison with this, the second sacrificial consecration of our unity, the first in 1870, almost disappears. Besides, misfortune lends it a still more intensive value.

All the more amazing, on the other hand, it must seem that another factor concerning these 2 million German soldiers is completely effaced from the German consciousness and appears to be of interest only to the chronicler. It is the fact—you may consider it creditable or discreditable to us—that these 2 millions fell by French, English, Russian, American, and other bullets. Germans in general possess extremely little faculty for hating, and bear no ill will, especially after the cessation of hostilities. Napoleon I was vastly astonished that the Prussians did not kill a single one of his soldiers after the retreat of his defeated army from Russia, disorganized into helpless bands of beggars, as he had experienced in Spain, where his forces were decimated by the bullets and daggers of the inhabitants.

We have fought innumerable times with the French, so that the term "hereditary enemy" is not in any way remarkable. The ruins of the Heidelberg Castle, those of Hohenbaden crowning my native town of Baden-Baden, and so many others recall their repeated and most unfriendly visits in former times. The present occupation of the Rhine valley and of the Palatinate, whose towns and villages they levelled once with the ground, means little more to us than the pressure of a tight shoe. And yet will you believe me when I assure you that nine-tenths of all Germans would be happy at the idea of a political understanding even of a closer link with France, if lasting peace could *thereby be secured to Europe?*

Will you call want of self-respect that which only meets the laws of political common sense in a race not born to hate blindly?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let me lay stress on the fact that this was not only the trend of thought of the defeated of 1918 but also of the victors of 1870, though with this difference: that before the World War no German would have paid the price of Alsace-Lorraine for an alliance with France.

If one may consider the realization of the unquestionable value of our state-union (Reichseinheit) in the federal sense as a characteristic of the German spirit, there are two further points on which all Germans, irrespective of party (with exception of the Communists) or standpoint, are of one mind—that is as I have already hinted: the conviction of the absolute necessity of peace as a condition of existence and, secondly, the moral strength and saving power of work. Let me recall to you that also the old empire, only intent upon the development of its economic resources, preserved peace to Europe for forty-four years. This should not be forgotten. How much more is the Germany of to-day in its absolute military impotence dependent on peace. The weakest of our neighbors has still an army more than twice as strong as ours, not to mention the want of all modern technical resources of warfare on our side caused by the Peace Treaty. If our wings had not been clipped in every way, we might well represent the ideal European angel of peace.

Every additional word is unnecessary. Even the strictest Conservatives recognize clearly our real situation. It will have to be proved, as said above, whether the League of Nations in case of need is strong enough to place in their proper places those despotically inclined against a disarmed nation of 60 millions. Quite a new problem! However, one circumstance seems to offer a more reliable voucher for our safety. It cannot be to the advantage of certain powers destined to keep a watchful eye on the peace in Central Europe to permit Germany to be still further debilitated.

The virtue unanimously accorded to the Germans by even the least sympathetic of their foreign critics was diligence. You might almost come to believe that the Creator had for this reason designated us to be the honey-purveyors of all Europe. Whether the owner of the bees deprive them of their honey or not, the bee must work. I cannot pretend that we are very delighted with this mission, which seems to be ours for years to come.

Work, however, has always been a creed in Germany, and is to-day more than ever a sheer necessity. If formerly prejudices existed, they did not apply to work as such but to menial work or business, and that only among some of the upper ten. This also has changed. No German is unhappy when he has to work hard, but is so when he is condemned to a life of idleness, as, unfortunately, so many are for whom there is simply no work. The unavoidable dole to the unemployed has, it is true, bred mischief, as the war did before; but the general will to work, the genuine pride in providing for oneself, remains in most cases. We all know that nothing but indefatigable work will in the long run help us to rise, though for the present it affords for the great majority of Germans but a bare sufficiency, leaving no surplus.

We may, however, not disregard that reviving prosperity will be the best safeguard of internal peace and a guaranty for the durability of the republic. If there is unanimity on the importance of *unity, peace,* and *work* among the Germans, there is no unanimity in the way

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we bear our national misfortune and in certain deductions drawn therefrom.

Every nation argues from its own standpoint. The Germans, of course, were inwardly convinced of their full right just as every other nation engaged in the war. Their cause was a sacred one in their eyes. "God with us" was on our banners and in our hearts. "We went to war with clean hands," says Hindenburg. We considered ourselves to be at least as good Christians as anybody in the world.

How was it possible under these circumstances that unparalleled sacrifices and feats should have ended with an unparalleled collapse? There are many who judge history in the spirit of Hebrew history. According to this idea a power rules history dispensing reward and punishment for merit and sin.

Militarism and *materialism* were, according to the words of these castigators among our own ranks, the Moloch and Baal to whom we were supposed to have gone over from the high culture ideals under the sign of which we had lived in the Golden Age of our philosophy and poetry or from the religious ideals of the Reformation. They stigmatized this turning away from the German poets to technics, economy, general drill, and world politics as treachery to the German soul. They saw in the unfortunate ending to the war a divine punishment, a just dispensation of Providence, who, like the rest of the world, preferred the harmless German dreamer to the more inconvenient German chemist, business man, engineer, and soldier.

The disarmament by the enemy was not necessary; the nation broke the weapons with which for four years it had so often triumphed until it reached the point of misery. An elementary cosmopolitan movement in connection with Wilson's Fourteen Points took hold of the nation that had felt itself separated and excluded from the rest of the world. Schiller's words, "Seid umschlungen, Millionen, diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt" (Be embraced, millions, this kiss to the whole world), exercised their well-known irresistible spell. A strong wave of occultism swept the country as a kind of ultraidealism. An onslaught began against the materially inclined exact sciences and their arrogant claim to mental supremacy. This was the harrowing spectacle the German spirit presented in its unspeakable disappointment and despair.

Opposed, however, to these Jeremiahs, as I will call them, in whose eyes we were great sinners, and who vied with each other in attributing the guilt of the misfortune to us alone by giving vent to passionate self-accusation and self-abasement, there was a party of Jobs, as I will call them. They were and are far from losing their self-respect even in the greatest misery in spite of their sorrow bordering on despair.

Job 29:14:
I put on righteousness and it clothed me;
My justice was as a robe and a diadem.
Job 30:1:
But now they that are younger than I have me in derision.
Job 30:9:
And now I am become their song,
Yea, I am a byword unto them.
Job 32:1:
So these three men ceased to answer Job because he was righteous in his own eyes.

It would have little meaning to defend the standpoint of the Jobs to American readers as the only justifiable one. We naturally see things in a different light. But one thing is absolutely clear to me; that is, that *you,* that means all *true* Americans, would be Jobs at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

least, *if not more, in our place*. The device, "Right or wrong, my country," goes much further than Job, and it was not "Made in Germany."

The United States in their totality have never experienced a great national misfortune and they are not likely to do so, considering the size of the country and its geographical position. Only the Southern States had once to drink the bitter cup to the very dregs, and so they know what it means. But time heals wounds.

Too short a time has, however, elapsed for us. Jeremiahs and Jobs are opposed to each other as to the deeper causes of our misfortune, though much less sharply now than in the first years of our catastrophe. The former will have to realize that not only the unjust are humiliated by God; the latter —that also the just have to bow down before the inscrutable will of the Almighty. Both will have to find each other in what is truly German. At any rate, dull resignation is not given to us. "Faust" is a part of *our* gospel. This our greatest German poem, though in general built upon the idea of the Book of Job, is yet filled with strong Germanic instincts, and its hero is not the type of pure holiness. A strong nature coping with life in every way can hardly be as immaculate as Job. If only the well-spring of good is alive in him, such a man will atone by deeds for the sins in which he has been entangled. Neither self-abasement nor self-justification, only strength, strength that forces irresistibly onward and upward, is imperative. This is the idea of Faust, and in this the divided spirits of Germany will unite again, no doubt.

Only one must not imagine to oneself those deeds as M. Poincaré does, who has reckoned the war-debt obligation of Germany as 132 milliards (billions). The entire national fortune of pre-war rich Germany amounted to 250–300 milliards. That would approximately mean that the Germans would no more own their native soil, but that they would be generously permitted to cultivate it diligently for all time for the benefit of their former adversaries as a nation of helots.

I do not speak of the legal right of such a claim—legal rights are cheap in the hands of the mighty—but purely and solely of the possibility of its fulfilment and of a policy insisting on it. Who does not realize that such a joke cannot be inflicted upon the second greatest nation of Europe without being a permanent latent danger to the peace of the Continent, even though it be the most long-suffering nation on earth? This must be especially acknowledged and accentuated by the most dispassionate judge and truest friend of peace who does not believe in the immutability of power and political combinations however firmly and surely they appear to be anchored for the moment.

A policy, on the other hand, that makes use of powerful conjunctions to attain its objects seems to me better than a policy that presumes on power. Idealism of this kind goes hand in hand with mathematics. Germany has shown her candid wish for peace in Locarno and Geneva, and did so even though the Rhineland and the Palatinate were still occupied by our former enemies and present colleagues in the League of Nations. Europe needs a peace based on the spirit and the welfare of the nations. Germany has not succeeded in attaining that object. We shall see whether France, once more the leading power on the Continent, will have more luck with it; but then she will finally

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have to turn from the gratification of her triumph and from a policy of strangulation to a truly European one.

Germany does not dream of shirking her obligations. We have lost and must pay. This is simple logic. Every one sees it. Only the burden must not be heavier than can be borne. It must be made possible for the Germans, after their terrible losses, after paying the unheard-of public taxes, and their cost of living, to put aside a modest nest-egg for their old age. But how shall this be managed considering the curtailed export of our industry—that is to say—our chief income, the Dawes obligations, and the charge of supporting the tremendous number of war-invalids, widows, and orphans, the unemployed, and the disabled old people who lost everything during the inflation!

I know, for instance, an old doctor of eighty who had made a fortune in a life of untiring activity; enough to support himself and his invalid wife. He received until recently a public dole of twelve dollars a month, and his relatives scraped a few more marks together for the old people. Summer and winter he shuffled to the soup-kitchen to fetch some food in a tin pail for himself and his feeble-minded wife. She died a short time ago and this helper of suffering humanity was taken to the poor-house. He is one in a hundred thousand. Let the following sums speak for themselves: 795,000 war-invalids, and among them 1,800 blind, cost the state 333 million marks a year; 375,000 war-widows, 780,000 war-orphans, and 232,000 needy parents receive 394 million marks.

Science is food! How can Germany afford the indispensable expenses for its scientific institutes utterly handicapped as she is? Or shall she be excluded from the holy community of human culture because she has lost the war? Is a nation entitled to a cultured existence only after winning a war?

And, furthermore, how shall Communism at length be kept down in a country where general discontent is fed by intolerable, strangling taxes? If it is good to know that life is to be built on the foundation of heroism, it is not good to nourish the heroism of despair by cruel force.

What German would be foolish enough to utter one word sounding like threat? We have fallen too low. But I ask: Is it *wise* to place the great civilized nation in the centre of Europe that has given the world a Goethe, Kant, Beethoven, that has founded its idea of freedom irrespective of things mechanical, under a political and economical pressure of unheard-of harshness? And I want above all to ask those Americans who carried arms against us: Does it meet with their approval to see their former adversary in invisible but no less unworthy bonds of slavery? I cannot believe this. Did not we soldiers know that every one of us did but his sacred duty?

A politician's profession is, of course, somewhat different to a soldier's; it is that of a sober calculator, but let him be a clever one, as he, too, must take into consideration humaneness and respect toward the defeated adversary as a factor of certain value.

And wherefore do the German people bear no malice toward America? Do we Germans wish, perhaps, to make up feebly once more? Oh, no! Nothing is further from the minds of the Germans of to-day. But wherefore then? I will tell you. Because the first dove with the olive-branch, the first sign of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

humanity, came from across the sea. It was for our miserable, half-starved children, and it was a real soldier that placed himself at the head of the movement. Never will the German nation forget this. Call this sentimentality whosoever will!

The second thing was the enforcement of the Dawes Plan in the teeth of a world of opposition as a first still imperfect attempt at reconciling our liability with our capability of payment.

The third reason is the confidence that the American nation has placed, and still places, in us as our banker, thus helping us to re-establish our industrial life on a sound basis, which certainly does not exclude a certain amount of practical self-interest on her side.

And, finally, there is still one point to be mentioned; namely, Americans are again visiting our country and our spas in ever-increasing numbers, altogether giving us the feeling of people superior to and free of the spasms of war. War is an affair of states; individuals do their duty. And war is over. Thus their noble-minded attitude. This is a great thing, a very great thing. And yet you must not take it amiss if I and many of my countrymen firmly trust that this will not be the last cause for gratitude on the part of my unfortunate country toward the United States.

Besides the conviction of our inextinguishable vitality, besides the success we are entitled to expect from our indefatigable efforts and the glowing example of Hindenburg, the personification of our most unselfish ideals—it is not in the last place—this trust in "Broad America's" support that allows us to look confidently and undauntedly into the future.

Self-help is a supreme law for man and, therefore, also for a nation of men. But sad as it is, self-help alone does not suffice for our salvation. Take the loftiest principle as a great reality, it nevertheless has its boundaries in other realities. How does this word "self-help" sound in the ears of a man who lies in a hole with broken bones! Germany has learnt what solidarity of nations means.

"The Germans smile through their tragedy" an American wrote home last summer from his travels in Germany. The general spirit of ardor, of ceaseless regeneration, struck him and many of his countrymen agreeably. They felt in the spirit of the "Fatherland" something akin to their own. The German oak has not withered. But there is still too much of tragedy in Germany. The burden that weighs on us most heavily after the tremendous crisis we have gone through is the reparation problem.

I am a physician and not a financier, thank God, and therefore I will not discuss the matter. But two principles appear to me to be of fundamental importance, not only to us Germans but in quite as great a measure to our creditors:

Firstly: Germany takes and receives loans only for productive purposes.

Secondly: The reparation payments have to be raised from the industries that have benefited by the loan—*viz., from our labor,* and must consequently be gauged by these possibilities.

It seems to me the first of these points is more clearly recognized by those responsible on both sides than the second. Both, however, are equally necessary. Any deviation from one of them would infallibly aggravate the evil instead of alleviating it, which is certainly intended, because it lies in the interest of all. In the ancient Norse saga Gimles, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new Walhalla's golden roof, rises again from destruction after the "Twilight of the Gods." This saga almost takes the place of a faith with the Germans—"The Germans smile through their tragedy."

But the path to be followed can be indifferent to no one—I venture to say not even to a free citizen of the great United States. Every nation of course has a genius of her own, but there was a poet who sang both for you and for us:

SALUT AU MONDE!

"What cities the light or the warmth penetrate, I penetrate those cities myself,
All islands to which birds wing their way, I wing my way myself.
Toward you all in America's Name
I raise high the perpendicular hand, I make the signal,
To remain after me in sight forever,
For all the haunts and homes of men."

As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

On the evening of Maundy Thursday and on the following Saturday afternoon Bach's "The Passion of Our Lord, according to Saint Matthew," was produced in New York under the leadership of that consummate artist, Ossip Gabrilowitsch. In many ways the occasion was memorable. Two special trains brought from Detroit the Symphony Orchestra and the large company of singers composing the Madrigal Club and the Orpheus Club. The soloists were Madame Matzenauer, Madame Vreeland, Reinald Werrenrath, Richard Crooks, and Fred Patton. Advance notices in the papers had requested the audience to wear black clothes, and to refrain from applause. Carnegie Hall was sold out, and a vast number of men and women preferred to stand rather than to miss the music. Mr. Gabrilowitsch prefaced the performance with an admirable expository lecture, explaining the nature of the piece, its peculiarities, the necessary cuts, and then with a dignity, reverence, and sincerity characteristic of a devout priest—and Mr. Gabrilowitsch always seems to me the high priest of music—spoke with deeply moving solemnity of the Passion itself.

The three Detroit organizations were assisted by the boy choir of St. Thomas's Church, New York. The chorales were sung by Detroit choirs placed far back in the auditorium and in the galleries, which added an effect indescribably beautiful and impressive. Mr. Gabrilowitsch conducted without the score—an amazing feat of memory—and he was imitated in this respect by Madame Matzenauer. I am still hoping that some day I may see repeated the extraordinary *tour de force* of Hans von Bülow, who on certain occasions not only conducted without the score but forced

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every member of the orchestra to dispense with it, so with no sheets of paper and no racks, the players, with their eyes fixed on their leader, worked away as if inspired.

Those who object to conducting without the score have sometimes maintained that the leader must see in his mind every note of every instrument—a manifest impossibility; this objection is of no moment, for even with the score in front of him it is likewise impossible for the conductor to see every note.

Mr. Gabrilowitsch expressed the wish that on some future occasion he might produce the entire "Saint Matthew Passion" without cuts; this would mean giving the first half one day and the concluding portion the next. I echo this wish, and when he does it, may I be there to hear and worship!

Mr. Jefferson Webb, the admirable vice-president and manager of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, deserves great credit for carrying through successfully the practical details of this difficult undertaking. Ability and energy are characteristic of this man.

The fact that these organizations made this special pilgrimage from Detroit to New York to produce this mighty work gave to the occasion an unusual interest and importance. It was like going in the old days to the "Passion Play," or going to Bayreuth to hear "Parsifal." I wonder if all music-lovers in America realize how much we owe to Ossip Gabrilowitsch, who is not only a great conductor and a great pianist but who is a man of the deepest sincerity, loftiest ideals, and nobility of character. His heart and brain work together. It is a great thing for Americans that we have such a musician and such a man.

The thirteenth-century cathedrals, the sixteenth-century paintings of the Holy Family, and the eighteenth-century music of Bach were all born of faith. Apart from the genius displayed in these incomparable productions, there was inspiring them all the deepest conviction. It is partly because Mr. Gabrilowitsch has this fundamental and devout sincerity that everything he does is so impressive.

On Good Friday afternoon, as has been my custom for many years, I heard "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan. Frau Kappel for the first time sang Kundry in America, and captivated the audience. The Metropolitan has had an unusually successful season, and among the novelties was Puccini's "La Rondine," which is really an operetta, pretty, sentimental, graceful, and diverting. It is gorgeously mounted.

The theatrical season has been far above the average. The Theatre Guild productions have been admirable, and Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre has more than justified itself. She has the right combination of brains and courage. Among the new plays first place must be given to Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude." This play in nine acts, now available in book form, is both abnormal and revolting in certain aspects, but its sincerity and power are so remarkable I would not have missed it for anything. We may not always like Mr. O'Neill's choice of material, but, as Augustine Birrell says, "Let us not quarrel with genius." The acting of this piece I have not seen surpassed—no, not by the Russian players. Mr. George Kelly, in "Behold the Bridegroom," wrote a deeply affecting and stirring play, which has since been printed, as every good play should be; Walter Hampden made a splendid pageant out of "Henry V"; Otis Skinner, Mrs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiske, and Henrietta Crosman revived "Merry Wives of Windsor"; and Winthrop Ames's beautiful production of "Merchant of Venice," with George Arliss and Peggy Wood, I have already praised. Ibsen came into his own with Mr. Hampden's brilliant production of "An Enemy of the People," and Eva Le Gallienne gave three of the Ibsen masterpieces. One of the best new comedies in New York is "The Royal Family," from the deft hands of George Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Galsworthy's finest piece since "Loyalties," that is to say "Escape," was magnificently acted by Leslie Howard. The most exciting mystery play I ever saw was "The Silent House," at which the audience became uncontrollable. Philip Barry produced an immensely successful comedy, "Paris Bound." Imported from England was "And So To Bed," a clever dramatization of Pepys, and from the same country came a delightful comedy of murder, "Interference," and a revival of "Our Betters," which I saw in London in 1924. Helen Hayes added to previously well-deserved triumphs in a tragic American play, "Coquette," which made even the cynical critics snuffle. The Theatre Guild revived Shaw's great play "The Doctor's Dilemma" in a manner that almost, though not quite, equalled Granville-Barker's superb production. How I wish Granville-Barker would return and give us his "Madras House" and other things! "Porgy," the negro play, was one of the events of a remarkable season. And I record my gratitude to Florenz Ziegfeld for producing an enchanting version of "The Three Musketeers" with the wholly satisfactory Dennis King as the Gascon.

Every day in every way I rejoice that I live so near New York.

One curious repetition which I may have been the only one to witness should be recorded. On a certain Thursday afternoon I went to see "Interference" at the Lyceum Theatre. In the middle of the second act the leading man was violently threatening a certain woman, who was intelligently presented by Miss McDonell. At exactly the proper moment she fainted, beautifully, thoroughly, impressively. Not a person in the audience suspected the truth until her threatener requested "Sterling" to lower the curtain. When this had been done, a man came before the curtain and announced: "Miss McDonell has fainted. We must ask the kind indulgence of the audience to wait five minutes in order to see if she can proceed. If she is unable to do so, we must find her understudy." In five minutes, and to great applause, Miss McDonell did proceed, and pluckily finished the performance. Well, exactly two weeks after this strange interlude, I was in the neighboring Belasco Theatre, witnessing "The Bachelor Father." In the course of the second act the curtain was rung down; a man came before it and said: "Miss June Walker is ill. She fainted at the close of the first act; we must ask the kind indulgence of the audience to wait five minutes to see if she will be able to continue. If she cannot, we must find her understudy." In five minutes, and to great applause, Miss Walker did continue, and pluckily finished the performance. Now then: is there a peculiar fatality attached to Thursday matinées, or did these charming actresses faint just because I was in the audience?

A permanent memorial to Thomas Hardy is to be erected in England to take the triple form of an obelisk in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wessex, a collection of his manuscripts and memorabilia, and the preservation of his birthplace. It is hoped that America will contribute $15,000 toward this project, and we ought to do it. Those who wish to contribute may send their gifts to the *Saturday Review of Literature,* 25 West 45th Street, New York. The collection will now be taken.

Sinclair Lewis's new novel, "The Man Who Knew Coolidge," shows that in one respect the clever Mr. Lewis resembles the D. A. R. He has a Black List, which includes Coolidge and his admirers, *The Saturday Evening Post,* Kiwanis and similar clubs, and various popular clergymen and journalists. Mr. Lewis's astonishing gift of mimicry, in which he is unexcelled by any writer of our time, is here displayed in its full fruition. His gift is unique. For page after page a monologue is maintained, revealing the unalloyed Babbittry of one of the most colossal bores imaginable. He is perfect; we have seen and heard him, and no doubt there is something of him in us all. But the very perfection of this imitation makes the book intolerable. In real life, when we see a man like this, we flee shuddering. Why then should we endure his hellish monotony through scores of pages, unrelieved by even the suggestion that the world contains something different? And I wish to Heaven, now that Mr. Lewis has abundantly displayed his great gifts in "Main Street" and in "Babbitt," that he himself would write something different. He used to be, and I suppose is now, a passionate lover of beauty and what he regards as truth. Why not reveal them by some method other than showing their opposites? As Isabel Paterson says: "It is a pity."

If a man gave a perfect imitation of the noise made by a saw-mill, we should laugh; but if he kept it up for three hours?

The same conviction is forced home by reading a new and exceedingly interesting book, "Contemporary American Authors," each essay written by an English critic associated with the London *Mercury,* the whole being under the supervision of the accomplished editor J. C. Squire, with an introduction by "our" Doctor Canby. The essay on Lewis justly says that of all living American writers he is the best known outside of his native land. It justly praises "Babbitt," "Main Street," and the characters in "Arrowsmith." And it justly condemns "Elmer Gantry" as a sad decline.

Other American writers considered in this work are our three foremost living poets, Robinson, Frost, Lindsay; our novelists Edith Wharton, Willa Cather, Dreiser, Hergesheimer, etc. The estimates on the whole are very fair, and those who imagine that all British critics despise American writers should read this excellent little book.

I am grateful to my friend Clive Du-Val for calling my attention to one of the best stories of English school life I have ever read, "The Lanchester Tradition," by G. F. Bradby. It is beautifully written, full of insight and sympathy. Any one who has ever been a teacher—and who has not?—will find here what he has often looked for in vain.

"The Greene Murder Case" is at last available in book form. It is much the best of its author's productions. Philo Vance is often irritating to the reader, but on the whole he is the best amateur detective since Sherlock Holmes. In lecturing on new books at the Town Hall in New York to my "Saturday's Children," I committed the unpardonable sin. Quite inadvertently I let out

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the identity of the murderer. I have never done such a thing before and I hope and believe I never shall again.

Miss Frances H. Bickford, librarian of the Central High School, Bridgeport, Conn., sends me the following note containing matter new to me, which will interest readers of "The Greene Murder Case":

> I wonder if you have noticed the slip in Connecticut law which the author has made in the final instalment. In the letter from the Reverend Anthony Seymour it is stated that the marriage between Sibella and Von Blon was performed in Stamford on a license issued in New Haven. This is quite an impossibility in this state. I well remember the perturbation of my father, newly come to Connecticut and not reckoning on the difference in state laws, when he had to marry a couple twice over because he had not noticed that their license was issued in Monroe while he performed the ceremony in Huntington. The kindness of the town clerk saved him from what might have been a serious situation. I believe that five days' notice must also be given by non-residents. Of course these minor details do not detract from the interest of the story.

Of the numerous doctors' theses in literature that I have read during the last ten years three stand out conspicuously for their importance, significance, and appeal to the general reader. These are "The Death of Marlowe," by Doctor Hotson, "Bernard Mandeville," by Doctor F. B. Kaye, and "Browning's Parleyings," by Doctor W. C. DeVane. Northwestern University is fortunate in having among its professors of English such a man as Kaye. He is a brilliant research scholar, an excellent and inspiring teacher, with an original and interesting mind. His book on Mandeville takes a clutch on the reader. Professor DeVane's book on the "Parleyings" ranks with Judge John Marshall Gest's work "The Old Yellow Book" and A. K. Cook's commentary on "The Ring and the Book" as the most important contributions to Browning scholarship that have appeared since Griffin and Minchin's "Life." Doctor DeVane has taken one of the dullest and least valuable of Browning's productions because it afforded a field for original research; he has made the most of it, and discovered much new material of high value. With the natural enthusiasm of the discoverer, he has, I think, overstressed the expression of Browning's own opinions, something that always seemed abhorrent to this poet. I mean that if Browning himself should read this book, I am sure he would not agree that he had given himself away so intentionally and so deliberately; nor would he admit that in order to preserve his mother's religious faith, he had denied the evidence of reason. But the actual matters brought out by our investigator, such as the allusions to Carlyle and Disraeli, and the wealth of hitherto-undiscovered material, make this a work of the highest importance. It is regrettable that some of the reviewers missed the real significance of the book and the author's intention; for example, one review, with the detestable title "Browning Debunked," says that Doctor DeVane has shown that Browning was a peevish old man. As Doctor DeVane does not believe that, he naturally has not shown it. Browning was peevish to the exact degree that Roosevelt was blasé.

A distinguished American scientist, who has made important contributions to anthropology, writes me a letter that ought to be published for two reasons: it is a fine thing to see a first-rate man of science reading for pleasure Greek drama in the original; and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

testimony to Browning's "homespun" knowledge of Greek is worth having.

Last year I made up my mind to try to realize a thirty years intention of reading the body of Greek tragedy, and during the summer covered very carefully, looking up everything, 20 plays of the 33. I took along Browning's *Agamemnon*. I was familiar with *Balaustion*, a running translation and commentary on the *Alcestis*, and I expected something the same. Of course the translation of the *Alcestis* is all right, but pretty free in spots. I read the *Agamemnon* myself first, and got badly bogged in some of the Choruses. Eventually I worked out something that seemed reasonable. Then I took Browning and went over the whole thing with him.

It astounded me to find the exactitude of the translation. It is so literal in places as to be rough and not too intelligible; but the grip on the Greek that he must have had staggered me. I could even tell that he had adopted certain readings rather than others. He cleared up all my difficulties except where his text seemed to be divergent from the one I used. I need not say that his rendering was supremely right and in the spirit of the original wherever there was a demand for flight or a call for austerity and rigidity. It seems to me that Aeschylus saw a grand passage coming—or felt it boiling inside him—and rose mightily—more mightily than Sophocles or Euripides—to the situation. Well, Browning seemed to get the swing too and ascend with him.

The friendship of Goethe and Schiller was like that of Hamlet and Horatio. Goethe admired the moral austerity and steadfastness of Schiller—"there was in Schiller's mind nothing vulgar." Horatio loved Hamlet with devotion; a devotion that had the element of worship toward a mystery. For there were things in Hamlet unfathomable by Horatio, as Schiller recognized but could not measure the subtlety of Goethe.

A new book by the English mystic Evelyn Underhill, called "Man and the Supernatural," is profound, wise, eloquent. I recommend it to clergymen who have lost their faith in God; to clergymen who believe that social and political work is the essence of religion; to all who believe that "God" is the creation of human fear or tribal superstitions; for this book is a foundational book, and the author has no qualms over the word "supernatural." If any one asks me if I believe in the supernatural, I answer: "Of course." It is interesting to see that so many earnest people try to explain "God" by an immense variety of subjective emotions, when it is at least possible that the reason for the almost universal concept of God is simply—God. I sometimes think we need the ministrations of the lady from Philadelphia. It is as though a dozen persons were looking at a tree, while each one tries to explain by some subjective process or tribal hallucination why it is they think they see a tree. Finally, the lady above mentioned suggests that it is at least possible that the reason they think they see a tree is because they do.

Mr. Thomas Moult has written a much-needed book on Sir James Barrie, devoting chief attention and emphasis to the playwright's early years. It is a good book on a good subject. In the London papers the author has fallen foul of St. John Ervine; they have started a controversy on what is called Barrieolatry. But why is Mr. Ervine wasting his substance in riotous controversies? He ought to be writing another play as good as "John Ferguson" or "Jane Clegg." Those are two of the best English plays of the twentieth century; and the former laid the foundation for the success of the New York Theatre Guild.

Fowler Wright's novel "Deluge" is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a fanciful and imaginative story of the future. The rushing of a mighty wind, a flood, and the gentle but effective sinking of the land have destroyed most of the earth's inhabitants. Those isolated few who remain in England, instead of combining for mutual protection, engage in a war of extermination; so dearly does the human animal love fighting. There are not nearly enough women to go around, which leads to further complications, and this seems to have been too much for the author, who leaves things in a mess at the end. There are many diatribes directed against the present way of living, but no valuable suggestions for improvement. However, it is a good yarn. I wonder if any one can give me the name of the author of a short story I read nearly forty years ago called "The End of All." It graphically described the coming of a mighty and steady wind, which rose to such velocity that it wiped out the earth. "Chicago was cut off at four o'clock."

Mr. J. McIntyre, in "Stained Sails," has treated that familiar hero of romance John Paul Jones in a refreshingly original manner. He gives a psychological twist to the story that to me is quite new and decidedly interesting.

Professor Charles C. Torrey, a Biblical scholar of international fame, has produced a highly important work called "The Second Isaiah." His conclusions are so new that they will start sharp controversies among scholars. It would be an impertinence for me to express an opinion; but I can say that to those who are interested in Old Testament literature, even though they may be as ignorant of Hebrew as I am, this book will be inspiring and also instructive.

Some three years ago in this column I called attention to a brief novel by an American living in Spain. The author has the inappropriate name of W. B. Trites, and his book was called "Ask the Young." Now he has produced another short novel which is deservedly attracting much favorable comment, "The Gypsy." It is beautifully written, with extraordinary economy and felicity of language. Every word counts. It is a tragedy so poignant that I shall not succeed in forgetting it. Furthermore, it constitutes a powerful plea for absolute monogamy. Now nothing could be further from the author's method than teaching or preaching or moralizing. He is an artist, singularly detached and aloof. His method is scrupulously objective. But many men and women are merely big children; not content with what they have, they will always be crying for the moon. They don't know when they are well off, even as we do not begin to appreciate the happiness of ordinary health until we become sick. Thus many married men and women, who are getting along well enough as this world goes, and are at all events enjoying all the happiness they deserve, are fascinated by the momentary appearance on the scene of a stranger, who seems to their clouded sight wildly desirable; and just as children are not satisfied with wholesome food, but cry for a lollipop, so these deluded idiots run awhoring after a novelty. Then when it is too late, they would give all they possess if they could only restore the *status quo,* even as an invalid would give anything for health, just plain ordinary health. Every one should read "The Gypsy," because every one needs the terrific lesson it drives home with such cold steel. Forbidden fruit has always appealed to children, and, unfortunately, many never reach years of discretion. They will play with fire.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I remember reading in a magazine some forty years ago a poem that I am not sure I am quoting correctly. I cannot remember the name of the author.

"In the olden days,
Arthur loved his queen.
Guinevere loved Arthur not,
Lost in love for Lancelot.

If, dear, one should think you
Somewhat cold and high,
This might be wise—to ponder well,
In seeking fire one might find hell."

H. L. Mencken cannot be accused of being an evangelist or a missionary; his most salient characteristic is not moral enthusiasm. But in an article in *The Nation* he advised those who wish peace, contentment, and happiness to observe absolute monogamy. It may be remembered how often and how earnestly Schopenhauer insisted that the allurements of the senses were invariably illusions. Nothing is such a cheat as Nature.

Mr. William Walker, of Albany, sends me a cutting from an English newspaper that throws a curious light on human nature. A municipal orchestra concert was being given in a hall at Folkestone. Mr. C. E. Mumford, who is an alderman, a borough magistrate, and a member of the Kent County Council, entered the room, took a seat at a table, ordered coffee, and began to read a book. In order to get a better light, he turned his back to the players, and was quietly enjoying himself, reading and listening to the music. But two men immediately approached him; one called him a damned cad, and the other said he was insulting the audience and the orchestra by sitting with his back turned to the stage, and insisted that he be forcibly ejected. Alderman Mumford, like many men in a similar predicament, became more and more angry the longer he reflected on this lesson in etiquette, and I cannot blame him. He said to a reporter:

I am a peaceful old man of 71, but at the time I felt like hitting both men. I went into the building to enjoy the music, and to read my book, and I did not think that I was doing any harm by reading or sitting as I did. I am taking legal advice in the matter.

Self-constituted censors of other people's behavior are perhaps the most irritating of all men. It is curious into what a frenzy of rage they can drive their victims, and how lasting is the sense of injury. I met a man who told me that in a New York restaurant occupied only by men he removed his coat, whereupon a man told him to put it on. He swore horribly while narrating it. When Sir Sidney Lee was in this country, he lit his pipe while sitting in a man's club. He was told that pipes were not allowed. He never recovered from the shock. Twenty-two years ago I had finished my meal in a hotel "coffee-room" in Norwich, England, and while waiting for the waiter to bring my bill, I lit a cigar. An Englishman at an adjoining table came to me and said: "You should remember there are ladies present." I was too astonished to make any reply. But as soon as I got outside, I found I was boiling with rage. Even now I cannot think of the incident with calm. I suppose there is so much vanity in all of us we resent fiercely unsolicited lessons in etiquette.

An editorial in the New York *Evening Post* for March 7 pays (quite unconsciously) a tremendous compliment to our F. Q. Club.

Those, for instance, who have read all of Spenser's "Faerie Queene" would form one of the most exclusive organizations imaginable.

Would form, quotha! Postie, they *do*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I received the picture of a cross-eyed cat, the pet of Mrs. Muriel Frey, of San Francisco. Has any one knowledge of any other cat thus peculiar? My own white cat, Miss Frosty Evans of Philadelphia, has one blue and one green eye, and is attracting the attention of biologists. Men and women with one blue and one brown eye are not very uncommon, but the blue-and-green combination is excessively rare.

What every boy and girl does not know nowadays is not much.

If you want to know how old you really look, glance at your contemporaries.

It is my intention to spend July, August, and September of this year in Europe. It will be impossible for me to answer letters. But I hope my correspondents will keep right on giving me information and telling me what they think. These letters are valuable to me, and often to the readers of this Magazine. Every letter will be received gratefully and preserved, whether it is addressed to New Haven, Conn., or in care of SCRIBNER'S.

I was fortunate enough in March to spend a week in my favorite hotel in my favorite town of Augusta, Ga. The Conversation Club had important sessions; every morning we settled practically everything. Many of the old members of 1925 were there; though we sorely missed Walter Travis, and Sir Robert Borden surprised us by going to another hotel, which we hope he will never do again. The people of Augusta are worthy of their climate, and what higher compliment can be paid? And our hotel seems to have only charming and interesting guests. In our famous club this year were President Nicholas Murray Butler, Daniel Frohman, Charles Scribner, Colonel Cooper, Governor Durbin, Governor Lake, Louis Cheney, Cabot Morse, George Clapp, George Gray, George Crocker the "iron man," Harry Cole, Judge Henderson, Justice Thompson, Messrs. McCall and Waddell of Montreal, Mr. Booth and Mr. Farrand of Detroit, etc. Every morning we had a two-hour session, which if it proved nothing else, proved this: that one of the keenest pleasures on earth is good conversation.

Dear old Major Black, the splendid Confederate veteran, was too enfeebled by age to come to the hotel. But Dan Frohman and I called on him at his house, and received his benediction.

For current announcements of the leading publishers see the front advertising section.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Anniversary Reviving Interest in the Genius of Albrecht Dürer

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

ALBRECHT DÜRER was born at Nuremberg on May 21, 1471. He died at the same place on April 6, 1528. On the four hundredth anniversary of the latter date the citizens of his native town launched a series of celebrations which is proceeding as I write and will be continued for weeks. All summer, indeed, the traveller in Germany will be made aware of Dürer, for his works have been brought into the foreground and nothing has been left undone that might in one way or another revive the appeal of his genius. He is one of the most portentous figures in the national Walhalla. He is more than that. He belongs in the company of the universally accepted masters. He is a world classic. It is always worth while to dwell upon his traits and it is peculiarly so at a time like the present, when his countrymen are taking special pains to do him honor. For my own part I can ask no more delightful theme, for his art has been a passion of mine from my youth up.

◇ ◇ ◇

I was lucky in my introduction to that art. I had known it more or less in the engravings, but back in the early 80's there fell into my hands the memorable work of Charles Ephrussi, Albert Dürer et ses Dessins, with its perfect plates. That book brought home to me the greatest of all the virtues of Dürer, his consummate draftsmanship, and thenceforth I was sealed of the tribe of the Nuremberger. Prolonged study of his life and work has only deepened my feeling for him. There is, indeed, something curiously endearing about this great German. In his greatness he is still so human. Other dwellers on the Parnassus of art hold themselves aloof. He had his reserves, no doubt, but he mingled very sympathetically with his fellows, and an atmosphere of friendliness envelops his personality to this day. This, too, despite the gravity belonging to all the portraits that we have of him. There is something positively pontifical about the famous full-face at Munich, dated 1500, and even in earlier self-portraits, starting with the one in the Albertina that he drew when he was thirteen, he is nothing if not serious. And yet I feel his friendliness, the warmth of his nature, the qualities that made him the beloved companion of Willibald Pirkheimer and other jovial humanists of his day. I fancy it is just the sheer artist in him that accounts for this charm of his, that temperament which may be never so grave and yet will be on the side of freedom and intellectual adventure. He was patiently industrious if ever an artist was, and at the same time you are bound to think of him as a courageous, questing spirit. If he could obey routine, he could also make a decisive departure from it. The point comes out in one of those precious pas-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Albrecht Dürer.

From the portrait by himself at Madrid.

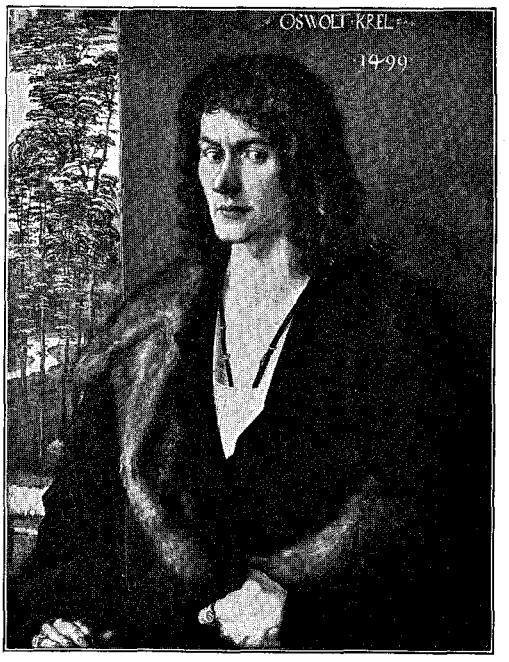
The Road to Calvary.

From the painting by Dürer in the Cook Collection, Richmond, England.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Knight in Armor.

From the painting by Dürer in the Emery Collection, in the Cincinnati Museum.



Oswolt Krell.

From the painting by Dürer at Munich.

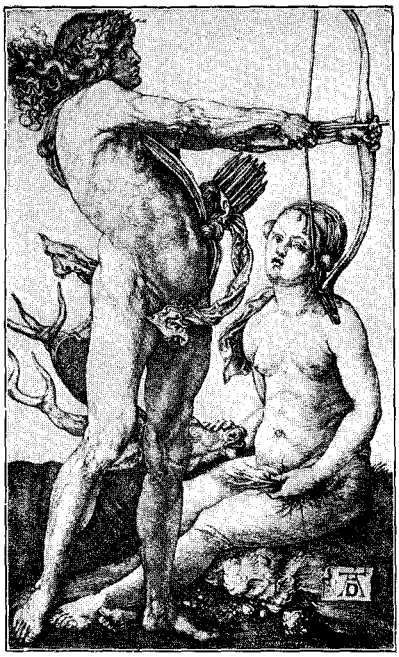
Paumgartner.

From the drawing by Dürer at Vienna.

Portrait of a Man.

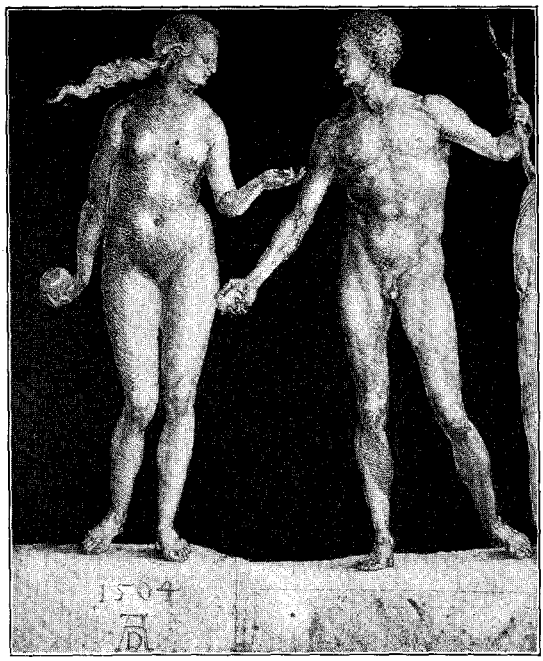
From the painting by Dürer, reproduced by courtesy of the Knoedler Gallery.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



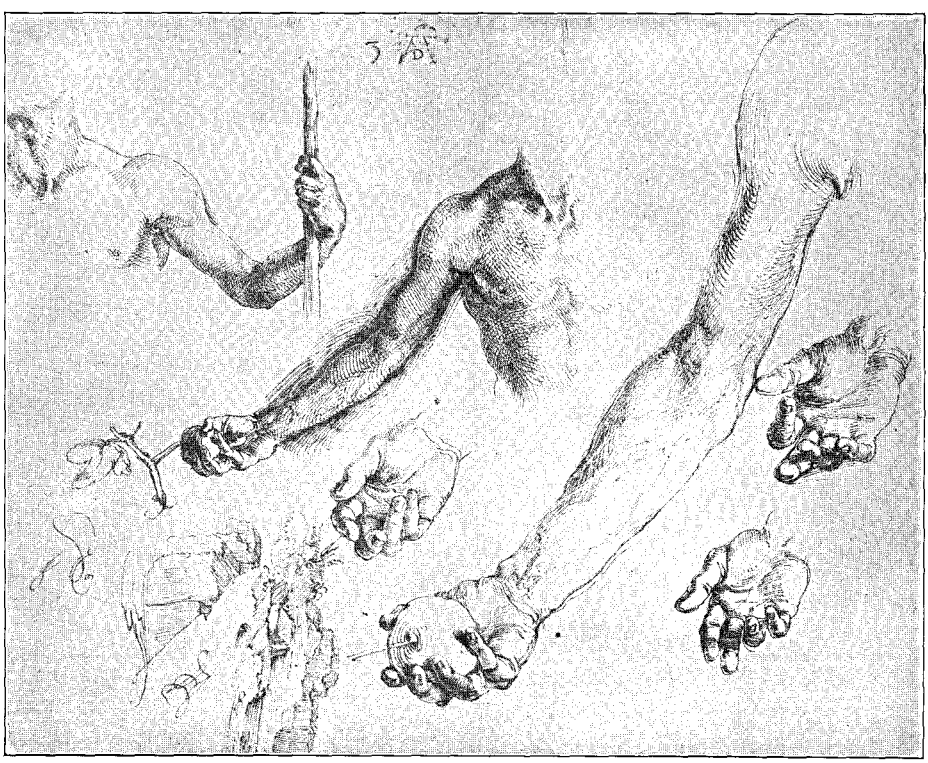
Apollo and Diana.

From the engraving by Dürer.



Adam and Eve.

From the drawing by Dürer in the Morgan Library.



Studies from the Adam and Eve.

From the drawing by Dürer in the British Museum.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Italian Landscape.
From the drawing by Dürer.

Head of a Young Man.
From the drawing by Dürer, reproduced by courtesy of the Knoedler Gallery.

Cherubim.
From the drawing by Dürer in the British Museum.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sages of self-revelation which we have from his pen:

> This my dear Father was very careful with his children to bring them up in the fear of God; for it was his highest wish to train them well that they might be pleasing in the sight both of God and man. Wherefore his daily speech to us was that we should love God and deal truly with our neighbors. And my Father took special pleasure in me because he saw that I was diligent in striving to learn. So he sent me to school, and when I had learnt to read and write he took me away from it, and taught me the goldsmith's craft [which was the father's own]. But when I could work neatly my liking drew me rather to painting than to goldsmith's work, so I laid it before my Father; but he was not well pleased, regretting the time lost while I had been learning to be a goldsmith. Still he let it be as I wished, and in 1486 my Father bound me apprentice to Michael Wolgemut, to serve him three years long. During that time God gave me diligence so that I learnt well, but I had much to suffer from his lads.

◇ ◇ ◇

I love those closing words, "I had much to suffer from his lads." Did they get a little bored by his excellent ways? Was there a trace of priggishness in him, the outcome of his amazing precocity? If the priggishness was there, we may be sure that it passed; else he would not have been the lovable young man that we have every reason to believe he was. Wolgemut taught him much in the ordinary way of his craft. Inborn genius did the rest. "When I had finished my learning," he says, "my Father sent me off, and I stayed away four years till he called me back again." Nobody knows precisely where he went. He saw a good deal of Germany, it is probable, and there is a chance that he went south. All that we know for certain is that on his return to Nuremberg he was married to Agnes Frey. The commentators are at a loss as to what to say about that lady, suspecting that Pirkheimer may have said too much when he described her as a shrew, but they unite in ascribing to the time of his marriage the opening of his life as a responsible artist, presiding over a busy workshop. When he visits Venice about ten years later he is a recognized and much respected personage. "Giovanni Bellini," he records, "has highly praised me before many nobles. He wanted to have something of mine, and himself came to me and asked me to paint him something and he would pay well for it." When he was not hunting down gems for Pirkheimer he was haunting the studios. His soul was at peace in Venice and there he produced one of the most famous of his pictures, The Feast of the Rose Garlands, which the German merchants in Venice had commissioned him to paint for their place of meeting, the familiar Fondaco dei Tedeschi. When he went back to Nuremberg it was with greatly heightened prestige.

He became in due course the court painter of Emperor Maximilian. He was a famous man when he started for a year's journey in the Netherlands in the summer of 1520. I would like to follow him upon all these various movements of his, to trace in detail the incidents of his career down to the day of his death, but for that, obviously, a volume is required. And in any case I am impatient to get at the works. One of the best of all keys to them lies in the preface which Camerarius wrote for Dürer's Four Books of Human Proportions, the particular passage to which I refer being the one relating an incident between the master and Bellini:

> Albrecht frankly admired and made much of all Bellini's works. Bellini also candidly expressed his admiration of various features of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Albrecht's skill and particularly the fineness and delicacy with which he drew hairs. It chanced one day that they were talking about art, and when their conversation was done Bellini said: "Will you be so kind, Albrecht, as to gratify a friend in a small matter?" "You shall soon see," says Albrecht, "if you will ask of me anything I can do for you." Then says Bellini: "I want you to make me a present of one of the brushes with which you draw hairs." Dürer at once produced several, just like other brushes, and, in fact, of the kind Bellini himself used, and told him to choose those he liked best, or to take them all if he would. But Bellini, thinking he was misunderstood, said: "No, I don't mean these, but the ones with which you draw several hairs with one stroke; they must be rather spread out and more divided; otherwise in a long sweep such regularity of curvature and distance could not be preserved." "I use no other than these," says Albrecht, "and to prove it you may watch me." Then, taking up one of the same brushes, he drew some very long wavy tresses, such as women generally wear, in the most regular order and symmetry. Bellini looked on wondering, and afterward confessed to many that no human being could have convinced him by report of the truth of that which he had seen with his own eyes.

◇ ◇ ◇

Camerarius goes on to tell how Mantegna shared the curiosity of Bellini, and on his death-bed begged Dürer to come to him. He wanted to "fortify his [Albrecht's] facility and certainty of hand with scientific knowledge and principles." It tore Dürer's heart that he could not get to Mantua in time. But, if he had, it is doubtful if Mantegna could have added much to his manual certitude. There was already implicit in it an extraordinary fund of scientific feeling. Dürer was not only wont to keep his eye on the object but he always made a piercing study of it. Organic truth is at the bottom of his astounding draftsmanship.

It is as an Olympian draftsman that he chiefly survives. Much more than the power of line was added unto him. He was a deeply religious man, with a rich tincture of the philosophic liberalism that came in with the Renaissance. He was profoundly reflective. He loved the subtleties of Pirkheimer's argumentative circle, and his devotional woodcuts show how energetically he entered into the thoughtful life of his time. But he would never have gained currency for any of his ideas if that fecund imagination of his had not had a miracle-working hand to interpret its urgings. He seems at one moment the very antithesis of everything merely disciplinary in art. "Love and delight therein," runs one of his maxims, "are better teachers of the art of painting than compulsion is." How he would have hated a crass academician! But, he says again, "if a man is to become a really great painter he must be educated thereto from his very earliest years," and you see not only the man of genius but the rigorously trained craftsman in the hero of that encounter with Bellini. It was because he had a masterful hand that he could draw those hairs with any brush.

◇ ◇ ◇

It was, as I have already indicated, a precocious hand. He was a mere youth when he painted the great portrait of his father, yet in the searching definition of form it is one of his prime works. In portraiture, I may add, he is most convincingly the painter. Certain heads of his, the portraits of himself, the portraits of Oswolt Krell, Michael Wolgemut, Imhof, Holzschuher, and Jacob Müffel, are among the major monuments in the art. In them the excessive devotion to detail which hurts his pictures momentarily lapses. He sees the subject "in the large" and portrays

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it with boldness and simplicity. It takes on a kind of sculpturesque dignity, something akin to grandeur. The painter's mood has always in these works a measure of austerity. It is as though he were veritably characterizing his sitter for all time, and, without any straining after effect, somehow had ennobled him.

In the pictures he has never seemed to me to be quite as much at ease as in the portraits. He carries on the narrative style of Wolgemut at too pedestrian a pace, builds up his scheme with an orderly sense of design but overdoes the detail. Criticism rejoices, and wisely, that he was not swept off his feet by Renaissance Italy. As Sir Martin Conway tersely puts it: "Dürer's German heart was true." That lordly picture, The Feast of the Rose Garlands, is a very different thing from an Italian altar-piece, and one must be glad of it, inasmuch as it therefore remains a purer expression of the master's genius. But that is not to say that it would not have been improved, as a composition, by an infusion of the Italian instinct for abstract, classical design. "The artist," said Whistler, "is known by what he omits." Dürer, the picture-maker, is known by what he does not omit, by the pressure upon his central motive of a pell-mell of figures whose individual traits distract the attention and in a way dislocate the unity of his main purpose. In the same way his resistance to Southern ideals tells in his conception of form, which rarely errs on the side of grace or charm. Just as he substituted a certain human, domestic sweetness for the mystical sentiment of the Italian school, so in his attitude toward form he brushed aside the preoccupation with the antique so characteristic of the Renaissance and looked, instead, at life as it was lived about him. If he lost something thereby he gained more. The truth of life makes the central spring of his inspiration.

Being, as I have said, above all things an artist, he could not altogether escape the appeal of that sensuous quality in form which meant so much to his Italian colleagues. Now and then it unmistakably touches his art. There is a Lucretia of his at Munich which has something of the suave beauty of a Greek statue. Among the engravings his Apollo wears the truly statuesque beauty of the pagan tradition. But in that very plate the Diana seated at the feet of Apollo is a reminder of the artist's essentially German point of view. Dürer treated the nude in the sixteenth century somewhat as Rubens did in the seventeenth. He would make even a goddess look very like a *Hausfrau*. It is part of his Germanic make-up, part of his intense dedication to the truth. His nudes are rarely if ever lovely things. The female figure in The Dream, the types in the Four Naked Women, the prodigious winged apparition in the Great Fortune, are all redundant dames. In Italy the same models would have been translated into far more beautiful images. But they wouldn't have been kept truer, more eloquent of the pulsing energy of life—and they would never have been more powerfully drawn. Michael Angelo alone would have matched Dürer's sinewy line.

◇ ◇ ◇

You come back to that in the engravings on metal or on wood, and in the drawings, with a sense of downright excitement—it is line so pure, so individual, and so glorious. A certain clean-cut, tense line is characteristic of the school in his epoch. He had partici-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pants in its genius both amongst his mature contemporaries and in his younger disciples. But no other German could quite bend his bow. No other craftsman in line anywhere has ever surpassed him in a kind of passionless sweep. There are portraits of his like the Paumgartner and the Varnbuler which can only be described as magnificent in their easy breadth. There are others, like the Man Ninety-three Years Old, or the Head of an Apostle, which are marked by an exquisiteness making us wonder again with Bellini how the miracle is worked. He makes a study for hands pressed together in prayer, the study for the hands of an apostle in the Assumption, and it seems as if delicacy could no further go, delicacy combined with a sublime sureness. What he could do when he was anatomizing form he could do, too, when he was occupied with purely decorative swirls. Witness the celebrated Coat of Arms, with a Cock. Line here takes endless turnings, but it never falters. There was, to be sure, no limit to the adaptability of his imperious technique. The same hand that could envisage the head of Erasmus with a stroke having positive grandeur in it could draw the form and fur of that Crouching Hare which is among the marvels in the Albertina.

He is scantily represented as a painter here in the United States. There are a couple of small religious subjects in the Metropolitan Museum. Colonel Friedsam has another. I have seen an interesting Knight in Armor in the Emery Collection, at Cincinnati. A notable Portrait of a Man passed through the hands of the Knoedlers not so long ago. But the painted things form a restricted group. On the other hand, there are some fine drawings, notably the sheaf in the Morgan Library, and our private collectors have been royal purchasers of the prints. This is all to the good. The engravings take you to the very core of the artist, to his genius for line, to his genius for pure and noble draftsmanship. I say "noble" advisedly. To reflect on Dürer as he stands in the wide perspective of history, to study him as the peer of the great ones of earth, is to be deeply conscious of his elevation, of the steadfastly illumining accent which he placed upon everything that he created. He is a little puzzling where the concomitant of this loftiness, pure beauty, is concerned. Beauty never figured in his world as it did in that of either the intellectual Raphael or the sensuous Titian. If he dreamed dreams they were not dreams of marmoreal splendor or of romantic enchantment. The brooding woman of the Melancholia is an imaginative embodiment, yet you could say almost anything about her save that she was one of the Graces. There was more realism than poetry in Dürer. He sought truth rather than beauty as we commonly understand it. But he sought it nobly and that tells in his line, in the power it has, rising sometimes to majesty. His was, in short, the beauty of perfect craftsmanship. It is enough for him to put forth his technical strength to thrill you. It is enough for him to draw, to outline a nude, to delineate an animal, to note the fall of a drapery or some episode in landscape. Then, straightway, in his mere touch, you feel the gesture of a great artist.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Seven Days Whipping"

(Continued from page 726 of this number)

merely exclaimed, "Oh! I'm sorry," and had told Cassie to bring him a fresh napkin. Cassie had stamped across the floor toward him like a grenadier, plainly annoyed at his carelessness. The sounds had not repeated themselves, or, if they had, they were lost in the general rattling and banging of the storm.

With dessert Margaret said that she would like some sherry. He still had a little, keeping it carefully locked up and serving it only to her. The keys were in his pocket. The cabinet in which the wine was kept was in the library. Absurdly he found himself asking Margaret's permission to go and get it as if he were a soldier asking permission of his officer to leave his post.

Margaret answered him brightly. "Of course you may," she said. "Bring a glass for yourself."

Again he suspected her of bringing a hidden meaning into her words, as if she were suggesting that the wine might hearten him. She knew that ordinarily he did not drink. He answered her stiffly, ashamed of his irritation: "No, not to-night."

The library was dark when he entered it. The huge table against the wall, piled high with his books, loomed across the space intervening between himself and the door. The windows were gray with the sleet, tinkling with sound. The room was very cold. The cabinet was concealed in the wainscoting at the end of the room, just beyond the shoulder of the fireplace.

He felt hesitancy about putting on the lights. One, he thought, would be sufficient. He lit the lamp upon the table. Thereafter he went to the cabinet. His hands, he knew, were trembling. He had difficulty in picking out the key and fitting it into the lock. This was absurd, but, try as he would, he could not control the trembling of his fingers. He selected a bottle, dust-covered and amber. There were, he saw, only a few bottles left. He dusted the neck of the bottle with his handkerchief, put it down upon the table. He returned to the cabinet for a corkscrew. As he searched for it he heard a sound, unmistakable, horrifying—the scratching of a hand against the screen of the window facing upon the courtyard. Like a flash he turned, perceived the face of the Indian, which had been flattened against the screen, now dropping out of sight. An exclamation—he did not know what—burst from his lips. At the same instant he hurled at the screen the first object upon which his fingers closed, a small glass tray kept in the cabinet for corks. This crashed against the window and broke upon the floor. For an instant he stood trembling with surprise and fright.

Margaret, plainly alarmed, called to him: "Stawell! What was that?"

Without any exercise of conscious thought, he replied to her: "Nothing. I dropped the tray. I'm afraid I cut my hand."

He heard her get to her feet with an exclamation of dismay. He seized the bottle and went to the dining-room, meeting her at the door.

"Let me see it," she said, referring to his hand.

"I was mistaken," La Place answered. "It didn't cut me."

He seated her again at the table and turned his back to her as he selected a glass from the china-closet. In this small interval it was necessary for him to compose himself. The task was a difficult one. He was suffering, he knew, from shock precisely as might a soldier who has received a wound. None the less he assured himself that his nervousness would be gone in a moment or two, that in the brief seconds allowed him he could get his nerves under complete control. It was absolutely necessary that he do this. He felt as if he were supporting a dike against a raging stream. He must remain assured, calm, if he was to master the situation.

He heard Margaret say: "Those are the ones. The little ones on your right."

Automatically he selected a glass. The bowl was shaped like the corolla of a flower set upon a long, straight stem. In his haste he engaged its side with the one next to it, imperilling the entire row. He placed the glass

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upon the sideboard. The corkscrew recurred to his mind. It was necessary that he secure it. With obvious gestures he felt for it in the pockets of his dinner-coat, then remarked as easily as he could: "Oh, I've forgotten it." Thereafter he went out into the hall, glancing back as he did so. Margaret was sitting quietly at the table; Cassie had left the room.

Without conscious volition this time he moved down the hall toward the rear door. The door was precisely as he had left it, the lock plain in the interstice between the door and the frame, the bolt shot and held in its heavy iron band. Of course everything was unchanged. Did he expect this savage to have some means of walking through solid oak or stone? Outside that barrier was the man himself. He had only to go out to face him, to ascertain the madness that actuated him. On the other hand, Margaret would hear the door open, would certainly call to him to find out what he was doing. It was absurd to suppose that any sane man would walk out of his house upon a night like this. For a moment he hesitated. A glance, however, at the floor beside the door-jamb determined him. Here was a small aperture caused by the door's swelling, and through it had been driven water enough to wet the floor and to streak the wax with mud. The wind roared around the side wall, driving cold air about his knees. If he went out, he would be soaked to the skin in an instant. Margaret would think him mad.

He went into the library and, putting on all the lights, continued his search for the corkscrew. He found it at once, met no interruption. He went to the farther window —the one at which the Indian had appeared —and looked out. The light behind him threw a yellow rectangle upon the gravel of the yard. No figure stood there. The stone step was clear. The man, if he was still about, had withdrawn again to the darkness of the garden. Doubtless he was crouching again beside the mulberry-trees, consumed by the same enigmatic purpose. A glance through the other window showed him nothing more. The panes were clogged with melting sleet which slid gently down toward the sill. Through this the light barely penetrated. He received only the impression of the bitterness of the storm, the sweep of the wind down the hill. The chaos of emotion that consumed him rendered him almost incapable of thought. None the less he found himself persistent host to a feeling that frightened him more than did contemplation of the circumstances that surrounded him of his growing hatred of this stark savage outside of the house. Desperately he tried to put it from him, but he could not. . . . The revolver was in his drawer, *loaded*. The grip had slipped comfortably into his hand. If he took away the handkerchief with which he had covered it, slipped it into his pocket . . . *He wanted none of that!* That was the last thing that he desired. Suddenly he realized that he did not dare take possession of the revolver. A phrase of his thought recurred to him. *The last thing*. That was it. It would be the last thing. For a time he remained motionless, lost in the image that his mind evoked. . . .

Returning to the dining-room, he poured the wine into Margaret's glass, set it at her elbow. He noticed that she had drawn the shawl more tightly about her shoulders, was shivering as if with cold. Cassie had come back into the room and had taken her place by the door. In her hands she still held the silver serving-tray. She was looking at Margaret closely. He saw that Margaret had grown pale, seemed to have shrunk in upon herself, was smaller, infinitely more frail. She put her elbows upon the table, bent her body forward.

Suddenly he spoke with a whip-lash viciousness that startled him. "Cassie! Put that *damned* tray down!"

The maid jumped with surprise, for an instant hesitated as if she were about to turn and flee, then stood firm. The tray trembled in her large red hands. As suddenly as before Margaret's mood changed. A short, dry sob shook her. This she tried to turn to a cough, finally smiled. La Place noticed that she left her wine untouched. She turned to him and tried to smooth away his apprehension.

"I'm quite all right, Stawell," she said. "Let's go into the other room for coffee. Cassie'll bring it there."

She rose to her feet—with difficulty La Place thought—and, avoiding his arm, walked through the door. La Place and the maid watched her as one might watch the first steps of a person who has been ill in bed for months, followed closely behind her lest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she fall. She reached the living-room and sat down upon the sofa. She held herself erect, rigid, though with visible effort. La Place thought her pitiable.

He brought to her feet the small table upon which the coffee-service was always placed. Cassie claimed his attention. She had taken her stand in the hall and was now hissing at him as if she were a great gander. He knew that she had adopted this discreet method of informing him that she wished to speak to him. He went to her as quickly as he could. The maid spoke to him, making an effort to lower her harsh, strong voice.

"You must get ready, Mr. Stawell," she said earnestly. "It won't be long now."

La Place felt such a sinking of his heart as he had never experienced before. His very breath, he thought, was thrust out of his body.

"How long, Cassie, do you think it will be?" he asked.

The maid said: "It won't do to trouble her now. Let her enjoy herself while she can. She'll be strange, though."

With this enigmatic speech she turned and went to the kitchen, returning in a few minutes with the coffee. This La Place poured, both for Margaret and himself.

Margaret placed the cup upon her lap. La Place sat just beyond her. For a time all other circumstances were driven from his mind. He forgot the Indian and the storm, thought only of her. Her color seemed to be returning. She was apparently more at ease. Curious, he thought, how she possessed the power to translate her personality into the movement of her spoon. The motion was slight, given only with her finger-tips. Even this movement was arrested from time to time. Into it, however, went all the elements of her character—her strength, her forced tranquillity, her poise, and her pleasure. The light was strong at her back. La Place suddenly thought of her as of iron, an iron maiden, with burnished, living hair.

The room was cold. In a few minutes she asked for a fire. Wood had been laid upon the fireplace, but this was soaked with rain. The paper beneath it was dry. He knelt down to arrange it so that a draft might be forced through the wood. The wind was strong in the chimney. The rain seemed less. He no longer heard it beating against the windows. He might see if the telephone was working. This would require an excuse. He did not desire to inform Margaret of his anxiety concerning her condition. "I can call the county building," he thought. He would ask some trivial question as to whether his office door was locked or not. He went to the telephone and rang it. The bell jangled discordantly down the hall; the tintillation reverberated in his ears. There was no response. Again and again he rang, each time more desperately, with increasing frenzy. There was a brittle crackling upon the wires, the multiplied cacophony of the storm. He said to himself, to keep up his courage: "The line will be back shortly. I need not be afraid of that."

In his heart he knew that this was not true. None the less he was unable to work out any plan. Should he drive now to the Mahlens' and summon the nurse and doctor — or should he wait? The Mahlens' telephone also might be out of order. It would be safest—if he was to drive at all—to go to the nearest telephone upon the city exchange. That would be at the Whites', nearly three miles away. It might take him an hour to go there, call, and come back. Was the necessity as pressing as that? This event, the very contemplation of which alarmed him so, might not take place to-night, or even to-morrow, or upon the following day. Margaret seemed little disturbed. Cassie's speech might well be discounted; she really could know very little about such matters. He felt hesitancy in summoning the maid to ask her exactly what she had had in mind. But it would not take the doctor half an hour to get to Rivervale after the call had been made. To bring him out for nothing would surely disturb Margaret.

He said to himself: "I'm afraid of that savage outside. That's the reason I don't want to go out, don't want to do the things I should. *I ought to be killed for my cowardice!*"

Yet was this really the reason that detained him? It was pleasant to sit at Margaret's feet, talk to her, hear her voice beyond the shadows of the hall. In her chair, her delicate hands at rest, she typified for him his entire life, all that he found restful, pleasant, civilizing. This hour was an interlude spaced between impinging events which might destroy them both. It would be shameful to tear

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it apart needlessly. It was an hour that both of them might remember for the remainder of their lives, a time so poignant with their mutual affection that he was powerless to break through the strong, smooth current of it.

He went again to the windows, gazed out with such intensity that he might well have hoped to penetrate the darkness of the night. The storm was visibly slackening. The sleet had largely ceased. The rain persisted, but a fog, rolling up from the river, now cloaked the land. It seemed to color the very air beyond the windows, rendering it opaque, dull. The rose-trellis nearest the house loomed out of the mist so disguised in shape that he was scarcely able to recognize it. The garden, upon ground lower than the house, had disappeared in a lake of gray. There was no sign of the Indian or of the deer. The intruder lurked somewhere in the gently drifting pall. Of this La Place had no doubt. It seemed that he could sense his presence, vague, menacing, a barbaric overtone in the moving blanket of the fog. On such a night as this the savage must recall, crouching in the darkness, unheard-of trails over which he had coursed, must dream of the strange kill that he had made this day. Was the man real? Was he not in fact an evocation of the primitive which had arisen with the storm out of the hills and valleys of this land, a symbol which he, La Place, in his ignorance, his civilization, could not decipher? Was he not a challenge to all that he, La Place, represented? No. It would be unwise to treat him as a chimera. The man was animated by a purpose. La Place could not dream what it might be. The face at the window had been horrible. His gorge rose at the memory of it. Yet that face had had about it a suggestiveness, a quality of pain, which at the time, in his own fright, had escaped him. What could this person desire? Was there destruction beneath his finger-tips, the blind cruelty which had destroyed the deer! The thought was horrible! He did not dare leave Margaret unprotected in the house. Why would not the fellow take himself off—bear his incredible burden away with him? Was this grotesque drama to go on forever?

Quite suddenly he came to a conclusion. He would see this man now, bring the matter to a head, force his purpose out of him. This might require only a few minutes. At any rate he was now pitched to the task. Strangely, to do this now seemed simpler than all that had gone before. He had only to put his own body into the darkness, make himself one with the night. There came to him a feeling which he had never experienced before. He could be as much at home in darkness as any other man, as capable of destruction. He retained no fear.

He looked at his watch. It was nearly ten o'clock. Dinner must have taken an hour. He placed his watch and chain upon the table beside the door. There was no need to put temptation in the way of this savage. He decided not to put on a hat or coat. He would get wet. This morning he would not have gone out in weather like this unless he was protected, muffled from feet to head. He would, however, take a stick. It would aid him—in walking.

He slipped into the darkness as one might slip into a pool of black water. The house represented the pool's brink. The land was like a land beneath the sea, into which the lights from the house penetrated but dimly. The fog was a drifting gray pall under whose magic the earth and all that there was on it suffered change. It seemed to clog his very movements, to muffle the sound of his footsteps upon the gravel. He felt himself to be treading a maze of darkness and of mist.

He had not progressed twenty feet before he was fully aware of the futility of attempting to go forward with a light. The fog was cold on his face. The air was wringing wet. Well as he knew the land which his feet trod, none the less he became confused as to directions. He blundered into the line of bushes at the road's edge, heard his feet crunch again upon the gravel. He was searching for the garden's entrance, which lay in a break in the hedge. Beyond was the line of mulberry-trees beside which the Indian had crouched. His stick was of some aid to him here. He kept it pointed before him like a sword thrust into the darkness. Suddenly he was brought to his knees by falling across the line of stones at the garden's side. In a few more steps, unwittingly, he would have plunged down the steep decline and into the garden itself. His course had become completely twisted.

He righted himself with difficulty. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lights upon the west side of the house were just visible. He set his path by these, turning more to the right. As he felt his way along he endeavored to think out a plan of campaign, to make sure of what he would do and say when he came upon the Indian. In this he was unsuccessful. The search had taken on the semblance of a hunt. It excited him as such, sent the blood coursing through his body. He was glad to be out in the open at last, seeking his enemy in primitive darkness. He would like to feel his hands at this savage's throat, to draw blood from him. His timidity was decreasing with every step. He felt like a man set free.

From the horizon came a deep roll of thunder. It sounded like the beating of a drum. The sound was ominous, oppressive, though it indicated that the storm was almost at an end. In some fashion it discharged his mood. He felt suddenly alone, lost in the darkness. Whereas before he sought the Indian with the surety of a hunter's instinct, now only with difficulty could he restrain his impulse to flee to the house. His determination persisted. "I shall keep on until I find him," he thought.

He found that he had nearly circled the garden. Beyond loomed the small spring-house, seemingly so completely a part of the fog that he nearly walked into it. Farther on the land began its long slope toward the river. At the spring-house he turned, endeavoring to get back into the garden, to the line of mulberry-trees. He felt as if an hour had passed since he had left the house. The tread of his feet caused a rattling in the gravel. He punched at the darkness with his stick.

Quite suddenly he came upon the deer. He was aware of it first as a darker blotch upon the darkness of the ground. The thought flashed through his mind, anticipation preceding actual vision: "That's it. *There it is now!*" He struggled with a revulsion, an almost overwhelming desire to turn and run. He mastered the feeling with difficulty. The Indian could not be far away.

The deer lay upon the grass. Its size was exaggerated in the fog. Bending close to it, he perceived that it was exactly arranged and that its legs had been trussed together with heavy twine. It was as if it had been prepared for market. This had been done, he knew, since he had seen it last. The purpose of it mystified him. Was it possible that the Indian had prepared the deer for sale? It offered a ready solution of the whole problem. He had only to buy the carcass and thereafter dismiss the fellow from his land.

The deer's head was thrust down as if the blood might more readily drain from the throat. The entrails had not been removed. La Place poked at the carcass with the point of his cane. Lost as he was in the darkness, emotionally distraught, nevertheless he thought that he had never seen a more singular picture. A dead deer, trussed and ready for sale in his garden, himself bending over it! Stolen or not, he would buy the animal in an instant if that was the purpose of the savage who had brought it. What a fool, what an incredible fool, he had been to so excite himself about this triviality! Where was the fellow, however?

Beyond loomed the trees. He, La Place, was in a corner of the garden. He had planted heavily here. The hedge and the bushes beneath it surrounded him. A man readily might reach out of the darkness and put a hand about his throat. An instinct, surviving his sudden optimism, warned him. Perhaps his solution of the mystery was specious, easy. None the less he felt that all the circumstances fitted it. There was a rustling in the bushes behind him, a faint brushing as if something had passed through them. He turned quickly. There was nothing in sight. All sound had ceased. There came to his consciousness the feeling that he was being watched. Eyes seemed to be upon his back. When he turned the feeling persisted. It was as if the Indian was staring at him from the darkness, fixedly, ominously. He attempted to persuade himself that this was a trick of his imagination, but failed. The man was before him, though utterly invisible. La Place shuddered. "I might touch him with my hand," he thought. He was again aware of a fixed, indomitable purpose which struck through the darkness at him. The man was just before him, staring him down.

The feeling augmented itself, became eerie, uncanny. La Place felt that he could endure it no longer, that he himself was hunted, was receiving the arrows of this glance in his breast. It was, he felt, as if he were being watched by a wild beast, infinitely quick in the darkness, turning as he turned, alive to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his every movement. His throat was dry. He found that he was trying to make no sound, to restrict even the sibilancy of his breathing. For an instant he thought of calling out to this unseen brute. The words, however, would not issue from his throat. He was like a man enmeshed in the toils of a nightmare, a fantastic dream in which time and motion are lost.

The fog rolled up in ever-increasing banks. His wet coat clung to his shoulders. Many minutes had passed since he had left the house. Margaret would begin to worry about him. She had heard him go out. Doubtless she already thought him lost in the storm. He felt that he must break the enchantment that bound him, bring this incredible fantasy to an end as he had planned.

Against his desire he took a quick step forward. Then another and another. As he did so, he heard with unmistakable clarity the rustling passage of the Indian's body through the underbrush. As La Place advanced, the man retreated, swiftly, surely, as though he could see in the darkness. La Place felt always that the intruder's steady gaze never left his face, that he walked into it as into the pull of a magnet. Minutes passed in this fantastic chase. The Indian never permitted himself to be driven into a corner. The pursuit led through the garden, moved back again toward the line of trees, passed across the flower-beds that lay at the garden's foot. La Place felt the mud gather beneath the arches of his pumps, tore his hands upon the thorns of the rose-bushes. He struggled endlessly through the confines of the garden. Twice the chase led past the carcass of the deer.

He stopped at last by the wooden sun-dial in the garden's centre. From this point he was able to see the lights of the house. He felt himself bound upon some dreadful wheel which, turning, compelled him to follow it. The pursuit had been strenuous. He was panting, soaked to the skin. He paused to catch his breath. Suddenly he found himself talking to himself as one reasonable human being might talk to another. This was all impossible, he heard himself say, and he could endure no more of it. It must come to an end at some time. Why not at once? Suddenly he cried out: "Where are you! Oh, where are you!" Again and again he repeated this.

From the first he was aware that he was to receive an answer. None the less he was almost unable to control his emotion when he perceived the Indian appear just beyond the hedge which brought the vista of the garden down to the sun-dial. He felt as if his words had conjured up the Indian, that the man was a primitive spirit evoked by himself out of the abyss of universal darkness.

He called again: "Come here! Come here at once!" The speech and his manner, he knew, were absurdly those of a nurse summoning a recalcitrant child from a garden where it is at play. The man, he felt, hesitated, seemed for an instant to be upon the point of turning back into the darkness. The outline of his body was hazy, indistinct in the mist, yet La Place received a startling conception of his height and bulk. He loomed through the darkness like a giant. The carcass of the deer lay between La Place and himself. The Indian reached it in a single stride. His movements were too swift and sure for La Place to be able clearly to follow them. At the deer, however, his certainty seemed to come to an end. He looked hesitantly toward La Place, through whose mind swiftly ran the thought: "He's coming. He's coming now! I must be ready for him." Thereafter he, the Indian, picked up the deer and marched steadily toward La Place.

His progression was in fact described by the word "march." La Place, after having condemned a man, had seen the prisoner walk out of the court-room in just such a manner, defiantly, desperately. Said La Place to himself: "This fellow is afraid—as afraid as I am. But he's desperate, none the less. He retains some desperate hope. But what can it be?" The Indian paused about six feet from him, put down the deer with the same odd gesture of offering it to La Place. Then he stood erect. He did not fold his arms, but kept them at his sides. About him was an air of dignity which, under the circumstances, La Place found ridiculous. He perceived that the man's clothing was soaking wet, that his hands and arms were caked with mud. About him there was little of the magnificent savage, nothing of the primitive. He seemed tired, distraught.

A revulsion of feeling swept over La Place. Anger at what he deemed to be his own cowardice, the incredible fancies with which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he had harassed himself. This man was a man like himself, soaked with the same rain which had drenched him, subject to fear and despair as he had been. The Indian's very desperation was human, understandable, though its cause was not. The fellow might be a scoundrel, but he had seen many such. La Place was aware that his judgment had been wrong. The man had not killed the deer and brought it here to sell it. The deer was connected with some subtle purpose not made plain as yet. It was necessary, La Place thought, to ascertain what that purpose was. His questions were forming themselves in his mind. He would ask them. Despite himself, he found himself making use of the familiar interrogatories of a court.

"What is your name?"

The question, once propounded, seemed to hang upon the air. The Indian, by some obscure process, became more aloof, distant. He drew himself up. He seemed physically to elude the question, to disdain it. La Place persisted.

"What is your name?"

This time the Indian answered him, seeming to gather force as he did so. It was as if he had been afraid to speak before.

" 'Em. 'Em calls me *Seven Days Whipping.*"

"You mean that is your name?"

"Yes. My name."

Singularly, La Place was concerned with the night. The fog seemed to be clearing. The rain had stopped. He observed these facts with some *alter ego* not concerned with the present situation. What in the world did this fantastic creature mean?

"What are you doing here?"

The man took a sudden step forward. Even in the darkness he seemed to take on an aspect of rage, quivering and intense. It was as if La Place's words, seemingly innocent, had called forth the savage which he had formerly feared. The transformation was sudden, incalculable. To La Place an abyss of savagery seemed to open at his feet. He had never heard such anger in a human voice.

"My father!"

Despite himself La Place took a step back, braced himself as if from shock. The Indian's voice possessed a strange, wild timbre welling up in the darkness. Thought La Place: "What does he mean?" The Indian remained motionless, seemingly waiting for La Place to answer him.

"Your father is not here."

"Not here?" Quite suddenly the tone of the man's voice seemed despairing. He hesitated as if he were about to turn back into the darkness. Then, gathering his preposterous dignity about him, he spoke again. His anger seemingly had disappeared. There remained the same sombre purpose. His voice was almost pleading when he spoke.

"I know. Not here. *There!* You here."

To La Place the words sounded mad, incredible, some fantastic shibboleth which this creature persisted in presenting to him—as mad as the fact of the dead deer which lay at his feet. None the less this scene must be terminated. He found himself pushing the darkness from him. The night was accursed. The fog was a moving pall which obscured all, wiped out every landmark to which he might hold. Every issue was lost in it, as were himself and this incredible savage that stood before him. He must bring this dreadful matter to an end.

"What do you mean?"

The question hung for an instant in the darkness, dissolved, and was lost in the night. To it the Indian gave no heed, seemed not to have heard it. He remained motionless beside the deer. His head was down. His glance seemed to be directed upon the ground. To La Place came a sense of the mystery of the scene, of the primordial hate and fear this man evoked in him. In this scene, detached from the world, the Indian and himself seemed part of some primeval motivation. This feeling, fantastic as La Place felt it to be, persisted. Determinedly he thrust it from him. Time was being wasted. He must return to the house before Margaret became alarmed at his absence. What must ascertain that? He must force his purpose from him. His own fear was nothing. Margaret alone should count.

"Answer me!" he shouted.

The Indian remained as before. La Place could discern no difference in his manner. The line of the bushes formed a wall at the rear of his body. His head and shoulders were clear above them. Thought La Place suddenly: "The fellow is a giant. He could break me into bits. I must get rid of him—*now!*"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He shouted again: "Answer me!"

He could not quite follow the Indian's movements. The fellow seemed to stoop. La Place saw him pick up the deer. He thought: "He is going now. He's going!" The man, however, swung the deer from the ground by its fettered legs. The movement was easy, graceful, but full of purpose. With a prickling of his scalp La Place divined his purpose. The Indian intended to put the deer and his own body between La Place and the house, to form a kind of dreadful barricade. The man now moved to the other side of the sun-dial, squarely barring the path. He put down the carcass of the deer and stood behind it.

His voice was pleading as he spoke, yet retained the same odd dignity.

"Take the deer, plees," he said. "You take it, *now!*"

La Place regarded him with horror.

"No!" he shouted. "No. I will not. Take it away! I've seen enough of you . . . enough of you . . .!"

His fear increased. This fellow was attempting to bar his way back to his house? He should be killed, shot and killed. What incredible folly had possessed him to come out without his revolver? There was nothing to do but put his position to the test at once. He could not bear to wait. His feet seemed heavy as he moved. His legs were like lead. He was, he knew, taking part in a persistent nightmare. He found himself upon the outside of the sun-dial. Momentarily he expected to feel the Indian's body against his own, to withstand the weight of his attack. Steadily, he moved toward the house. The Indian, he knew, was at his heels. He heard the brush of his feet upon the grass, the sound of his panting. The man was carrying the deer after him. To him again came the Indian's voice, supplicating, pleading.

"Take the deer. Plees take the deer!"

It was unbelievable, part of a fantastic and evil dream, a fearful madness that never came to an end. The gravel of the drive between the house and the garage surprised him when his feet came upon it. For some reason which he could not decipher, he had expected all to be changed. The lights in the house were plainly visible now. He was rounding the L of the wing. He heard the Indian's voice, the sound of his feet upon the gravel.

"Take the deer. Plees to take the deer!"

This was madness! Could any man put bounds to it, endure this phantom of the night! Why should he take the deer? The very thought was revolting, hideous. He was running, he felt, running away from a communicable madness. The Indian with the deer was at his back. He was, he knew, surcharged with a primitive fear, with primitive hate, with a blind and bitter rage. Surely, if he could kill this fellow he would do so. The revolver was within the drawer of the bureau where he had left it. He would be swift to get it into his hands. The feel of the steel stock was quick within his palm. But two thoughts troubled him. Could he sight the revolver in the darkness? How near to this man would he be forced to get if he was to shoot to kill!

He was now directly outside the rear door of the house—the door from which he had emerged. The library window threw an oblong of light upon the sill. The night was behind him. The fog was rising densely from the river, which now roared in full flood around the hill. The rain, he saw, had almost ceased.

The Indian was at his heels, still bearing the deer in his arms. The light from the library fell upon his face. La Place, turning for an instant, saw his lips move. What was it the fellow was saying now? What could he desire?

"For my father. My father! Plees to take the deer!"

Unconquerable and grotesque madness! Would supplication turn again to rage? Would this savage batter down the door after he had closed and bolted it? With a final glance behind him La Place fled into the house. His movements were quick, sliding. The door slammed to. He shot the bolt home. For an instant he paused to listen. Certainly there was movement beyond the sill, a sound like a carcass being dragged across the gravel. Did this mean that the deer had again been laid upon the sill, a continuation of the same inexplicable offering? He suddenly realized that his body, his clothes, were wringing, dripping wet. His hands were trembling as though an ague had seized him. In his flight he found that he had dropped his stick. It would not do for Margaret to see him in such a state as this.

The light above his head glared in his eyes,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

partially blinding him. Turning, some instinct warning him, he perceived that Margaret was standing in the library door. She was, he knew, looking directly at him. Half blinded by the light, unable to see her clearly, he none the less had the feeling, as fantastic as any that had preceded it, that she was not aware of his presence, that she too was lost, hopeless, tortured. She turned and disappeared into the library.

The house, he thought, was very still. There was no sound but the distant roaring of the river; the splashing of rain from the eaves had died away. Suddenly he heard the tread of feet in the hall above his head. The footsteps he recognized as those of Cissie and Cassie. He heard the maids enter the room at the head of the stairs, Margaret's room. There was vibrant whispering, the sound of quick movements, of a bed being torn apart. The meaning of this was plain. Ordinarily Cassie did the beds. That both the sisters were at work and with such staccato quickness presaged but one event. He must deem Margaret's hour to be at hand.

The realization brought such chill to his heart that he could scarcely breathe. The hour was at hand and he was not ready for it. Spiritually he felt that he could never make himself ready for such a time as this. Margaret and himself, he felt, were too old for such a labor. If he could have set the clock back an hour, a day, a year, he would have done so. There came to him the belief that life was a brief history struck upon chalk; time and event, but little more. The thought of the trespasser outside his door was withdrawn into some inner recess of his mind where it became as cold as ice. Some portion of his subconsciousness had arisen to engulf it, was at work upon it. His fear, his anger, his anguish—in that regard had come to an end. For the first time he was aware that where Margaret was concerned, he would meet this savage with instinctive and effectual action.

This feeling gave him ease, effectiveness, physical sufficiency. His mind, he felt, had become frigidly clear; yet he was aware that his hands, his face, his body burned. Certain functions of his nerves seemed suspended. His feet, for example, did not seem to be upon the floor. He retained no feeling of the wetness of his clothing. He found that he regarded the savage with the deer precisely as he regarded the storm, the fog—as a physical fact which must be met. That he retained for the man an abiding, bitter hatred and disgust seemed lost in the far side of his mind. Only in regard to Margaret, he felt, did his feelings remain clear, poignant, and normal. He did, he thought, clearly envisage the position in which she was placed. He must act at once. All his hesitancy had disappeared.

He now heard Cassie and Cissie at work in the room adjoining Margaret's. He was aware of the movement of their feet upon the floor. They had opened, he thought, the linen-closet and were engaged in carrying articles from it. He heard their agitated whispering, once the sound of tearing linen. He heard Cassie say: "That's all now. Where's the master?" From the library where Margaret was came no sound. She might be lying down in one of the long chairs, asleep—dead.

He was never quite aware as to how he entered the library. Later he found that he had no recollection of walking through the door. The room was a large one. A fire burned brightly in the great fireplace that faced the east. Doubtless Cassie had lighted it. The room itself was as bright as day. Margaret, as if she felt the approach of a dreadful darkness, had turned on every light, even the two great bulbs which he kept over his working table. To his surprise she was not lying down. She stood erect at the large table, her back to him, slowly turning the pages of a large illustrated book. Her appearance shocked him. The few minutes since he had seen her last seemed to have added years to her age. She did not look up as he appeared, but continued, slowly, steadily, to turn the pages. The movement possessed a machine-like precision, a sort of iron stoicism which touched him more poignantly than all which had gone before. She seemed to be afraid to look at him, afraid to move, afraid even to breathe. She gave no heed to him.

The room seemed imbued with a quality of silence which he felt himself unable to endure. The walls were yellow, very bright from the lamps. All surfaces within the walls seemed flat, unrelieved by shadow. The silence persisted, broken only by the occasional crackling of the fire and the rustling of the pages of the book as they were turned.

La Place went to the end of the table.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From this position he was enabled to see her face. From her eyes, her mouth, all expression had been wiped away. He noticed that her hands were trembling slightly. It was as if her whole body were touched with a sullen, growing misery. This, rather than agony, was the word which came to his mind. Apparently she was forced to endure it as one would have to endure an injury to a hand or an arm. He could not perceive this pain augment itself, yet was aware that it did, even as he looked upon it. To his mind returned the same sense of guilt that he had previously experienced, and with it, redoubled, came the feeling of loss of control of time. Time would never come to an end. Margaret and he would be suspended in it everlastingly while her misery endured.

Her face was as white as the lace at her sleeves. Her slender wrists were pallid, seemingly infinitely fragile. The book which she had upon the table before her was a collection of Gower's hunting-prints. Apparently she had picked it at random from the bookcase. It was not such a book as ordinarily would have interested her. He could perceive the plates, recognized them as she turned the pages—"The Meet," "Dragging," "A Lost Line," "The High Fence." All were of the field. One final picture caught his emotion—"Home at Noon." The word home had seemed to him always to be singularly moving, singularly poetic. One came *home*, work and fear done, to rest, to sleep, perhaps to die. Poor Margaret! Was time at an end for her too? Where did she in fact count her home to be? Here at Rivervale she had always seemed lightly bound, slightly held. Did she feel herself a part of this land, content, if she must, to lie fallow here as fallen grain must lie? Did she feel, as he did, that the land, the coolness of the evening, the very fireflies dancing in the dark, were hers, part of herself? Looking back upon the years that they had lived together, he found himself, as always, uncertain of what lay behind her reticences, her quietude.

Looking at her he perceived that her eyes were full of tears, which she made no effort to conceal. She was looking fairly at him now. He had, he felt, a complete realization of what his appearance must be, soaked with rain, bedraggled, plainly afraid. She gave no sign of surprise, however. Was she, he wondered, fully conscious of his presence? Her gaze seemed to go past him, to fasten itself with reflection upon some object which he could not see. When she spoke it was quite sudden, taking La Place completely by surprise.

"Stawell," she said, "I feel here." She pointed to her breast. "If anything happens you are to go on. *You are to go on!* You hear!" Her tone was peremptory, more so than any which he had ever heard her use. The sentences and words were short, clipped. She indicated her book.

"Put it back, please," she said. "I think I shall go up and go to bed." She spoke now with an elaborate casualness, never mentioning that subject which was uppermost in both their minds. The tears in her eyes, however, were increasing. In proportion to them, La Place thought, so her pain increased.

Despite her declaration, she made no immediate effort to go up-stairs. Her hands wandered across the table, picking up small objects, putting them back into place. The motions were quick, dexterous, yet highly nervous. La Place felt himself to be upon the verge of some spoken absurdity. The scene held him rigid, appalled. She pushed away the objects beneath her hands, moved toward the stairs. Thought La Place strangely: "I have nothing to add to this—nothing!" At the lower newel post she paused and waited for him to come up. He perceived the face of Cassie looking down at them. The maid's face was pale, her eyes wide, but none the less she seemed in control of herself and of the situation. She addressed him by his Christian name, but under the circumstances he did not find this odd. "Bring her here, Stawell," she said. "We'll put her to bed. You get the doctor at once."

(To be concluded in the July number.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED